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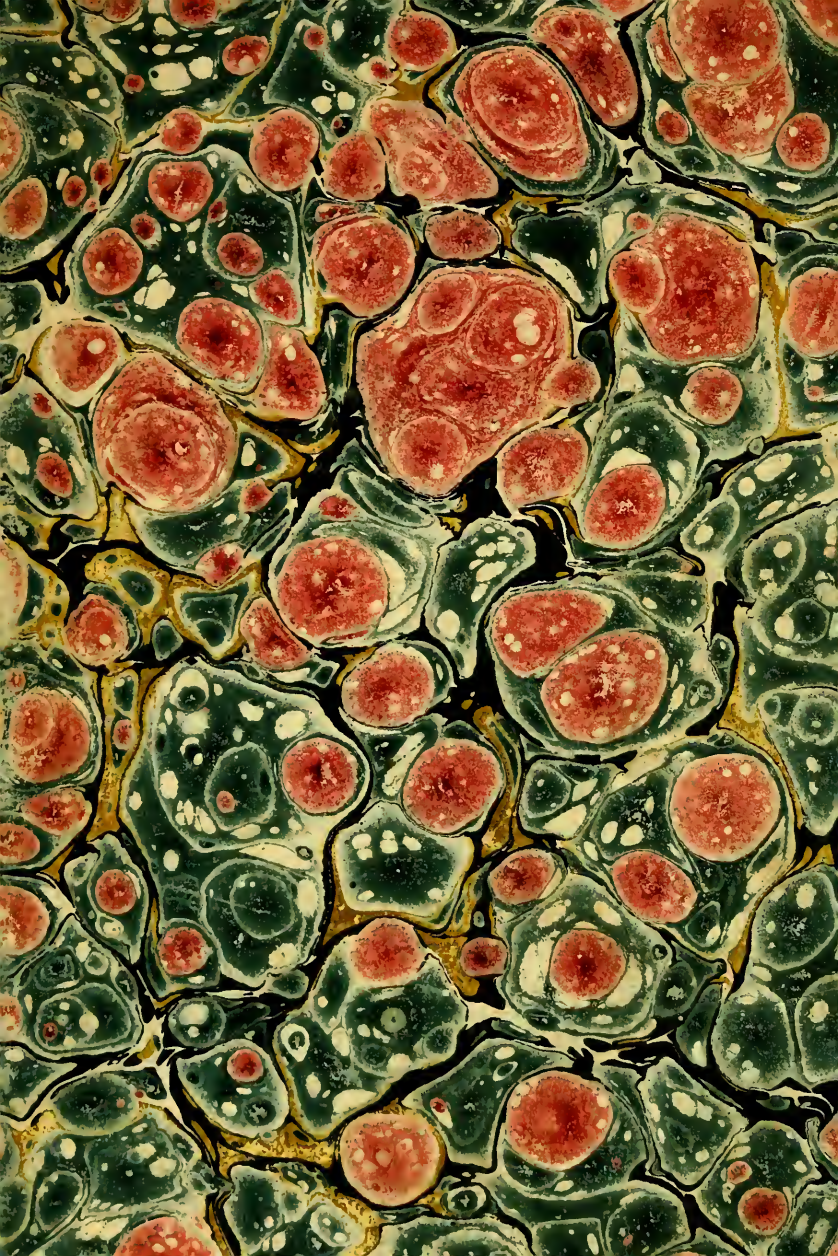


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This rare early American
satirical poem was
written by Asa
Dwight (Esquire) Esq.
& (Pseudonym)

See "Dwight's Esq.
of Amos. Let's see"



This copy contains
all the plates,
some of which are
generally wanting.

Richard Dobson & Thomas Dobson
of Connecticut

WILLIAM & MARY DARLINGTON
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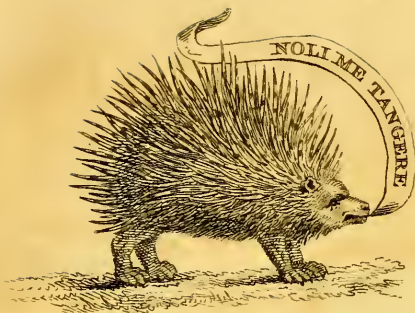
W. H. P. pinx.

Levey sculp.

*Mercy's Angel
pouring down
Heaven's liquid blessing*

Echo 1, page 4.

2721B-89



The Echo.



Printed at the Porcupine Press
by Pasquin Petronius



P R E F A C E.

THE principal poems in this volume, under the title of THE ECHO, owed their origin to the accidental suggestion of a moment of literary sportiveness, at a time when pedantry, affectation and bombast, pervaded most of the pieces published in the gazettes, which were then the principal vehicles of literary information. Willing to lend their aid to check the progress of false taste in American literature, the authors conceived that ridicule would prove a powerful corrective, and that the mode employed in THE ECHO, was the best suited to this purpose. A description of a thunder-storm, in one of the Eastern papers, furnished them not only with the hint, but with a suitable subject for the commencement of their plan. The favourable manner in which this first essay was received, determined them, occasionally, to continue the numbers.

But the ridicule of a vitiated mode of writing was not long the sole object of THE ECHO. The important political changes which soon after occurred, not only in Europe; but in America, produced a corresponding change in the republic of letters; and some of the principal gazettes of this country, exhibited a disgusting display, not only of a perversion of taste

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in composition, but a still greater perversion of principle, in that hideous morality of revolutionary madness, which, priding itself in an emancipation from moral obligation, levelled the boundaries of virtue and vice, while it contemptuously derided the most amiable and sacred feelings of our nature.

Disgusted with the cruelties exhibited by the French revolution, at a very early stage of its progress, and viewing it as a consuming fire, which, in the course of its conflagration, threatened to destroy whatever was most valuable in society, the authors wished to contribute their efforts in stemming the torrent of jacobinism in America, and resolved to render *THE ECHO* subservient to that purpose. They, therefore, proceeded to attack, as proper objects of satire, those tenets, as absurd in politics as pernicious in morals, the visionary scheme of equality, and the baleful doctrine that sanctions the pursuit of a good end by the most flagitious means.

Whatever may be the merit of this work, the plan is presumed to be novel. The *poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* forms a species of the burlesque which, perhaps, the most resembles *THE ECHO*; but that resemblance is remote, and to be found in its general scope and character alone, not in the management of the subjects, in its great outline, not in the minute discriminations of form and feature. In *those* brilliant effusions of wit and genius, the satire is exhibited in a happy burlesque imitation of the peculiar style and sentiments of the writers intended to be ridiculed: in

THE ECHO it consists in occasionally elevating the low style of the original to the solemn dignity of the mock-heroic, in introducing ludicrous images, or quaint and common sayings, and in exhibiting the folly, or pernicious tendency of the opinions advanced, by pursuing them in a train of burlesque reasoning, or by giving a turn to the sentiments and expressions, which may serve to hold them up to ridicule or detestation.

If, like the Epopea or the Drama, satire was restricted by arbitrary rules, sanctioned by long established authority, THE ECHO, as corresponding with no existing model of this species of writing, would, no doubt, be considered as an inexcusable innovation. But Satire, in its plan and conduct, appears to be unshackled by the forms of critical regulation; and is as various in its manner as the various objects which present themselves to the imagination, or the capricious and fanciful combinations suggested by its muse. In scourging the vices of the age or country, or the crimes of individuals, in ridiculing folly, or in delineating the odious or ludicrous traits of the villain or the coxcomb, satire is confined to no prescribed path or beaten road; but employs, at pleasure, the solemn severity of Juvenal, the sportive ease and sprightly wit of Horace, the mock gravity of Tassoni, or the sententious burlesque of Butler.

As a satirical poem, THE ECHO possessed some superior and appropriate advantages. From its free and unconfined nature, it readily admitted the intro-

duction of any circumstance or character, however apparently remote or unconnected with its subject. It is distinguished also by its sudden transitions from the gay to the grave, from the burlesque to the serious ; this, and the frequent use of proverbs and vulgar phrases, form its peculiar characteristics. Should it be objected, that many of the lines are flat and prosaic, and the style, sometimes, too low for poetry, the authors would observe, that these circumstances are not only in general conformity with their plan, but in many cases necessarily arise from the nature of the subject. Uniformly to have clothed the ridiculous effusions which formed the subject of their satire in pompous verse, would, in their opinion, not only have rendered the versification more dull and monotonous, but have prevented the ludicrous effect intended to be produced by the striking contrast which it occasionally exhibits.

Though many of the subjects may be considered as local and transitory, and some of them merely sportive, it has been thought proper to retain parts of the whole, excepting the second and third *Echoes* ; from the others many passages have been expunged, but without essentially injuring the connection of their constituent parts. Whether the plan adopted by the authors was judicious, or otherwise, it is for the public to determine ; they had reason to be pleased with the reception which these verses met with at their first appearance ; and they cannot but feel some degree of self-complacency from having, thus early, evinced a

decided disapprobation of those pernicious principles which have since produced so much distress and misery to mankind. However unavailing their efforts may have been to check the progress of this alarming evil, they have the satisfaction to reflect, that they have endeavoured to oppose the destructive torrent which threatened to overwhelm every thing good and estimable in private life, every thing venerable and excellent in political society.

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CORRECTIONS.

- PAGE 3 line 12 for "those" read *the*.
 14 25 "bellowing" read *bellowings*,
 15 5 "boobies" read *loobies*.
 15 21 "When" read *While*.
 23 13 "For" read *That*.
 — 16 after "light." dele period.
 — 18 after "so" insert period.
 24 1 for "waistcoat's" read *waistcoats*.
 27 3 "bid" read *bade*.
 — 26 "system" read *system's*.
 — 6 "Beholds" read *Behold*.
 — Note, line 3 for "a" read *the*.
 — Note, line 4 dele "home-made."
 34 Note, line 20 for "refus'd to" read *would not*.
 37 17 "Cyclops" read *Cyclop*.
 38 14 "turn'd" read *turn*.
 44 18 after "bick'rings" read *e'er*.
 48 6 "her" read *his*.
 55 6 for "hoops" read *whoops*.
 66 Note, line 14 for "and" read *in*.
 69 Note, line 3 for "it was said" read *it was stated*.
 93 11 of introductory observations, for "councils" read *council*.
 117 7 "more with" read *with more*.
 158 25 In consequence of expunging some lines from this passage a grammatical inaccuracy has been introduced, which, was not discovered in time for correction; the reader: therefore, is desired to substitute the following variation
- That man avoid, his vile communion shun,
 In black corruption all his counsels run;
 He is a Jacobin of spirit fell,
 His breath is poison, and his haunt is hell.
- 117 1 "for it constitutes" read *'twould constitute*.
 180 Note, line 4, for "light" read *slight*.
 181 23, for "pass" read *hap*.
 201 Note, line 9, for "any" read *that*.
 246 25 & 26 corrected as follows.
- To all the ills of war combin'd
 Want, sickness, and despair consign'd
- 331 dele the first four lines.



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 THE EDITORS, while they return their grateful acknowledgments to those Gentlemen who have subscribed to this work, regret that, owing to the small number of subscription papers which were returned in season, they have been under the necessity of omitting a list of the subscribers' names.

The following elegant Address to THE ECHO, was received by the Mail from Boston, and printed in the American Mercury of Feb. 4, 1793 : It is stated to have been from the pen of a gentleman, who ranks high in the scale of literary and political eminence.

EPISTLE TO THE ECHO.

ENCHANTING nymph, whose imitative tongue,
Returns so sweet whate'er is said or sung ;
Accept the tribute of my plausible lays,
For even Echo loves deserved praise.
With thee, sweet maid, the Muses all rejoice,
To hear the vast improvements of thy voice ;
Oft have I woo'd thee, at the midnight hour,
When my fond bosom own'd Miranda's power ;
Oft call'd on thee to fan my tender flame,
And thou, indulgent, didst repeat her name.
But, lovely maid, thy powers were then confin'd
To speak the language of thy prompter's mind ;
Thy voice as each successive speaker taught,
With wit and dullness was alternate fraught :
But now no more thy mimic arts are found
Contracted to the shadow of a sound.—
To nobler faculties thy voice aspires,
And lends to dullness all the Muse's fires.
Where, beauteous nymph, didst thou the talent get,
To hear rank nonsense, and return it wit ?
Where learn the art, like Phrygia's king of old,
To turn the vilest substances to Gold ?
From Folly's brow to tear the mask away ;
Make Vice himself his dirty face display.—
The petty monarch's strutting state deride,
And laugh to scorn the pedant's paltry pride.
Yet, peerless nymph, thy new acquired art
Gives not the same delight to every heart ;
The knave and fool, by thee to shame consign'd,
Nor wit, nor music, in thy voice can find ;
And made the theme of laughter and disdain,
Feel not the charms of thy responsive strain.

* * * * *

Still gentle nymph, the tuneful verse prolong,
Still taste and virtue shall approve thy song.



THE ECHO.

NUMBER I.

Boston, July 14th, 1791.

“ON Tuesday last, about 4 o'clock, P. M. came on a smart shower of rain attended with lightning and thunder, no ways remarkable. The clouds soon dissipated, and the appearance of the azure vault, left trivial hopes of further needful supplies from the *uncorked bottles of heaven*. In a few moments the horizon was again overshadowed, and an almost impenetrable gloom mantled the face of the skies. The wind frequently shifting from one point to another, wafted the clouds in various directions, until at last they united in one common centre and shrouded the visible globe in thick darkness. The attendant lightning, with the accompanying thunder, brought forth from the treasures that embattled elements to awful conflict, were extremely vivid, and amazing loud. Those buildings that were defended by electric rods, appeared to be wrapped in sheets of livid flame, and a flood of the pure fire rolled its burning torrents down them with alarming violence. The majestic roar of disploting thunders, now bursting with a sudden crash, and now wasting the rumbling Echo of their sounds in other lands, added indescribable grandeur to the sublime scene. The windows of the upper regions appeared as thrown wide open, and the trembling cataract poured impetuous down. More salutary showers, and more needed, have not been experienced this summer. Several previous weeks had exhibited a melancholy sight: the verdure of fields was nearly destroyed; and the patient husbandman almost experienced despair. Two beautiful rainbows, the one existing in its native

glories, and the other a splendid reflection of primitive colours, closed the magnificent picture, and presented to the contemplative mind, the angel of mercy, cloathed with the brilliance of this irradiated arch, and dispensing felicity to assembled worlds.

“ It is not unnatural to expect that the thunder storm would be attended with some damage. We hear a barn belonging to Mr. Wythe of Cambridge caught fire from the lightning, which entirely consumed the same, together with several tons of hay, &c.”

HARTFORD, AUGUST 8, 1791.

“ Those mighty tales which great events rehearse,

“ To fame we consecrate in deathless verse.”

ON Tuesday last great Sol, with piercing eye,
Pursued his journey thro’ the vaulted sky,
And in his car effulgent roll’d his way
Four hours beyond the burning zone of day ;
When lo ! a cloud, o’ershadowing all the plain,
From countless pores perspir’d a *liquid* rain,
While from its cracks the lightnings made a peep,
And chit-chat thunders rock’d our fears asleep.
But soon the vapoury fog dispers’d in air,
And left the azure blue-eyed concave bare :
Even the last drop of hope, which dripping skies
Gave for a moment to our straining eyes,
Like *Boston Rum*, from heaven’s *junk bottles* broke,
Lost all the corks, and vanish’d into smoke.

But swift from worlds unknown, a fresh supply
Of vapour dimm’d the great horizon’s eye ;

The crazy clouds, by shifting zephyrs driven,
 Wafted their courses through the high-arch'd heaven,
 Till pil'd aloft in one stupendous heap,
 The seen and unseen worlds grew dark, and nature
 'gan to weep.

Attendant lightnings stream'd their tails afar,
 And social thunders wak'd ethereal war,
 From dark deep pockets brought their treasur'd store,
 Embattled elements increas'd the roar—
 Red crinkling fires expended all their force,
 And tumbling rumblings steer'd their headlong course.
 Those guarded frames by thunder poles* secur'd,
 Tho' wrapp'd in sheets of flame, those sheets endur'd,
 O'er their broad roofs the fiery torrents roll'd,
 And every shingle seem'd of burning gold.
 Majestic thunders, with disploding roar,
 And sudden crashing, bounc'd along the shore,
 Till, lost in other lands, the whispering sound
 Fled from our ears and fainted on the ground.
 Rain's house† on high its window sashes op'd,
 And out the cataract impetuous hopp'd,
 While the grand scene by far more grand appear'd
 With lightnings never seen and thunders never heard.

More salutary showers have not been known,
 To wash dame Nature's dirty homespun gown—
 For several weeks the good old Joan's been seen,
 With filth bespatter'd like a lazy quean.
 The husbandman fast travelling to despair,
 Laid down his hoe and took his rocking chair,

* Vulgarly lightning rods.

† The old gentleman from whose cellar the junk bottles and demi-johns were taken.

While his fat wife the well and cistern dried,
Her mop grown useless hung it up and cry'd.

Two rain-bows fair that Iris brought along,
Pick'd from the choicest of her colour'd throng;
The first-born deck'd in pristine hues of light,
In all its native glories glowing bright,
The next adorn'd with less refulgent rays,
But borrowing lustre from its brother's blaze;
Shone a bright reflex of those colours gay
That deck'd with light creation's primal day,
When infant Nature lisp'd her earliest notes,
And *younker Adam* crept in petticoats:
And to the people to reflection given,
"The sons of Boston, the elect of heaven."
Presented Mercy's Angel smiling fair,
Irradiate splendors frizzled in his hair,
Uncorking demi-johns,* and pouring down
Heaven's liquid blessings on the gaping town.

N. B. At Cambridge town, the self-same day,
A barn was burnt well-fill'd with hay.
Some say the light'ning turn'd it red,
Some say the thunder struck it dead,
Some say it made the cattle stare,
And some it kill'd an aged mare;
But we expect the truth to learn,
From Mr. Wythe, who own'd the barn.

N. B. The design of these verses is to respond to the public ear, from time to time, as they occur, those news-paper performances which may justly claim superior merit, that the fugitive efforts of American genius may be preserved, "Till moons shall wax, and wane no more."

* Otherwise called demi-jars; but the above is preferred as the most elegant, being a species of the prosopoeia.

ECHO.....NO. IV.*



From the Boston Argus of August 5th, 1791.

TRUTH, No. I.

“**LIBERTY**, that goddess, which is destined to render happy our world, was born yesterday ; she now lies smiling in her cradle. The angels of benignity attend her infancy, and the face of nature is changed into joy and festivity. The people of the ancient world expected her ; they worshipped her in many forms, but all were deceptive, and led them astray.

“ She dwells on the principle of **NATURAL EQUALITY**—The voice of **NATURE**, which is the voice of **GOD**, says, that “ He made of our blood all the nations who dwell on the face of the earth.” They were all spoke into being by divine omnipotence ; they are all instamped with his image, and all bear the distinguishing mark of reflection, and rationality. To them he gave, without right of exclusion, the surface of the ponderous globe, and the riches of the mighty deep. As he gave them being, so, at his sovereign pleasure, they are recalled to their primeval dust, and laid equally among the forgotten dead. But **LIBERTY** cheers the vale of life ; creates in the rational mind the temper of angels ; and attunes the soul for the joys of heaven !

* * * * *

“ The people of **ATHENS** long since worshipped a deity, which they believed to be **LIBERTY**. Each one when he approached the shrine, advanced with four thousand of his fellow men in

* The subject of the second and third Numbers of the Echo being of a local kind, or allusive to circumstances not generally known, the authors have thought it expedient to omit them altogether in the present collection

chains ; with the toils of these wretched beings, he purchased the incense he burned at her altar ; with their labours he was enabled to present her with the richest gifts ! but she was not there, the demon of vassalage had assumed her divine form, and under the guise of freedom had enslaved the world.

“ The world has been for ever in the expectation of the day which we enjoy : and that divine system of revelation, which was intended to give, “ peace on earth, and good will to men,” would have long ago made the human race happy ; but, the tyrant ATHANASIUS, wedded ; *unnaturally* wedded, the *church* to the *state*. He believed, and what he believed, he decreed—that all men should believe with him.

* * * * *

“ The moment the arm of civil authority is extended between the man and his god, that moment he loses the light of the divinity, within him, and in that moment he becomes a slave. How dare the worms of the dust thus trample upon the sacred rights of each other ?”

HARTFORD, OCTOBER 3, 1791.

“ *With strange astonishment our eyes behold,*
 “ *Those wond’rous scenes which wond’rous men unfold ;*
 “ *And still to merit and to genius true,*
 “ *In broken echoes we the theme pursue.”*

THE other day there chanc’d a dreadful rout,
 For lo ! old mother SPUNKY had “ sent out.”
 The gossips and the granny had a frolic,
 And eat and drank themselves into the cholic ;
 When, to our joy supreme, on yester morn,
 A full twelve-pounder—LIBERTY was born.



Trade print.

Infant Liberty nursed by Mother Mob.

Lucy sculp.

In swaddling clothes they pinn'd the baby up,
 And laid her smiling in a chicken-coop ;
 While mother MOB, that steady wet-nurse, press'd
 The sturdy infant to her milky breast.
 Around benignant angels joyous flock'd,
 Some air'd her clouts and some her cradle rock'd,
 While grandame Nature shook her grisly chin,
 And ey'd the urchin with transporting grin.
 In ancient days before the deluge-rain,
 Mankind expected she would come in vain ;
 Before her shrine, in many a changing form,
 Of shark, of wild-cat, porcupine and worm,
 They used to worship, squabble, sing and pray,
 But jack-a-lantern-like she always ran away.
 The EQUAL RIGHTS of man her mansion form,
 She soars superior to Oppression's storm.
 Great NATURE's voice, which now is understood,
 To mean the same thing as the voice of GOD,
 (That is to us, who all the *twenty* own,
 GOD NATURE ranks at least at number one,)
 Says of *our* blood all things at first were made,
 All wear one image, all pursue one trade,
 Claim to this pond'rous globe an equal right,
 At times to trade on, and at times to fight,
 Sometimes to speculate with mighty sweep,
 Sometimes to plunge head foremost in the deep,
 Sometimes an outcast on a foreign shore,
 Begging with *clouted shoes* from door to door.*
 And as he gave us life and being, first
 Formed us of clay and particles of dust,

* See Supplementary Notes.

So at his sov'reign will we backward tread,
 Hang down our heads, and live among the dead.
 But LIBERTY cheers up this vale of woe,
 With fallen angels fills the world below,
 Makes us feel tuneful as the toad* of even,
 And bears us *poose-back* to the joys of Heav'n.

* * * * *

Long since thy Gentile sons, O Athens ! paid
 Their pure devotions to the sainted Maid,
 Her fane adorn'd with richest spoils of war,
 And heap'd their offerings round her splendid car,
 And, what must yield her goddess-ship delight,
 Four thousand men in chains, (a pretty sight,)
 Around her shrine, with steps sedate and even,
 Solemn as saints who've miss'd the road to heav'n,
 In pairs advanc'd, as Noah's cattle mov'd
 From the green pastures and the meads they lov'd;
 While the good sire, conspicuous at their head
 In Sunday wig, the strange procession led,
 And Shem and Ham and Japhet in a row,
 With goads and cudgels clos'd the goodly show,
 Sore vex'd at CAPTAIN NOAH's plan to roam
 And leave their sweethearts and their wives at home,
 Not relishing a pleasure voyage with hogs,
 Skunks, toads and rattle snakes, and *prairie dogs*,†
 Their lives at stake, their property afloat,
 Raw hands on board, no compass and no boat.

* Commonly called the tree-toad.

† An animal known to the Ante-Diluvians by the name of Woodchuck.
 For a further account of this wonderful quadruped see Supplementary
 Notes.

Yet notwithstanding all the vows they paid,
 Their grand processions and their proud parade,
*When they the Goddess found it was not she,**
 But Vassalage to whom they bow'd the knee ;
 For as, one night with Lemnian wine o'ercome,
 The goddess slumber'd in an outer room,
 That thievish crony the occasion took,
 And stole her clothes, her attributes and look.

* * * * *

The world has been for ever and for aye
 In expectation of this jovial day.
 And that Religion which, from realms above,
 Brought peace to earth, and rules the world by love,
 Would long ago have made the human race
 Blest in th' enjoyment of supernal grace,
 Had not the tyrant ATHANASIUS wed
 The Church to State, and forc'd the bride to bed :
 The unnatural union op'd a devious way,
 And, like coquettes, led foolish man astray.
 And yet he thought 'twas right—he did indeed—
 That all mankind should swallow down his creed.

* * * * *

When Civil Power, whose life is but a span,
 Extends his arm betwixt the God and man,
 That moment stripp'd of all his inward light
 He sinks a recreant slave in tenfold night—
 How dare these worms, ordain'd the ground to crawl,
 And on their bellies in the dust to sprawl,
 Mount up, like man, erect on hinder feet,
 And kick the shins of every worm they meet.

* For this elegant specimen of hibernianism see the text.

ECHO.....NO. V.

From the Argus of November 1, 1791.

“ TELL IT NOT IN GATH.”

“ *O*N the morning after your last town-meeting, I was on Beacon-Hill, and casting my eyes on the Eastern side of the Monument, read these words—“ AMERICANS, WHILE FROM THIS EMINENCE, SCENES OF LUXURIANT FERTILITY, OF FLOURISHING COMMERCE, AND THE ABODES OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS, MEET YOUR VIEW, FORGET NOT THOSE, WHO, BY THEIR EXERTIONS, HAVE SECURED TO YOU THESE BLESSINGS.”

You need not wonder that the singular occurrence of the preceding evening, at Faneuil-hall, rushed into my mind. Shall Europe hear, shall our Southern brethren be told, that *Samuel Adams rose to speak in the midst of his fellow citizens, and was silenced !*

That, while others, who were born but in season to enjoy the blessings, which he earned, were applauded, SAMUEL ADAMS *could not be heard !*

Long may we remember that he rose to speak against the THEATRE in Boston, *and could not be heard !* Was he in fault that he wished to speak the sentiments of his heart, and to deliver the language of enlightened religion and truth ? Do you blame him, that he wished at death, to leave his country *virtuous* as well as free ?

RICHLY HAS HE EARN'T THE RIGHT TO SPEAK, AND TO BE HEARD !

Is his voice weak ?—That voice once made the proudest kingdom in Europe tremble to its centre. Does his hand shake ?—That hand was once firm, strong were its sinews, and ably did

it enforce the feelings of a firm heart.—*In whose service has he grown grey? Was it difficult to hear him? We would have listened with double attention.—Did we doubt whether he would speak with wisdom?* Then we had lost our memories.

Did we doubt whether he would speak the truth?—Then we must have lost our senses. Had such a thing happened in the days of enlightened Greece, we should never have read it, without being told of the marked disapprobation, with which the good, the virtuous, and the free regarded it. Such, I am happy to say, did on this occasion, discover (some by looks, and some in words) this generous spirit. Our measures are not to be carried by noise and cabal; not by silencing and drowning the voices of those who oppose us. The well-informed advocates of a Theatre did not wish nor attempt it. Judicious arguments and eloquence were used on both sides; but several men as well as boys, did unite to silence an eminent patriot.

It remains that I make a proposal, which will terminate this affair to the honour of the town.

Let the inscription which I have quoted, be copied into the vacant niche, left in the hall door, and under it these words,

“Translated from the monument, to this place,

“In honour of Samuel Adams. The name needs

“No title, nor testimony of applause.”

Long may Americans revere the Saviours of their country, and on the records let the occasion be noted with the marked disapprobation of the town. Thus shall future generations of Americans, taught by our example the virtues of 1791, be ashamed to move their tongues, or their feet, when future ADAMS's shall rise to speak.

J. P. M.

HARTFORD, NOV. 21, 1791.

“ *Echo unnotic’d lets no rumblings pass,
 “ From mighty Thunder to the Bull-frog’s bass.”*

*WHERE Gath’s proud Beacon lifts its awful form,
 Climbs o’er the clouds, and smiles above the storm ;
 Where Mercy’s Angel mounts her lovely bow,
 Rides o’er the town, and wets the world below ;
 Where genius grows to great Goliath’s frame,
 And leans majestic on a weaver’s beam ;
 Where simple style its classic light displays,
 Undeck’d with bombast’s meretricious blaze ;
 Where wax-work Belles assail the wond’ring heart,
 And Bowen’s Indians make the Ladies start——
 And mighty Achish, leader of the state,
 By gouts untroubled, rules the still debate,
 And Bel and Dragon lend their useful aid,
 And John the Baptist shakes his bloody head,
 While the Old Hermit* from the realms of light,
 Spurs gaping boobies to behold the sight ;
 Where Nature’s Gossips† their strange orgies hold,
 This story never, never must be told.*

* The Old Hermit. A gentleman fortunately rescued from oblivion by Mr. B——, who published a faithful narrative of his life and extraordinary adventures, and has since consigned him to immortality, in ever-during wax. The Echo with pleasure mentions this publication, as it serves to establish this fact, incontrovertibly—that a simple story, unaccompanied with any thing marvellous, is the proper subject of history --this having been the first successful attempt of American genius in Biography.

† Mother Mob, and the other assistants at the birth of Liberty. See the preceeding Number.

On that sad morn, when Sol's astonish'd ray,
 Rose pale and languid from town-meeting day,
 On Beacon-Hill my footsteps chanc'd to go,
 And my thoughts wander'd o'er a world of woe.
 At length I sigh'd so loud it was a groan,
 While my eyes read the monumental stone—
 " Columbia's sons ! while from this lofty height
 " Luxuriant objects crowd the raptur'd sight,
 " While blooming small-craft rises up to view,
 " And three-mast vessels lie in goodly shew,
 " Where social joy spreads out her gay abode,
 " And carts and coaches roll along the road;
 " Forget not those whose arm of mighty power
 " Scar'd British Regulars from this happy shore ;
 " Who tarr'd and feather'd every Tory's frock,
 " And made a tea-pot of your spacious dock."

Say can you wonder that, in colours bright,
 Rush'd on my mind the doings of that night
 When Faneuil-Hall with wild amazement shook,
 And fain like Balaam's ass had silence broke
 To manifest its wrath—but ah ! 'twas plain
 No tongue had Faneuil-Hall to vent its pain.
 Shall Europe hear, shall Gallia's king be told,
 That Prince so spirited, so wise and bold,
 Whose duteous subjects, anxious to improve
 On common forms of loyalty and love,
 Took from their sovereign's hands the reigns of state,
 For fear his royal nerves could not support the weight;
 And shall our worthy brethren of the South
Be told Sam. Adams could not ope his mouth ?
 That mouth whence streams of elocution flow'd,
 Like tail of saw-mill, rapid, rough, and loud—

Sweet as the honey-dews that Maia pours
 O'er her green forests and her tufts of flowers—
 That potent mouth, whence issued words of force
 To stun an ox, or terrify a horse.

Be told, that while those brats whose feeble sight
 But just had op'd on Freedom's dawning light,
 Born in the nick of time that bliss to know
 Which to his great and mighty toils we owe,
 Receiv'd applause from Sages, Fools, and Boys,
 The mighty Samuel could not make a noise—
Be told, that silenc'd by their clam'rous din,
 He vainly tried one word to dove-tail in ;
 That though he strove to speak with might and main,
 His voice and strivings equally were vain.
 Thus when on bleak Norwegia's iron shore,
 Mid rocky straits, where Ocean's billows roar,
 If chance the unwieldy Kraken heedless stray
 To make discoveries in the wat'ry way,
 Though there the Nations of the deep resort,
 And Whales at leisure play, and Grampi sport,
 Yet wedg'd in rocks, or grounded on the sands,
 For many a league his island bulk expands,
 And while the Maelstrom wildly raves around,
 And heaven re-echoes to the dreadful sound,
 In vain with bellowing loud and fearful cries,
 He lifts his voice in thunder to the skies,
 Lost and confounded in the mightier roar ;
 But silent lies at length, and gives his efforts o'er.

Long may our souls the fond remembrance prove,
 How, with a bosom crowded full of love,
 To blast a wicked stage his voice he rear'd
 And yet that thundering voice could not be heard.

With equal toil, half-burn'd with Etna's heat,
 Thus strives Enceladus to find his feet,
 While o'er his back, convuls'd with dreadful pain,
 A fiery deluge floats along the plain;
 Around th' affrighted boobies stand and stare,
 And ask what dreadful creature tumbles there.
 Was he in fault that he should wish t' impart
 The smoaking feelings of his red-hot heart?
 Perhaps Religion would have cloth'd the song,
 And truth and bombast roll'd the strains along.
 Thus when th' Old Dragon op'd his mighty mouth
 Out burst a flood of overwhelming froth,
 Down the soft tide three unclean spirits float,
 Like frogs in semblance and like frogs in note.
 Was he to blame when, struck by mighty death,
 He wish'd, by puffing his expiring breath,
 To raze the pillars of a vicious stage,
 And scatter virtue in his holy rage?
 Thus Samson, when Dalilah cut his hair,
 Mutter'd and clank'd his fetters in despair,
 When Gaza's nobles fill'd the spacious court,
 And laugh'd to see the blinded monster's sport,
 When lo! the two-legg'd Mammoth rais'd his back,
 And down they tumbled with prodigious crack.

Hard has he toil'd and richly earn'd his gains,
 Ruin'd his fingers and spun out his brains,
 To acquire the right to ope his ponderous jaws,
 As the great champion of Sedition's cause.
 Once his soft words, like streams of melted tar,
 Stuck in our ears and led us on to war;

But now we hear the self-same accents flow,
Unmov'd as quails when buried up in snow.

Is his voice weak ? that dreadful voice we're told,
Once made King George the Third thro' fear turn
cold.

Europa's kingdoms to their centre shake,
When mighty Samuel bawl'd at freedom's stake,†
Thus when provok'd at hell's eternal gate,
Grim Cerberus opes his jaws and shakes his pate,
O'er the black regions swells the horrid roar,
Dark Styx affrighted quits his wonted shore,
The sound rolls dreadful through the dire domains,
And coward devils scud across the plains.—
Does his hand shake ?—When Sam cried out for war,
His potent hand spread many a coat of tar,
That sinewy hand the feathers scatter'd o'er,
Till Tories' jackets made their bellies sore.
Say for whose sake has Time, that Barber gruff,
O'er his wise noddle shook his powder puff ?
Was the task hard to hear the sage's noise ?
Perhaps the awful sound had frighten'd boys ;
But we, the sons of wisdom, fond to hear,
With joy had held the breath and op'd the ear.
Did we e'en doubt that Solomon had spoke ?
If so, has memory vanished into smoke.

Could we who oft have known the hoary sage,
With godlike zeal, in party feuds engage—
Those disquisitions calm in which the mind
'To candour's season'd, and to truth inclin'd—

† Otherwise called a liberty pole

Say, could we doubt his Jack-a-lantern light
 Would guide at length our wandering steps aright
 To where Dame Truth, afraid of being found,
 In her dark hole lies skulking under ground ;
 Still as all Nature ere the earthquake stirs,
 Hush as a mouse when near Grimalkin purrs ;
 If so, I think our brains have taken flight,
 And bade for aye our foolish heads good night.
 Had this event in those bright days been known,
 When Greece with glory's blaze illumin'd shone,
 Then had we read, and wonder'd as we read
 Where sense had gone, and where discretion fled.
 What crime so base can with this crime compare ?
 What deed so dark but match'd with this is fair ?
 If ancient realms had witness'd this sad tale,
 The sun had darken'd, and the skies grown pale ;
 For sun and sky, more modest in those places,
 Were wont full oft in shame to veil their faces.
 Some, with much happiness, I'm proud to say,
 Did their great spirit wond'rously display ;—
 While part, by swaggering looks, with force ex-
 press'd,
 The full grown feelings of the swelling breast :
 Thus, first of birds, the Turkey-Cock so bold
 Around the dunghill ranging uncontroll'd,
 With all the pride of self-importance big,
 Struts, and looks stately at each passing pig,
 While geese and hens around at distance stare,
 And wonder who the devil marches there.
 Others in words "*sung out*" their discontent,
 Like new-made cider struggling for a vent ;

Or as when Sirius sheds his sultry ray,
 And pours oppressive languor o'er the day,
 While the shrunk stream scarce laves its pebbly bed,
 And one brown hue is o'er the landscape spread,
 In thund'ring prayers the bull-frogs call for rain,
 And pond to pond repeats the solemn strain.
 Not by such windy sounds, all noise and fume,
 Can we our points to carry e'er presume ;
 Vain, vain the hope by empty blasts t'o'erwhelm
 The firm, the mob-lov'd leader of this realm ;
 This many knew who oft had tried before
 With words of sense to still his clam'rous roar.
 Sound arguments, like hail-stones, thick were show-
 er'd,

And streams of eloquence on all sides pour'd ;
 But boys and men, with clamours vile and rude,
 Shut up the mouth of that old man so good.
 As when, high-soaring in the fields of air,
 The guardian hen-hawk fill'd with tender care,
 Eyes, with solicitude and keen regard,
 The chickens feeding in the poultry yard—
 Physician kind, with fondest love preparing
 To give the little souls a pretty airing !
 The congregation, filled with wild affright,
 Hens, geese, and ducks in one shrill scream unite,
 And loud to heaven with cries discordant pray
 To keep the too-kind gentleman away.

My text thus prov'd—all that remains behind,
 Is to apply the subject to the mind—
 By inference clear I'll make the truth go down,
 And thus relume the honour of the town.

'To ease the torments of the great man's ghost,
Transplant th' inscription here from yonder post,
And in the vacant niche, on glory's boards,
In golden letters write the following words.—

“ To honour SAM this bright inscription's made ;—

“ 'Twas hither brought with wonderful parade—

“ Astonish'd meteors throng'd the realms of day

“ While SAM's pure honours streak'd along the way.”

Thus when sublime, by rapid whirlwinds driven,
A kite majestic scales the vault of heaven,
Bright through the air its tail in splendour flies.
And paper glory blazes round the skies.

Long, O Philistia ! shall thy sons revere
Their country's saviours and its Sampsons fear,
While thy fair records this occasion note,
'That Wisdom disapprov'd the last town-meeting vote.
Thus shall our sons, and eke our daughters rise,
Stare at our length and wonder at our size :
Whilst we their sires, as time's long race we run,
Boast of the deeds of A. D. Ninety-One.
And should misrule in future times return,
And unborn Demaguoges with faction burn,
Should tar and feathers come again in vogue
And PATRIOT stand synonymous with rogue—
Perchance some second SAM may rise to day,
And o'er mob-meetings hold an equal sway.

ECHO.....NO. VI.

From the Connecticut Gazette, of October 20, 1791.

[Some time since a writer in the Connecticut Gazette attacked the Newtonian Philosophy with such astonishing force of argument, that many of its friends trembled for its fate. However, as he rested a considerable period, they fondly hoped it would survive the shock. A week or two since, he poured forth another volley, which has induced the Echo to speak in an audible voice, what he had before uttered in a whisper.]

“ Messrs. Green,

“ Your inserting the following in your useful paper will oblige one of your readers and perhaps make others reflect.

“ **T**HE Newtonian philosophy accounts for all the phenomena of nature by one principle, which it supposes to pervade all material nature : and the principle is this, viz.—that matter attracts matter. But, that this principle never did, nor does now, nor never will exist, I thus prove.

“ If matter attracts matter, either there must be an universal plenum, or matter must act where it is not. But, that there is not an universal plenum in material nature has been mathematically demonstrated by all Newtonians of any note : and that matter can act where it is not, is an impossibility, for it is an impossibility that matter should be where it is not—therefore a much greater impossibility that it should act where it is not, and therefore matter, never did—does not now—nor ever will attract matter.

“ Nay, farther, even upon the hypothesis of an universal plenum, in material nature, matter’s attracting matter would be physically inconsistent with the essence of matter. For, though in

a plenum all the particles would be perfectly coherent or contiguous to each other, yet their coherency or contiguity would not be the effect of the attraction of the particles, but of something else, namely, immaterial impulse *ab extra*. The principal essential property of matter, which is to resist all change of its present state of rest or motion, is absolutely inconsistent with the idea of matter's attracting matter : for, since a particle of matter, from its *vis inertia*, cannot possibly change its own state of rest or motion, it must be absolutely impossible, that it should change the state of rest or motion of an extraneous particle.

“ To go still farther, if matter should be supposed unresisting, that is, deprived of its *vis inertia*, that it would be still more unfavourable to the Newtonian principle, that matter attracts matter, may be easily demonstrated. Hence, let the Newtonians no more pretend to account for the various phenomena of nature by their favourite principle, till they refute these arguments and many more ready to be adduced.

ANONYMOUS.”

HARTFORD, JANUARY 23, 1792.

“ *Lo Echo from her solemn sounding shell,
 “ Again strikes up the philosophic knell !
 “ While borne along the whispering tide of air,
 “ The ghost of Genius seems to stop, and stare.*”

DEAR MESSRS. GREEN, with diffidence extreme,
 I ask a corner for my humble theme,
 In your most useful paper, which appears
 To grow in wonder, as it grows in years,
 (How much more pleasing than that hackney'd road
 By other papers, and by Nature, trod ;
 For Wonderment, like Love, delights to spread
 Her airy phantoms round the youthful head,
 But soon retires, when Age's wint'ry snow,
 Sheds its white honours o'er the wrinkled brow.)
 'Twill, kind as dews on Hermon that distil,
 One reader's breast with sweet sensations thrill.
 In rich manure the seeds of knowledge sow,
 And, like a hot-bed, make reflection grow.

THAT *Matter's* chain'd to *Matter*—seems to be
 The underpinning of philosophy
 By Newton taught—the wonder-working sage,
 With this idea blotted many a page ;
 This favourite truth the wizard thought he found
 On sea, and land, above and under ground—
 A kind of cord of love, more strong than leather,
 Which ties bears, snakes, and owls, and men toge-
 ther—

A sort of yoke, how strange so'er it seem,
 That makes creation one stupendous team.
 But to those souls who'll condescend to list,
 I'll prove this principle did ne'er exist,
 And never will—Nay more—with all their clatter,
 I'll prove that *Matter* never heard of *Matter*.

If *Matter* is by *Matter* still attracted,
 This only proves that *Matter* is distracted,
 Or else this self-same *Matter* must act most
 Where *Matter*, motion, time, and space are lost.
 But that dame Nature ne'er a plenum makes,
 We know by this, dame Nature ne'er mistakes ;
 For she abhors this monster more than space,
 More than a Quaker hates a golden lace,
 More than the tuneful choir the bird of night,
 Or more than Atheists hate Religion's light.
 Newtonians fain would prove—but well we know
 'Tis not—nay more—if 'tis, it shan't be so,
 For if this magic Plenum fills all nature,
 And holds in durance every struggling creature,
 Even Nature's self must be content at home,
 Nor even a "*groaning*," force her steps to roam—
 Besides, that *Matter* should find cords to pull
 Beyond where space with *something* is fill'd full,
 Is just as likely as that sense should be
 Found in those skulls were dwells *Inanity* :
 And hence this *ergo*—Matter does not now,
 Nor ever did, nor ever will, find how
 By word, or deed, or any juggling tricks,
 To make discordant atoms friendly mix.

If plenum fills up all, both far and wide,
 Why then 'tis plain we're full on every side,

Our waistcoat's stuff'd and plenteously lin'd,
 With flesh, and fish, and fowl of every kind ;
 And much I fear dame Nature will complain,
 And wring, and twist her sides, in cholic pain ;
 Unless good Dr. B——e† will assist her,
 And make a vacuum with his sovereign clyster.
 For tho' a goose, or turkey, may delight
 In being stopp'd and cramm'd so very tight ;
 Yet we, a fowl of somewhat different palate,
 Had rather have the meat without that sallad.
 But if amidst this vast terrestrial ball,
 One universal Plenum fills up all,
 And *Matter's* parts are wedg'd as close together,
 As three in bed, or pigs in stormy weather,
 Yet, not conjoin'd by Love's attractive power,
 No smiling Hymen waits the nuptial hour ;
 But by external impulse made to wed,
 Are forc'd reluctant to the marriage bed.
 In all things, great or small, this fact we see,
 That ne'er with motion *Matter* can agree :
 For can a log of wood, or stack of hay,
 Take leg, or wing, and bear itself away ?
 No—when we wish such things to move, of course
 We take a team of cattle, or a horse.
 This fully proves that *Matter* has no motion
 And Newton's system all an idle notion.
 'Tis true, in times of old, when Orpheus sung,
 When stones were tender soul'd, and Nature young,

† The learned gentleman, who has lately so ably defended the Newtonian system ; and proved incontrovertibly, that Matter may exist with Motion.

When brick-kilns went to school,† & quarries spoke,
 And music trembled from the lofty oak,
 To sound of human voice the rocks would prance,
 And elms and maples join in country dance:
 Now less polite, their feelings callous grown,
 No voice of music stirs a stick, or stone,
 And we in vain our sweetest notes might raise,
 In these barbarian and degenerate days,
 And fairly fret away both lungs, and liver,
 Before a stump, or stone, would condescend to quiver.

This inference then is fair, and plain to see,
 If join'd with *Motion*, *Matter* ne'er can be,
 Where ever *Motion* comes, when e'er 'tis known
 To act on timber, metal, clay, or stone,
 Whate'er the agent that directs its force,
 Air, water, fire, man, cattle, mule, or horse,
 Matter, like Rat, when Guinea-pig too nigh‡
 Offends his savoury nose, and shocks his eye,
 Vex'd at the intrusion, in a mighty huff,
 Packs up her duds, and surlily goes off,
 And as she takes her leave (so sweet and civil)
 Wishes the clownish fellow to the devil.
 Thus in a torrent swell'd with wintry rains,
 That rends the hills, and deluges the plains,
 Bears wild destruction on its foaming wave,
 And sweeps the pumpkins to a watery grave;
 Or in a kettle, where some house-wife good,
 Prepares the Mush, § her children's homely food,

† Supposed to mean singing schools. ‡ A curious fact in natural history. § Otherwise called hasty pudding.

While urg'd by fires beneath, the mingled mass,
 High o'er the brim, hoarse muttering strives to pass ;
 No *Matter* can reside, for Motion's power
 Impels the pudding's rise, and torrent's roar ;
 But when the torrent in a pond subsides,
 By storms unruffled, and unmov'd by tides,
 When freed from fire, the pudding swells no more,
 And e'en its last faint, dying, sputtering's o'er,
 Quick to her wonted home, the foe now gone,
Matter returns, and occupies her throne.

Yet should we farther go, and e'en suppose
 That *Matter* no resistance will oppose,
 But fir'd with saintly, Methodistic pride,
 Bear like an ox the basting of his hide,
 Patient as Fakir,† who from high rais'd chair,
 Exhorts the crowd with sanctimonious air,
 And fill'd with somewhat singular a notion,
 Makes of his rump a pin-ball of devotion—
 That is, her *vis inertie* wholly gone,
 And left poor *Matter* empty, and alone,
 Still no assistance to their systems vain,
 These idle sons of Newton will obtain,
 For ne'er by strong attraction's impulse led,
 Will brother *Matter* sister *Matter* wed,
 As we can prove by father Nile's‡ assistance,
 When FUR TUM keeps the Moon at proper distance.

† A peculiar kind of devotees in India, who prove the fervency of their piety, by sitting upon cushions made of ten-penny nails.

‡ A wicked wizard, who by the assistance of a magical type, in which the Planet Furtum and the Moon, occupy the principal places, pretends to surprising discoveries, and has been sentenced by a court of justice to pay an exemplary fine, as the righteous retribution of practising the black art.

Long has the world been lur'd by Newton's schemes
 His systems strange, and philosophic dreams,
 And long has fashion bid all ranks proclaim,
 In terms of loud applause his hallow'd name,
 From the Astronomer whose piercing eyes,
 Beholds events dark-pictur'd in the skies,
 Young bratling planets in their cradles sleeping,
 And stars as yet unhatch'd in egg-shells peeping,
 To Show-man wondrous, who, by feats so rare,
 With magic lantern makes the children stare,
 Thus when Redress from Stamp-act's dreary night,
 O'er fair Columbia shed its morning light,
 The cheering ray thro' all her regions ran,
 And grateful incense warm'd the heart of man,
 While each bright city from Bostonia's shore,
 To southern Charlestown join'd in glad uproar,
 Gilt with their streaming fires the shades of even,
 And bade the cannon tell the news to heaven;
 Fair Hebron felt inspir'd, and from a stump
 Her sons, for lack of cannon, fir'd a pump.†
 But hence Newtonians vain no longer dare
 With heaven-taught truths your sophistry compare,
 Nor with your brittle arguments essay
 To prove that Matter's legs, and runs away;
 Why *Moodus*‡ groans in such convulsive frolics,
 And why Hull's physic cures all sorts of cholics,

† Vide Peters' history of Connecticut—a performance so celebrated for a close adherence to Truth, that many people have conjectured the holy divine pumped the old lady out of her well by the assistance of a Hebron Cannon.

‡ A place celebrated for a kind of home-made earthquakes, which will probably at some future day make a conspicuous figure in the natural history of this country.

Relinquish then the unvailing strife,
For while I've matter left, or breath, or life,
I'll prove, should logic fail, by force of fist,
That Plenum *Vacuums* every where exist ;
Then will you gladly own yourselves mistaken,
And give your tenets up to save your bacon.
So when proud Pharaoh, loth with Jews to part,
Froze his dark soul, and steel'd his harden'd heart,
Though frogs, and lice around the monster pour'd,
Fleas bit his back, and thunder o'er him roar'd,
Though murrain, boils, and blains attack'd his hide,
Yet nought could start him 'till his children died.

ECHO.....NO. VII.

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From the National Gazette.

“ FARTHER AND CONCLUDING THOUGHTS ON THE INDIAN WAR,
BY H. H. BRACKENRIDGE, OF PITTSBURG.

“ **I** CAN easily excuse those, who, from motives of humanity, call in question the justness of our cause in the war against the Indians. But could I make my observations theirs with respect to the ruthless disposition of a savage, that is not soothed continually by good offices, or kept down by fear ; could I give my knowledge, recollection, and impression of the accumulated instances of homicide committed by the tribes with whom we are at war, the humane would be more humane, for their feelings would be more awake, not in favour of these people, but of the persons butchered by them in cold blood, or dragged to that pole seen by the soldiers under General HARMAR, by the Miami village, where the ground was beat like a pavement by the miserable victims moving round the stake to avoid the still pursuing tortures, which the circle of black coals, at a distance from the piles burned, shewed whence they brought their brands and heated gun-barrels to afflict the object. All this, though there have been but three instances since the conclusion of the war with Britain, where an Indian has been hurt on our part ; one on the Susquehanna, and two on the Ohio : with respect to one of which instances, that of McGuire and Brady, it is a doubt whether they were hostile or peaceable.

“ I consider men who are unacquainted with the savages, like young women who have read romances, and have as improper an idea of the Indian character in the one case, as the female mind has of real life in the other. The philosopher, weary of

the vices of refined life, thinks to find perfect virtue in the simplicity of the unimproved state. He sees green fields and meadows in the customs and virtues of the savages. It is experience only can relieve from this calenture of the intellect. All that is good and great in man results from education ; and an uncivilized Indian is but a little way removed from a beast, who, when incensed, can only tear and devour, but the savage applies the ingenuity of man to torture and inflict anguish.

“ A great dependance seems to be placed on Cornplanter and his party. I know Cornplanter, and Big-Tree, and Half-Town ; they are good, as Indians, and are well disposed to us, because they can be of little or no account on the other side. Brandt treats them with contempt, and adheres to the British. Instead of bringing them down at a great expense, and presenting them in Philadelphia, and appropriating 800 dollars for their maintenance and vestment, were things put upon a right footing, and Presqu’isle garrisoned, we should have no more occasion for Cornplanter, or Big-Tree, or Half-Town, than they would have for us ; and if we gave them goods, they would give us furs.

“ I have seen a certain blind Sam, so called, because blind of an eye, taken down to this city, passed for a warrior, dining at clubs, and have heard of him presented at a ball, on his way down : the favoured ladies looking upon themselves as beatified in receiving the salute of a king. When he returned, with a laced waistcoat, the vulgar Indians that before thought him one of them, laughed immoderately at the farce.

“ As these are desultory observations, I remark and conclude that some think me rather rash in presuming that the king of Britain has given any countenance, directly or indirectly to the Indian depredations or armaments. I should be sorry to do injustice to any power, and it was with great difficulty that I admitted the idea, but I have been convinced of it, and can have no doubt, because that government could not but have heard of the hostilities, and by one simple word of the commandant of Detroit to M’Kee and Brandt, we should have had a perfect peace. But M’Kee and Brandt, when messengers were sent to call the Indians to the

treaties at Muskingum and at Miami, advised them not to go : witness—I shall suppress my authorities. It may perhaps injure these men in their future trade with the Indians or connections at Detroit. Good God ! that an island where I drew my first breath, where a Milton and a Hume have lived, where a Howard has sacrificed to humanity—there can be those who can aid, at least not disarm, what may be in their power, the savage of his axe, battered on the skulls of their species, in the cottage or the fields of the settlements adjoining their province—they could do this by the surrender of the posts, for at that moment I proclaim peace to to the westward, and ensure safety.

“ It maybe thought that I am inhumane in my sentiments towards the savages ; It is a mistake ; I am inhumane to no man or men ; but in order to be humane, let me have it in my power. Let myself first be safe, and then I can shew what humanity dictates. The question is, Whether we shall submit ourselves to the savages or they to us ? I say, let us conquer because we cannot depend upon them, for the weaker ever distrusts the mightier, and the unenlightened man, the sensible ; but when we shall have it in our power, let us dispense treaties on principles of reciprocity (to use the term of the diplomatists) and let them know that we are not about to purchase a treaty, but to make one and preserve it. These principles, founded in nature and truth, will strike the mind of the savage, that we ask no more than he ought to give, or that we give more than he has a right to ask. By the immortal gods ! (a Roman oath, but sworn with christian devotion,) if this principle could be made the basis of our negotiations, we should govern not only these people, but all the world with whom we have to do. When I say *govern*, I mean *command* of them all, that is our right on principles of the laws of nations or of nature. But in our affairs with the western Indians, we have for a series of years pursued a sickly tampering system of half peace, half war, from which nothing could result but half success. A bold and decisive act of effective hostility at the conclusion of the war with Britain would have composed these Indians, and preserved in existence the countless numbers that have fallen victims to torture or death on the bourne of the wilderness. It was

therefore inhumane not to have adopted this system, which would have been effectual. But I saw, and lamented the circumstance of the Congress besieged with candidates for agencies and commissionships, and messengers, and runners, to negotiate with these tribes.

"There was not a thing that had ever seen a squaw or a half king, or a chief, or had heard the guttural sound of a Kickapoo, or a Delaware, but would have it that he understood fifty Indian languages, and could interpret, and could draw all the tribes after him just as a boy would whistle pigeons. Hence, treaty, and not war."

HARTFORD, MARCH, 1792.

*" And every time they fir'd it off,
 " It took a horn of powder,
 " It made a noise like Father's gun,
 " Only a nation louder."*

[The foregoing sounds made by H. H. BRACKENRIDGE, have reached the Echo, which in faithfulness she is obliged to respond. It is presumed there were others equally important, but, being indistinct, they are lost to immortality.

I GRANT my pardon to that dreaming clan,
 Who think that Indians have the rights of man ;
 Who deem the dark skinn'd chiefs, those miscreants
 base,
 Have souls like ours, and are of human race ;
 And say the scheme† so wise, so nobly plann'd.
 For rooting out these serpents from the land,

† The talents of the Secretary at war, however generally esteem'd, have been too long concealed under the shade of a peaceful administration. We

To kill their squaws, their children yet unborn,
 To burn their wigwams, and pull up their corn ;
 By sword and fire to purge the unhallow'd train,
 And kindly send them to a world of pain,
 Is vile, unjust, absurd :—as if *our* God
 One single thought on Indians e'er bestow'd,
 To them his care extends, or even knew,
 Before Columbus told him where they grew.

O could I, pois'd on Observation's wings,
 Point whence the Indian's ruthless temper springs,
 That ruthless temper which, like bear unchain'd,
 Is proof to kindness, nor by fear restrain'd,
 Could that vast knowledge which my skull contains,
 Once find its passage from my wilder'd brains,
 And spring to view with recollection fraught,
 Of all I've ever dreamt, or ever thought ;
 Then would I tell of homicides so dire,
 Of tom'hawk, scalping-knife, and torturing fire,
 Of wicked pole at the Miami town,
 Which Harmar went on purpose to pull down,
 While roused to pity by the potent strain,
 Humanity herself would grow humane ;
 The soul would shudder, and the cheek turn pale,
 And uncork'd feelings foam like bottled ale ;

sincerely congratulate the public on *their* late glorious emersion from that obscurity. The well concerted plan, and skilful arrangements, of the two late expeditions, have discovered a genius for war, and a foresight scarce to be paralleled in the annals of time. The sacrifice of two armies, in order to lull the savages into such perfect security as to render them an easy conquest to General Scott, and the brave Kentucky Militia, is a stroke of masterly and unprecedented policy ; and more especially when we consider the armies thus wisely sacrificed, as consisting mostly of men whose services were worth but two dollars a month—a cheap purchase of the lives and properties of the noble sons of Kentucky.

Not for those soulless heathen of the wood,
 But christian folks of kindred flesh and blood,
 Pity, meek habitant of yonder sky,
 Wipes the full tear-drop from her dewy eye,
 As, from her throne of never fading light,
 O'er western worlds she bends her anxious sight,
 Thy LAMBS,† Kentucky ! claim her darling care,
 Expos'd to all the miseries of war ;

† In order fully to shew the singularly peaceable, and gentle disposition of these good people (not to mention the massacre of the Moravian Indians, when, under pretence of celebrating divine worship, their white brethren convened them in the church and piously dashed their infants against the wall) I shall select two instances out of the many which are related of their extraordinary humanity. Not many years since the legislature of Kentucky, from the purest motives, no doubt, proclaimed a bounty of a hundred dollars for any Indian scalp. A gentleman in that country, who, in his intercourse with the natives, had married one of their women, by whom he had several children, inspired with true patriotic zeal, and parental affection, made a visit to the unsuspecting family, and, while they were asleep, kindly dismissed them to the Indian paradise, took off their scalps as a memorial of love, received the premium of his noble services, and was advanced to a post of honour and profit under that government.

The other is as follows.—In the summer of 1788, Col. Logan, with a party of Militia from Kentucky, sat out on an expedition against the Pickewa town. They were discovered by some young warriors, out on a hunting party, who immediately returned, and gave information to their old Chief Melanthee. But relying on the faith of a Treaty, executed but the preceding spring, he refused to believe that any injury was intended by the Whites to him, or his people ; and in full assurance of a friendly reception, advanced to meet them, displaying in one hand the treaty signed by the American commissioners, and in the other the flag of the United States, which he had received at the same time. Being informed of their intention to put him to death, he told them—"That he and his people were the friends of the thirteen fires, and had faithfully observed the Treaty made with their Chiefs."—and holding up the flag—"this," said he, "I have received from your Chiefs, as the mark of friendship, and on this I place mine and my people's protection."—Yet all these marks of unsuspecting confidence, attended with the most artless protestations of friendship, could not impose upon these ex-

Unkindly left, without defence or stay,
 To savage Wolves a weak unshielded prey ;
 Those savage Wolves, in cruelty grown old,
 Who torture prisoners when their blood is cold.

All this ;—while on our part, so mild and good,
 No one e'er thought of spilling Indian blood,
 Save once, when Susquehannah's trout-fill'd† wave,
 And twice Ohio form'd their watery grave :
 Though those whom valiant Brady sent to pot,
 Perhaps were friendly, and perhaps were not.
 But best it is, as ancient proverbs say,
 Never to let occasion run away :
 And pat another proverb meets my eye,
 While the sun shines, spread out your hay to dry ;
 As haply that good Man would ne'er again
 Have caught a chance to tap an Indian's brain ;
 Yet mild humanity inspir'd the deed,
 And gave those wandering savages to bleed,
 For as, with toil severe, fatigu'd, they plied
 Their bark, fur-laden, down the rapid tide,
 Kind Brady took compassion on their woes,
 And bade in endless sleep their weary labours close.
 But circumstances strong arise to shew
 That these were foes, of foes the vilest too ;
 For tis a fact well known our parts throughout,
 A friendly Indian can't be worth a groat.

perienced men, who thought it much less safe to trust an Indian in this world than the other, and, in conformity to this humane sentiment, put a speedy period to his existence with the tomahawk, and the standard thus gloriously obtained, was for several weeks triumphantly displayed on the Court-House at Lexington, as a trophy sacred to humanity.

† For the aptitude and beauty of this epithet, see the speech of the Hon. John Vining, on the question for altering the Seat of Government.

Therefore, where'er we can a savage find
 Who has a skin or blanket to our mind,
 Presuming they were stole, since well we know
 Nor furs, nor blankets, can on Indians grow,
 We ought forthwith to kill the hostile brute,
 And strip him of his goods, and scalp to boot ;
 While this reflection gives no small relief,
 That after all 'tis nought but stealing from a thief.

I view the men, who ne'er a savage saw,
 Like those young girls whose minds begin to thaw,
 In Fancy's spring, when wild romances start
 The mind to mischief, and to love the heart.
 'The one is solely bent on plotting evil ;
 The other thinks an Indian is the devil ;
 The first employs her industry and art
 To raise a bobbery in the human heart ;
 The last with pure devotion worships God
 By offering incense sweet of scalps and blood.
 The sage Philosopher, by ign'rance fir'd,
 Of genteel vice, and common follies tir'd,
 Thinks Virtue's hallowed form alone is found
 Where squaws cut capers o'er the desert ground.
 He sees green spring in their rude minds appear,
 And their brown skins disclose the falling year.
 Experience only can the pill dispense,
 Which purges off this calenture of sense.
 All that is great in man, I do suppose,
 From education, and from College flows,
 And those brown tribes, who snuff the desert air,
 Are aunts and cousins to the skunk and bear.

I know Cornplanter, and I know Big-Tree,
 I know Half-Town, and I know all the three :





Produce price!

Lenny sculpt.

in crowds the Ladies ran,
All wish'd to see and touch the twenty-man.

They're very clever ; but do what you will,
Indians and rum, are rum and Indians still.

From desert wastes a mighty Indian came,
Robb'd of an eye, blind Sam his royal name ;
Brought to this Town,* in wampum richly gay,
At balls he pass'd the night, at clubs the day ;
In crowds the ladies to his Levee† ran,
All wish'd to see, and touch, the tawny man,
Happy were those who saw his stately stride,
Thrice happy those who felt his naked hide.
As school-boys, when a monkey comes in sight,
Forsake their games, and chase him with delight ;
View with astonishment the stalking creature,
So sleek and pretty in a state of nature ;
Thus sparkling belles the Indian flock'd around,
Charm'd with his melting eye, his voice's silver sound,
And as the Cyclops graciously held up
His copper lips to give them all a sup,
Some thought for very joy they should have died,
Some thought they were bewitch'd, and some beati-
fied.

All gracious heaven ! can that high favour'd isle
Where at my birth Creation tried to smile,
When pigs and ram-cats trill'd their tuneful strains,
And geese quack'd grateful anthems o'er the plains ;
Where, on a car of fire sublimely borne,
Great Milton soar'd beyond the blaze of morn ;
Where bonnie Hume on raven pinions flew,
And croak'd more truths than science ever knew,

* Philadelphia.

† It is presumed that Royal Sam had his Levees as well as other distinguished personages.

Where, from the shrines of slavery and despair,
 Howard's rich incense floats along the air.—
 Bear up a wretch whose bloody arm can aid
 An Indian's knife to scalp a White-man's head,
 Or from his vengeful hand forbear to pull
 The axe all batter'd on the soldier's skull,
 That skull by nature harden'd for the toil
 Of butting Indians on Kentucky's soil ?
 This might be done if, bursting through the charm,
 Britain would stretch her old, big, pestling arm,
 From that blest hour war's crimson ensign furl'd,
 Her throne a wigwam in the western world,
 Peace at my word, shall walk the carnag'd field,
 And turn'd to pot-lid every savage shield.
 Let me be safe, and then I'll plainly shew
 The de--l may take the Squaws and Indians too.
 The question is which of us shall obey ?
 Shall we make brooms and baskets—or shall they ?
 I say let's fight, regardless of their groans,
 And bring the wretches on their marrow bones ;
 For every man who lies beneath his foe,
 Dreads the deep bruising of the fateful blow.
 When I say *govern* I'd be understood
 To mean the simple right to shed their blood,
 That right which Nature, ever good and kind,
 Wrote with her finger on the White-man's mind.

Was there a single *thing* that ever saw
 A chief or half a king, or all a squaw ;
 Or heard of Kickapoos the guttural sound
 Rumble like earthquakes stifled under ground,
 But thought he understood th' incongruous strain,
 Of those erst scatter'd over Shinar's plain

And had no doubt without or force or law
 His whistle-pipe these pigeons wild would draw
 Tame to his coop, where he them safe might pen,
 Pluck off their plumes and make them look like
 men,§

No more with these dark devils let us chase
 A mongrel system of half war, half peace;
 'Tis nonsense all—the word is—fight, or yield—
 An Indian master, or a bloody field.

§ Mr. B***** in contra-distinction to Lord Monboddo's theory, seems to have been of the opinion of that Naturalist who considers man as belonging to the class of birds; that is, a two-legged animal without feathers.

ECHO.....NO. VIII.



From the Diary, &c. of October 10, 1792.

TO THE PRINCIPAL GENTLEMEN AND LADIES OF
THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

“ **H**AVING, before the late Revolution, had the honour when every body and every thing in America and Old England understood one another ; and in 1763, that period also being calm and serene ; I had likewise the honour to hold or sustain two important offices in this state, viz. the Post Office and the Commissariat ; and during that period, I had also the honour to correspond with the first gentlemen at that time in the country ; I will mention the first gentlemen at that time in the country. The Honourable Sir William Johnson, Baronet ; the Honourable Hugh Finlay, at Quebec ; Sir John Johnson, Baronet ; Hugh and Alexander Wallace, Esquires ; and all the gentlemen printers on this vast continent.

“ From my correspondence with men and a good library of books, I think I have sufficient knowledge to take upon me the education of a few country gentlemen’s children ; say six boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, my situation will be near the city, in a very *healthy desirable stand*, near perhaps to the Israelitish Burying Ground ; I will study or teach none but English Syntax and refined sentiment. I know nothing of the business of a country schoolmaster, who would positively take one whole sheet of paper to communicate his ideas, when any of my scholars possessed with the least share of sense, shall do it with propriety and elegance in six lines. My plan therefore will be to take

only six gentlemen's children for six months, when they shall be fitted for business. The elegance of double entry, or the Italian method of Book-keeping, shall be taught (if they please) with propriety. The young gentlemen may then, if they please, leave the Academy for six months, to re-enter, and so on a regular and uniform succession of them.

Mr. Monier's plan will be to board them, wash them, and lodge them. Mrs. Monier is of a respectable Dutch family, and will not suffer one dirty matter about the house, nor about the gentlemen's children—this by way of further introduction to his plan.

Mr. Monier further acquaints his friends and the public, that five whole days in the week he means to devote his time to the children; but Saturdays a total relaxation from business, when his pupils may then visit their friends in comfort. Terms of entrance and schooling to be made known, and made easy to the public.

JOHN MONIER,

Late Deputy Post-master, and Agent at Albany.

N. B. The subscriber will begin to take in subscribers' names the 8th instant, and open the Academy the 22d.

New-York, Oct. 16, 1792.

HARTFORD, OCTOBER 29th, 1792.

*“ Once more shall drowsy ECHO rise,
 “ Lift up her head and rub her eyes,
 “ Quit BRACKENRIDGE for JOHN MONIER,
 “ And give the pedagogue a cheer.”*

Ye city dames who roll the streets around,
 Ye country Joans who till the furrow'd ground,
 Around whose board a tribe of noisy brats,
 Throng thick as mice in absence of the cats,
 If to my school for six short months you'll send 'em,
 I'll teach them all I know, and scour and mend 'em,
 I neither ask nor wish a moment more,
 For all I know, I learn'd in less than four.

BEFORE the Briton left his distant shore,
 To drench Columbia's peaceful plains in gore,
 When men and things each other understood,
 And Bute and North turn'd pale to think of blood,
 I had the honour ——and in sixty-three,
 (A cloudless period, from commotion free)
 I also had the honour to sustain
 A post of honour, and a post of gain—
 Post-Office first——then Commissariate,
 As good a chance as any in the state—
 For in the first, I frank'd my numerous letters,
 And in the last I learn'd to cheat my betters.
 Alas ! how swiftly flew this age of gold !
 Surpassing that by fabling poets told ;

To me more dear the storms of Kingly sway,
 Than the clear sun-beams of fair Freedom's day.
 But thirdly—during this same happy time,
 When writing letters was not deem'd a crime,
 When no committees prowld the streets around,
 And whigs and tories no existence found,
 It also was my honour'd lot to spend
 A leisure hour in writing to a friend.
 To every gentleman of any note,
 By every opportunity I wrote—
 I'll tell you every gentleman of note,
 To whom each opportunity I wrote.
 Sir William Johnson, Baronet, was one,
 A jovial prig, who liv'd on Indian fun;
 Hugh Finlay, of Quebec, Esquire, another;
 And next Sir John, Sir William's son, or brother;
 'Squire Alexander Wallace, and 'squire Hugh,
 Both as fine blades as ever wore a shoe;
 And then with all those typographic fellows—
 With Mills and Hicks, with Goddard, Hall and Sel-
 lers,
 With Jemmy Rivington, and Robert Bell,
 Old Holt, Hugh Gaine, Tim Green, and Edes and
 Gill,
 Good deacon L—, that puritanic fidge,
 And “Ebenezer Watson, near the bridge.”
 From men like these and books almost as good,
 The turtle-fat of intellectual food,
 I think my knowledge is so sturdy grown,
 That I at length may dare to make it known,

And now declare it to be my intent,
 To teach the children of the country *gent*—
 Those little shabby lads, who ne'er before
 Stray'd half a mile beyond their father's door;
 Give them to know the world as well as me,
 And doff their hats to every man they see;
 Thus by good fortune they may hope in time,
 Up to the top of my renown to climb—
 Say half a dozen awkward boys, between
 The sprightly years of twelve, and wild fifteen
 That blooming season when they first begin
 To shew the fruits of father Adam's sin:
 That sin, bequeath'd in true paternal grace,
 A loving legacy to all his race,
 And though we still the inheritance divide,
 Yet every one is fully satisfied;
 And what is seldom seen in such affairs,
 Nor suits nor bickerings disturb the heirs.
 For though 'tis said Cain broke poor Abel's pate,
 To rob his children of their just estate;
 Yet since that day we find no eldest son,
 Who claims a double portion for his own.—
 Near this great city will my school be plac'd,
 A monument of judgment, and of taste;
 For health selected—long I search'd around,
 At length a spot to suit my mind I found.
 Near that white wall which rears its form on high,
 Where cold in death the sons of Israel lie,
 Forgot each wonted care, the thirst of gain,
 The wish of pleasure, and the dread of pain;

O'er whose green graves unthinking mortals tread,
 Nor heed the loud monitions of the dead.
 Nor can this city boast so sweet an air,
 A spot so charming or a view so fair ;
 What air more fragrant to a christian nose,
 Than from the mouldering Hebrew daily flows ;
 What scene more pleasing to a christian eye
 Than where the sons of circumcision lie.
 Mere vulgar business does not suit my mind,
 Be that to country pedagogues confin'd,
 Who to my knowledge take a world of pains,
 To beat ideas into children's brains,
 Though afterwards I make no kind of doubt,
 The boys would give the world to get them out.
 And oft I've witness'd with extreme dismay,
 A whole clean sheet of paper thrown away
 By these vile fellows, who ne'er seem to think,
 What vast expense they make of pen and ink.
 Far different is my mode ; for well I ween,
 That all my pupils, those of sense I mean,
 Shall in six lines, without incumbrance, put
 All their ideas, and my own to boot.
 Six children in six months alone I'll bring
 To know so much their empty skulls shall ring,
 While common schools will take a year or two
 To run this wond'rous stock of knowledge through,
 In the vast sphere of sentiment refin'd,
 Now ranges free as air my active mind,
 By English Syntax borne sublime along,
 Beyond the boundaries of my mother tongue,

Which I in former correspondence learn'd,
 Now cheaply sold, though then so dearly earn'd.
 I'll teach the lads, without much toil or trouble,
 To make their entries elegantly double ;
 And if they please, and can so foolish be,
 It shall be taught them with propriety ;
 For 'tis a fact, propriety's a clog
 To every man who means to be a rogue.
 But when the tedious period has expir'd,
 The learned lads will probably be tir'd ;
 Then to their homes and friends they may repair,
 To spend their mighty acquisitions there,
 And should they prove industrious six months more,
 They'll be as knowing as they were before,
 And, if they please, they may retrace the road
 Back to my school, and take another load.

Mr. Monier is such a clever man,
 He means to state at length his useful plan—
 He'll keep a table, bed, and soap and tub,
 Wherein the little nasty dogs he'll scrub.
 Thus the kind guardian of the pen, who sees
 His bristly charge oppress'd with scurf and fleas,
 Amid the squeeling gentry takes his stand,
 The cob scrubbific waving in his hand,
 To each in turn the grateful rub applies,
 While grunts of pleasure echo through the sties.

Mrs. Monier is of the Holland breed,
 Rather more famous for the dray, than speed ;
 She ev'ry now and then, from room to room,
 Will waddle round, well arm'd with brush and broom,

Breed in the house a most tremendous rout,
And all the dirty matters kick about,
And then, her plans more fully to disclose,
She'll seize the little blockheads by the nose,
Comb out their snarly bristles in a trice,
And clear their numbsculls both from nits and lice.

For five whole days his time he will devote,
But Saturdays he'll let his pupils out,
When where they please the learned lads may go,
And John will never say "Why do ye so?"

ECHO.....NO. IX.

[The Echo, unwilling that the sublime and cautionary speeches of the Governor of the State of Massachusetts, should be lost to posterity, has thought proper, as they possess such uncommon excellencies, to introduce them together, to the notice of the public ; and has only omitted such passages as did not seem so immediately to concern the two grand objects of her laudable apprehensions.]

From the Columbian Centinel, of Nov. 10, 1792.

CONCORD, NOVEMBER 8.

“ Gentlemen of the Senate, and

“ Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

“ I SHOULD for my own, as well as for your convenience, have been glad to have met you at the ancient seat of our Government ; but as it has pleased the MOST HIGH, to visit that, as well as many other of our towns, with a troublesome and contagious disease, I have, with the advice of the Council thought it most for your safety and comfort to convene you at this place.

“ GENTLEMEN,

“ I am urged, by sense of duty, to communicate to you my mind upon a transaction, which I cannot but consider as an open insult upon the Laws and Government of the commonwealth.

“ In the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty, the legislature of this then province of Massachusetts-Bay, passed an act, entitled, “ An Act to prevent Stage Plays, and other Theatrical Entertainments.”

“ The preamble of the Act is in these words, “ For preventing and avoiding many great mischiefs, which arise from public Stage-Plays, Interludes, and other Theatrical Entertainments ; which not only occasion great and unnecessary expenses, and discourage industry and frugality ; but likewise tend generally to increase immorality, impiety, and a contempt of religion.”

“ The act is now a law of the commonwealth ; the principles upon which it is predicated, have been recognized by, and derive support from the consideration of several legislatures ; and surely it ought to claim the respect and obedience of all persons who live or happen to be within the Commonwealth. Yet a number of aliens and foreigners, have lately entered the State, and in the metropolis of the Government, under advertisements insulting to the habits and education of the citizens, have been pleased to invite them to, and to exhibit before such as attended, *Stage-Plays, Interludes, and Theatrical Entertainments*, under the stile and appellation of “ Moral Lectures.” This fact is so notorious, that it is in vain to attempt a concealment of its coming to our knowledge.

“ Whether the Judicial Departments, whose business it is, have attended to this subject or not, I am unable to determine ; but this I am convinced of, that no measures have been taken to punish a most open breach of the Laws, and a most contemptuous insult upon the powers of the Government.

“ You, Gentlemen, are the guardians of the Commonwealth’s dignity and honour ; and our fellow-citizens rely upon your vigilance and wisdom, for the support of the sovereignty and importance of the Government. I therefore refer this matter to your determinations ; and cannot but hope that your resolutions and measures will give efficacy to the laws, and be the means of bringing to condign punishment those who dare to treat them with contempt or open opposition.

“ *Gentlemen of the Senate, and of the*

“ *House of Representatives,*

“ BY the Constitution of the United States of America, each State is to appoint, in such manner as the legislature shall direct,

Electors of President and Vice-President. By a late act of Congress, it is enacted, " That the Supreme Executive of each State " SHALL cause three lists of the names of the Electors of such " State to be made and certified, and to be delivered to the Elect- " ors on or before the first Wednesday in December."

" I feel the importance of giving every constitutional support to the General Government : and I also am convinced that the existence and well-being of that Government depends upon preventing a confusion of the authority of it with that of the States separately. But that Government applies itself to the People of the United States in their natural, individual capacity, and cannot exert any force upon, or by any means controul the officers of the State Governments as such : Therefore, when an act of Congress uses compulsory words with regard to any Act to be done by the Supreme Executive of this Commonwealth, I shall not feel myself obliged to obey them, because I am not, in my official capacity, amenable to that Government.

" My duty as Governor, will most certainly oblige me to see that proper and efficient Certificates are made of the appointment of Electors of President and Vice-President ; and perhaps the mode suggested in the Act above-mentioned, may be found to be the most proper. If you, Gentlemen, have any mode to propose with respect to the conduct of this business, I shall pay every attention to it.

" Gentlemen,

" I do not address you at this time from a disposition to regard the proceedings of the General Government with a jealous eye, nor do I suppose that Congress could intend that clause in their Act as a compulsory provision : but I wish to prevent any measure to proceed through inattention, which may be drawn into precedents hereafter, to the injury of the people, or to give a constructive power where the Federal Constitution has not expressly given it."

HARTFORD, JANUARY 14th, 1793.

" Again shall ECHO strike the lyre,

" While deeds sublime the song inspire :

" To HANCOCK pass from JOHN MONIER,

" And give the ROYAL JOHN a cheer."

Western Star.]

GENTLES, of either kind, both small and great,
 Props of *our* laws, and pillars of *our* state ;
 Tho' words would fail, and language' self prove weak,
 My joy, in seeing you once more, to speak ;
 While in this fleshly bottle closely pent,
 So strong expression struggles for a vent,
 Ere I can draw the cork, I fear, alas !
 'Twill burst the frail contexture of my glass.
 Yet, had this joy been even *more* complete
 Could I have met you at our ancient Seat,
 Near Faneuil Hall, to me forever dear,
 Where first I enter'd on *my* great career ;
 Whose walls, so oft, *my* presence bade rejoice,
 Which oft in transport echoed to *my* voice,
 When rose, 'gainst Britain, its tremendous roar,
 And shook her distant isle, from shore to shore ;
 So when stern Jove, to vengeful anger driven,
 Rolls the black tempest o'er the expanse of heaven,
 Loud peals of thunder on the storm arise,
 And the red lightning quivers o'er the skies ;

From central depths disturb'd the Ocean raves,
 And high to heaven upheaves his briny waves ;
 From its deep base the cloud-veil'd mountain shakes ;
 The firm rock trembles, and the valley quakes ;
 All nature, shuddering, owns the dreadful nod,
 And shrinks before the terrors of the God.
 There FREEDOM, then a chick, unfledg'd and bare,
I kindly brooded with a mother's care ;
 Taught her to creep, to hop, to run, to fly,
 And gave her wings to lift herself on high,
 'Till perfect grown, she came, at length, to soar
 To heights unthought of, but by *me*, before.
 In that loved spot, O could you but have met !
 " But fate denies, and man must yield to fate ;"
 Since the SMALL-POX, *Death's* Vicar here on earth,
 Who, stern, respects nor dignities, nor worth,
 O'er that sad place, now sunk in dire dismay,
 Waves his pale banners, and extends his sway,
 Wide pours contagious poison from his breath,
 Deforms the face, and shuts the eyes in death,
 And still uncheck'd, his grisly triumph leads,
 Nor votes regards, nor resolutions heeds ;
 Those *votes*, by which, that man of patriot soul
 Who o'er Town-Meetings held unmatch'd controul,
 Far-fam'd SAM ADAMS thought to fright away
 This curst disease, for ever, and for aye :
 Therefore it is, by heaven's peculiar grace,
 That I've thought fit to call you to this place.
 But Gentlemen ! a thing unmention'd yet,
 Enough to throw you in a dog-day sweat ;

A thing, perchance, which you, as well as *I*,
 Have seen, some time, with many an aching eye ;
 Since, above measure bold, it scorns disguise ;
 And proudly stares us in the face and eyes ;
 A thing, most vile, most dreadful in its kind,
 Hangs, like a mill-stone, heavy on my mind :
 By conscience urged, in duty's cause made bold,
 To you this wicked thing I shall unfold,
 Since plain enough to *me* is its intent,
 An open insult on *my* government.

Long since, while Britain, with maternal hand,
 Cheer'd the lov'd offspring of Columbia's land ;
 Ere proud oppression bade that offspring brave
 Assert their rights, and scorn the name of slave ;
 Ere o'er the world had flown my mob-rais'd fame,
 And George and Britain trembled at *my* name ;
 This State, then Province, pass'd, with wise intent,
 An Act, *Stage-Plays*, and such things to prevent :
 You'll find it Sirs, among the *Laws* sky blue,
 Made near that time on brooms when *Witches* flew,
 That blessed *time* when Law kept wide awake,
 Proscribed the *faithless*, and made *Quakers* quake ;
 And thus, in terms sublime *I* state the fact,
 Runs the *Preamble* of this precious *Act*.

Both for preventing, and avoiding, all
 Those various evils which would sure befall
 Our sober people, and their sober ways,
 From *Interludes*, and vile *Theatric Plays* ;
 To wit, all fiddling, fighting, gaming, raking,
 Swearing profane, high broils, and sabbath breaking ;

This ACT, so full of wisdom and so good,
 Has now become a Law well understood ;
 Since it has often been confirm'd, you see,
 By many a Legislature great as we.
 Yet, notwithstanding this, some chaps uncivil,
 Grand Emissaries of our foe the Devil,
Aliens, and Foreigners, and Actors funny,
 Who less esteem our morals than our money ;
 Even in *our* holy Capital, of late,
 Have dared insult the majesty of state,
 And to exhibit publicly, propose,
Stage-Plays, and Interludes, and Heathen Shows ;
 Which, in the garb of *Moral Lectures* drest,
 Of our good, sober manners make a jest.
 Yet so obnoxious to the people's notions,
 So strange, so foreign to their constitutions,
 That well *I* am convinced they never go,
 From motives of amusement, to the Show ;
 But, like good, honest folks, with mere intent,
 To keep these Actors under some restraint.
 Judge, Gentlemen ! *my* feelings, when at first,
 This information, on my ear-drum burst :
 Not more was Israel's hapless King appall'd,
 When Endor's Witch the Ghost of Samuel call'd,
 And, slowly rising from the shades of night,
 The frowning spectre met his startled sight.
 Not more *bold* ELDERKIN* with terror shook,
 Not more dismay was pictured in his look,

* For a particular account of this remarkable occurrence, extracted from
 Peters' History of Connecticut, see Supplementary Notes.

When Windham's Sons, at midnight's awful hour,
 Heard, from afar, the hoarse discordant roar
 Of Bull-Frog sorrow groaning on the wind,
 Denouncing death and ruin to mankind ;
 While one supposed the *tawny Myriads* near,
 And heard their War-hoops thunder in his ear ;
 Another thought *Old Nick* was sure a coming,
 Since none but Belial's bands could make such drum-
 ming ;

Yet each, prepar'd, his proper weapon took,
 While one his bible hugg'd, and one his musket
 shook.

Wild consternation on my visage hung,
 Congeal'd my blood, and every nerve unstrung ;
 O'er my whole frame a palsy horror flew,
 And *sense*, retiring, bade a long adieu.
 So CAIN, the fratricide, when deep disgrace
 Fix'd its black brand upon his guilty face,
 Fled from the crime of brother ABEL's blood,
 And took lone lodgings in the *Land of Nod*.

Whether the Magistrates all this have known
 I do not know ; but this I know, that none
 Have taken care, whatever their intent,
 These Fellows' *pranks*, and *postures*, to prevent ;

Ne'er have laid hold of them with Law's stronghand,
 And fairly brought the scoundrels to a stand,
 Nor to the whipping-post the rogues have tied,
 Where oft cash-pay is chang'd to pay in hide.
 With joy extreme, O Gentlemen ! in you
 The firm upholders of the Laws I view,

On you devolves the *task* (I grant it great,)
 To keep unstain'd the chasteness of our *State* :
 Since that *good Lady* is beset so sore
 By rakes and libertines full many a score,
 That much I fear me, do whate'er you can,
 She'll be debauch'd by that unrighteous clan.
 But this at least I hope, that, if unable
 To keep with all your might, her virtue stable,
 You will not fail to shew this wicked sect,
 You know to punish, though you can't protect ;
 And whate'er punishment you shall devise,
 As to your noble judgments seemeth wise ;
 Whether you burn, drown, knock them on the head,
 Or hang them by the neck, 'till dead, dead, dead—
 Or with a neighbour State, so very tender,
 Loth to extend the neck of an offender,
 Prefer the hanging business to commute
 For *private prayers* and some *small goods*† to boot—
 I hope a great example it will stand,
 And *in terrorem* guard our pious land.

Once more, ye Gentles ! to my voice give heed ;
 While things unthought of from my lips proceed,
 Things of high import and of utmost weight,
 Which much concern our Sovereignty of State.
 The Constitution most expressly says :
 " Each several *State* shall, in such modes and ways,

† For an explanation of the above, vide the Archives of Connecticut, wherein it may be found that on a certain occasion of commutative justice, the sheriff was directed to furnish the criminal with the consolation of his prayers.

"As to adopt *its* Rulers are content,
 "Appoint ELECTORS for the PRESIDENT."
 Yet in an act has Congress said of late,
 That the Supreme Executive of State
 SHALL—what a word to *Governors to use*,
 By men unworthy to unloose their shoes!
 SHALL—I repeat the *abusive term* once more;
 That dreadful offspring of usurping pow'r—
 Cause with th' Electors names to be supply'd
 Three proper lists all duly certified;
 These to be given them *on* or *ere* that day
 The Wednesday first that owns December's sway.
 Though not unconscious of what mighty weight
 Would prove my count'nance, and my aid how great;
 Should I stretch forth my hand, with kind intent,
 To prop the frame of General Government—
 And eke am conscious that the public good
 Would better be consulted if *I* should;
 Yet when the Congress in compulsive phrase,
 Pretend to teach *me* how to guide *my* ways,
 SHALL I, who not from them my power have got,
 SHALL I obey them?—sooner will I rot—
 For from my head to foot I feel all o'er
 The vast importance of *Official power*.
 SHALL I obey them, tremble at their nod,
 And, school-boy like, most humbly kiss the rod?
 I who first led the way to wond'rous things,
 To humbling nobles and unkinging kings?
 I who have done what man ne'er did before,
 Quell'd the old British Lion's frightful roar?

I who first taught the Pole* t' ascend on high,
 While flaming Tar-tubs kindled up the sky ;
 When, thick as feathery snows fast-flitting fall,
 Or quails and manna at the Prophet's call,
 The *Tar* and *Feathers* at my voice appear'd,
 And every Tory thought himself a bird ?

I who most nobly burst the *chests* of *tea*,
 And with those wicked cargoes strew'd the sea,
 Till Boston's dock might rival in its store
 Kiangsi's plains, or Canton's busy shore—
 That drink Circean, whose bewitching charm,
 Had tied our tongue, unnerv'd our sinewy arm,
 Chill'd the warm breast, transform'd the man to ape,
 And given to Freedom Slavery's brutish shape ?
 No—I ne'er will—for *Governors* I'm sure
 If any thing are from their power secure.

As Presidents it seems must be elected,
 Perhaps the mode which Congress has directed
 Is full as good as any we can find :—
 Yet Gentlemen ! if any strikes your mind
 Of different feature, mien, shape, air, or stature,
 By which you would conduct this weighty matter,
 Congress shall know it—and from *me* shall hear
 That once they've caught the wrong pig by the ear.

Pray, Gentlemen ! do not suppose that *I*
 Regard the Government with jealous eye ;
 Or have the smallest hope, or wish, that you
 Should with a jealous eye regard it too.

* Liberty Pole.

I do not think that Congress ever meant
That *Clause* to construe to such base intent ;
It must be a mistake, the careless work
Of careless Printers, or more careless Clerk.
I only meant a gentle hint, or so ;
For, to the wise, a hint's enough you know ;
I only wish'd such measures to prevent,
As might, in time, grow up to precedent,
To raise *constructive power*, as high as steeple,
On the tir'd shoulders of the grumbling people.

ECHO.....NO. X.

From the Virginia Gazette.

RICHMOND, DECEMBER 6, 1792.

“ MR. CAREY,

“ THE following impromptu was written on the report that the Electors of this State in consequence of their having unanimously voted for Governor Clinton as Vice-President, were contumeliously called Jacobins.

“ Having remarked and admired the freedom of your press, I have submitted it through your medium to the public.

“ If any one shall suppose it personal as to himself, with him you are at liberty to effect an interview with the author.

“ **R**EJOICE ! Republicans rejoice ! your inestimable privileges are secure. The genius of America is awake. The tutelary saint of Virginia is roused. The electors of this state have unanimously given their suffrages to Governor Clinton, as Vice-President. Governor Clinton is a republican both in principle and practice. The principles of Mr. Adams, the late Vice-President, are reprobated—his book—his writings—his sentiments—his late conduct—his love of, and his having recommended hereditary monarchy, and hereditary aristocracy, are all, all, reprobated. The monocrats, aristocrats, highflyers, mushrooms, all hang their heads ; and while the friends of men sing psalms, hallelujahs, and anthems, to the tune of regenerating freedom, they who were conspiring to dethrone the sacred majesty of the peo-

ple may perform the last funeral obsequy and sing the last melancholy dirge to Adamitical principles.

“ Yes ! ye men of Belial, regeneration is at your heels, and ere long she will hold you up hated and avoided, as you are now suspected and despised. Your chariots, your pomp, your gala-days, your court etiquette, your cries of sedition, and your reproaches against tried republican characters, will not avail. All eyes will be opened ; the fatal issue of your abominable schemes will be developed ; then you will hate and execrate each other, yourselves, as you now deserve it, from all the race of man.

“ You call the electors Jacobins, as a mark of contumely ; in that view they despise you and ask, that a man shall avow himself. But why say, Jacobins ? Are they not the authors of the greatest and most glorious revolution of which the annals of history can boast ? Have they not loosed the shackles of slavery from thirty millions of people ? Have they not fanned the sacred blaze of liberty, in every region of the earth ? Have they not dethroned tyranny, monarchy, aristocracy, priestcraft, and all their satellites ? Have they not set up and crowned the mighty majesty of human kind over the punyism of individuals ? Yes ! the Jacobins of France have done all this. The French have no longer a king ; they are no longer slaves ; they are free ; and therefore you despise them.

“ But future ages, when they trace the history of man, when they contemplate the catalogue of woes, which blacken the pages of antiquity, will at this eventful epoch make a complacent pause, and drop the tear of gratitude to the memory of those who so much contributed to emancipate the human race.

“ The revolution has blasted your hopes ; the kings or tyrants of Europe have leagued against them ; and why do you not go ? The duke of Brunswick will receive you ; he will embrace you, and you will shew the ne plus ultra of human depravity ; Americans aiding and abetting kings and tyrants to reduce to bondage thirty millions of people, whose blood and treasure were exhausted to purchase your country's freedom. Go hence and take with you

the last seed, the last shoot, the last scion of your stock ; and let that bold essayist, as your crusading champion, whose head, heart, and hand have been employed to sap the imprescriptible and defined rights of his countrymen be announced to kings and their cut-throats, by his herald as a voluntary fugitive from a country where men will cease to be, or live free.

“ Thanks to you, electors ; all the friends of human liberty will thank you ; future ages will revere and venerate your names : Heaven and your own consciences will reward you.

“ HENRICO.”

HARTFORD, JANUARY 21st, 1793.

*" Echo with transport turns her eyes
 " Where Old Virginia's realms arise ;
 " Bright POKAHONTAS'* noble name
 " Shall consecrate the lay to fame.*

With love of freedom, Mr. Carey ! smitten,
 In ancient realm was this Impromptu written,
 Where POKAHONTAS left a noble breed
 All other men in science to exceed ;
 On the report as Jacobins denoted,
 Were our Electors who for Clinton voted.

Having oft seen the offspring of the brain
 Drop from your press, with small parturient pain,
 Through your pure medium I have thought it right
 To let my strange ideas see the light.
 If any one a personal meaning smell,
 I'll pack him off, or he shall me, to hell.

REJOICE, ye Democrats ! I say rejoice !
 See fix'd secure your privileges choice !
 Columbia's Genius has our cause espous'd,
 Virginia's tutelary Saint† is rous'd,

* POKAHONTAS, a celebrated Squaw, who married one of the first settlers of Virginia ; and from whom the Virginians are proud to derive some of their most considerable families. It has not a little puzzled many American Politicians, in considering the political situation of Virginia, where the manners of the Planters are *naturally* and *habitually* Aristocratic, to ac-

† Saint Tammany.

That Saint so mighty whose extended sway
Ancient Dominion's wide domains obey,
 Who while War hover'd o'er our fertile coast,
 Sent forth her reg'ments, an *unnumber'd* host,
 Where *fifty* officers, in martial pride,
 Strutted with five poor soldiers at their side.
 That saint who marks, with clear sagacious ken,
 Low in the scale the gen'ral race of men,
 While high his vot'ries stand—by him decreed
 The guides of worlds—to follow where they lead.
 Lo ! fill'd with joy, he staggers o'er the land,
 His *whisky bottle* shaking in his hand :
 To us he cries—" Behold this bottle big !
 " Come on my boys, and take another swig !
 " This magic juice will second-sight restore,
 " And make you see things never seen before."
 Waked by his speech Virginia's sons arise,
 His grateful liquor sparkling in their eyes ;
 And her Electors, with consenting voice,
 Have made George Clinton their united choice.

count for the greatest number of our high-spirited Democrats having originated from that state. A very ingenious Civilian, of our times, has thrown much light on this subject, by deducing the origin of the Democratic part of the Ancient Dominion, from the famous Pokahontas ; and he gives two very satisfactory reasons why her descendants should rather partake of the Levelling, than of the Aristocratic principle, although the offspring of royal ancestors. For, *first*, he remarks, that the Whites were inclined to treat the *Natives* as an inferior order of beings ; which naturally created in *them*, and *their descendants*, a disposition to reduce all to one standard : and, *secondly*, which is a still more convincing argument, as being founded in the constitution of nature, he remarks, that the sovereignty among the Indians, was merely nominal ; and that they, universally, preserved the most perfect Democracy in their Governments.

Him for our head we mount o'er every bar,
 His voice our compass, nod our polar star.
 For, with severe and unremitted hate,
 We urge illustrious Adams on to fate ;
 Condemn his principles, his book detest,
 Misquote his sentiments, his conduct wrest,
 Charge him with loving what ourselves we love,
 Charge him with hate of what we disapprove,
 And load with vilest terms of reprobation
 The very phantom of our own creation.
 The monarchs, aristocrats lie low,
 High-flying mushrooms sink in deadliest woe,
 The toad-stool too, with sympathy oppress,
 Feels his soft heart lie heavy in his breast,
 And, as he hangs his head, he oft applies
 The handkerchief to dry his moisten'd eyes.
 While joyous sing the people's friends and prance,
 And treat the Negroes to a royal dance,*

* The following description of the celebrated Equality Ball given to the Negroes of Boston by Governor Hancock is extracted from the New-Year's Verses for the American Mercury, for 1793 :—

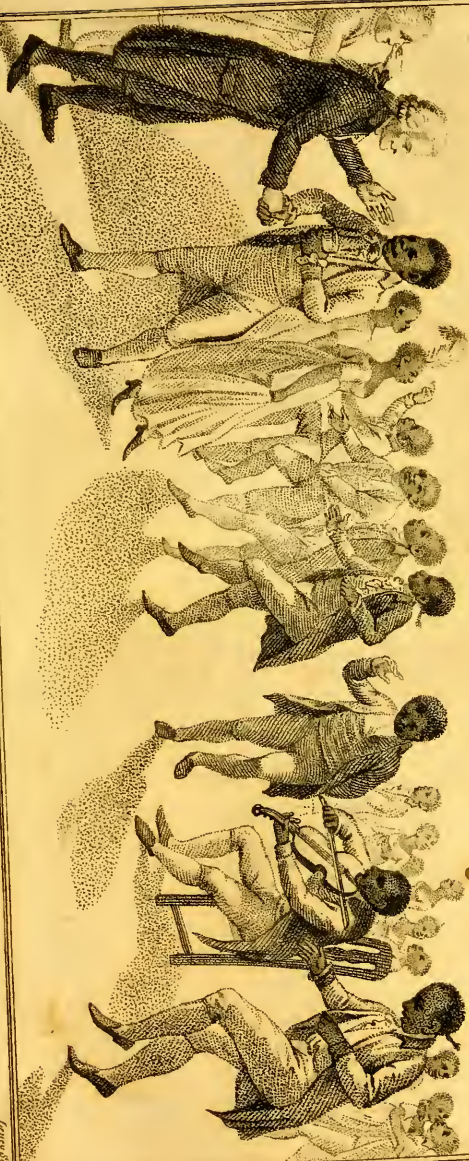
“ And lo ! where o'er the Eastern shores;
 Bostonia lifts her haughty towers,
 What motley scenes salute our eyes !
 What wonders upon wonders rise !
 There each succeeding day still brings
 A mixture strange of various things.

* * * * *

There plays their *heathen names* forsake,
 And those of Moral Lectures take,

And loud to Anarchy their voices raise
 In hallelujahs and in hymns of praise,
 To the sweet Tune of *Freedom born anew* ;
 That Tune so charming, and so novel too,

While, thus baptis'd, they hope to win
 Indulgence for all future sin.
 Now, Hancock, fir'd with patriot rage,
 Proscribes these morals of the stage,
 Claps Harper under civil durance,
 For having dared, with vile assurance,
 By *Interludes* and *Plays profane*
 Pollute the glories of his reign.
 Now, prompt to assert the *rights of man*,
 On Nature's most extensive plan,
 Behold him to his splendid hall
 The noble sons of Afric call :
 While as the sable bands advance,
 With frolic mien, and sportive dance,
 Refreshing clouds of rich perfume
 Are wafted o'er the spacious room.
 With keen delight the Sage surveys
 Their graceful tricks, and winning ways ;
 Their tones enchanting raptur'd hears,
 More sweet than music of the spheres ;
 And as he breathes the fragrant air,
 He deems that Freedom's self dwells there.
 While CUFFEY near him takes his stand,
 Hale-fellow met, and grasps his hand—
 With pleasure glistening in his eyes,
 " Ah ! Massa Gubbernur !" he cries,
 " Me grad to see you, for de people say
 " You lub de Nee-gur better dan de play."



London: D. Colver.

Traveller's Diary.

"Cuffey near him"
"quarrels his hands!"



Tristate print.

Henry Wright.

A paper had a Cow.

That Tune by tinkers sung, by coblers lov'd,
 Which to the Cow* of old so fatal prov'd,
 That from this world with joy she took her flight,
 And bade her ancient friends a long Good Night ;
 Those who his *Majesty of Mobs* disown,
 And seek that *Holy Sovereign* to dethrone,
 When Grandsire ADAM's *principles* shall fail,
 And flesh and blood, from keeping long, grow stale,
 May sing the funeral dirge in mournful stave,
 And get old Burkitt† too to dig the grave.

Rejoice ! ye Pokahontian Tribes rejoice !
 In loud *Te Deums* raise your clam'rous voice !
 Proclaim from Anarchy what blessings spring !
 " Shall CLINTON reign and HENRICO not sing ?"

Yes, men of Belial ! had ye sense to feel,
 You'd find Regeneration at your heel,
 And not far distant is the awful day
 When your base clan a reckoning dire shall pay,
 When old Virginia shall resume the reins,
 And yield a rich reward for all your mighty pains.
 Then shall your dress, your mimicry of state,
 Your chariots, servants, equipage and plate,
 Your brilliant levees, and your gala-days,
 Your court-parade, your frankincense of praise,

* There was a piper had a Cow—
 He had no hay to give her—
 He took his pipe and began to play—
 " Consider, Cow, consider."

† A well known Sexton.

Your cries seditious 'gainst Virginia's sway,
 Which all the other states were made to obey ;
 Against her Statesmen too, who're born to show
 A truth which first or last the world must know,
 That the best way a Government to raise
 Is to destroy its pillars and its base,
 All these to aid your sinking cause shall fail,
 ADAMS *must* fall, and CLINTON *shall* prevail.
 Soon, very soon, will every open'd eye
 The fatal issue of *your* schemes espy ;
 While in equality *our* days shall flow,
 And licence unrestrain'd its choicest gifts bestow.

Rejoice ! ye Anti-fed'ral Clan rejoice !
 'Gainst *Bank* and Funding-system raise your voice !
 Declare from *Ruin'd Faith* what honours spring !
 “ Shall CLINTON reign, and HENRICO not sing ? ”

You call th' Electors Jacobins—what then ?
 Are not the Jacobins the first of men ?
 Most certainly they are, I do protest,
 Of men the very first and very best ;
 With fist and stick this truth will I maintain ;
 For arguments I never rack my brain ;
 No—to poor drivelling souls I leave such things,
 Whom right and reason hold in leading-strings.
 The Jacobins, once more I say, are good,
 Staunch, noble fellows, fond of letting blood—
 The Jacobins— I dwell upon the name,
 My admiration and my homage claim—
 To wond'ring nations do they not display
 A noble generous spirit every day ?

With much politeness and with equal skill,
 Do they not torture whom they mean to kill ?
 And fir'd with zeal to render man humane,
 Bear high on pikes the heads of children slain ?
 Do they not curse that chosen man of God
 Old David call'd, who shed Uriah's blood,
 And swear, indignant, that they'll never sing*
 The psalms compos'd by that adult'rous king ?
 And shall not we, inspir'd with equal hate,
 Reject the Psalms of Brady, Watts and Tate ?
 Have they not heav'd Oppression's iron yoke
 From off the necks of thirty million folk ?
 With strength Sampsonian broke the chains of power,
 And freed their legs, from long confinement sore ?
 Have they not fill'd Old Freedom so with fire
 That the good Dame is ready to expire ?
 And e'en at length have worn her bellows out
 In blowing Faction's flame the world about ?
 Have they not tumbled from his splendid throne
 Our Ally, once so good, great Louis down,

* This curious fact, among the multifarious events of the French Revolution, may still exist in the recollection of some of our readers. A member of one of the French legislative bodies, it was said, about this time seriously proposed the rejection of the psalms of David from the service of their churches for the reason above assigned. This reminds us of the story of the Cape Cod man who had removed to a town in Connecticut ; and on the introduction of the psalms of Dr. Watts in place of the former New-England Version into the Churches of that State, declared with much indignation to his clergyman, that he was determined never to attend Divine Service in his Church while he persisted in singing the psalms of that Isaac Watts, whom he had very well known at Cape Cod, and who was the greatest drunkard in the place.

And keep him closely in the *Temple* pent,
 Like some fine stall-fed ox for slaughter meant ?
 Have they not plunder'd of their goods and cash
 All those Aristocrats who *cut a dash* ?
 Have they not made the Priests renounce their vows,
 And pluck'd the mitre from their hallow'd brows,
 While their Satellites, the Monks and Friars,
 Have furnish'd glorious fuel for their fires ?
 Have they not, fraught with sentiments refin'd,
 Crown'd the big *Majesty of Human Kind* ?
 Set up, on high, that many-headed God,
 And bade the world bow down before his nod ?
 So, wrought in gold, with dazzling jewels spread,
 On Dura's plain the Image rear'd its head,
 While awe-struck thousands at the King's decree,
 Bow'd the proud head, and bent the stubborn knee.
 All this the Jacobins have done and more,
 And France no longer owns monarchic power ;
 Set loose from law, from moral shackles freed,
 Her sons have gain'd fair freedom's fullest meed.

Rejoice ! ye pious Jacobins, rejoice !
 Ye graceful Fishwomen strain high your voice !
 Proclaim from bloody heads what transports spring !
 " Shall CLINTON reign and HENRICO not sing ? "

But future ages when they come to trace
 The varied history of the human race ;
 When they regard the list of woes so black,
 That left such bloody weals on Time's old back ;
 Will at this epoch complaisantly pause,
 And wet with tears their cheeks and drop their grate-
 ful jaws.

To those good souls, by charity inspir'd,
 And meek-ey'd pity's soft enthusiasm fir'd,
 Who kindly clubb'd their wits and eke their power,
 To speed poor Frenchmen on their saintly tour,
 And, with a world of pains, so hard have striven
 To boost their brethren o'er the walls of heaven.
 Sons of benevolence ! my heart o'erflows,
 When I but think from what a weight of woes,
 From what dread injuries, what pain, what grief,
 Your neighbours, through your cares, have gain'd
 relief ;

In Mr. Giles's classic phrase, though they
*Had rather** manag'd matters their own way ;
Had rather taken their own time to go ;
Had rather staid a longer while below ;
Had rather jogg'd more softly on their course ;
And rather not have mounted Death's white horse.

Cold are those hopes which once your bosoms
 warm'd,

Those sanguine hopes that Order's sons had from'd,
 O'er those bright scenes, which erst your fancies fed,
 The Revolution's mildewing blast has spread.
 Then why don't you to Europe's monarchs go,
 And join those tyrants 'gainst your common foe ?
 The Duke of Brunswick will be glad, no doubt,
 Of such strong aid the Jacobins to scout,
 With tender Indian hugs he'll squeeze you to him,
 For you can fully *ne plus ultra* show him.

† For examples of this elegant phraseology, see the Debates in Congress—Article, Mr. Giles.

Americans, abetting tyrants base
 To bring in bonds the *virtuous* Gallic race,
 Once more to make them wear their rusty chains,
 And go to fiddling for their master's gains,
 Those thirty million folk, whose sweat and blood
 Stream'd in such torrents for your country's good ;
 I—by my power almighty—bid you hence !
 Go—and take that with which we can dispense !
 Take the last seed, shoot, scion of your stock,
 Nor leave the poor old stump our nerves to shock !
 Take every virtue with you as you go,
 Leave us our Clinton, Jefferson and Co ;
 These shall amuse us in the daily papers,
 And Johnny Hancock give us Negro capers.

Thanks be to you most wise and great Electors !
 Freedom's old Cronies hail you her protectors !
 Bald Father time, with mouldy tooth and nail,
 In vain your fame, so bulky, shall assail !
 Gabriel shall crack his trumpet with hard blowing,
 To tell the names of folks so mighty knowing ;
 While your own consciences shall need new cases,
 Grown thin and thread-bare in so many places.

Rejoice ! ye noble Levellers rejoice !
 Ye democratic Tribes exalt your voice !
 Declare what joys from prostrate morals spring !
 “ Shall CLINTON reign, and HENRICO not sing ? ”

ECHO.....NO. XI.

From the National Gazette, of January 9, 1793.

“ TO MR. JAMES BLANCHARD.

“ SIR,

“ **A**FTER having served your country with distinguished honour and integrity, during the late arduous contest for freedom and independence, you have now nobly and intrepidly stepped forth, to vindicate your own rights and those of your fellow soldiers, by calling on your country for that justice to which you have so righteous a claim and which has so long been denied—you have attacked speculation in its strong hold. No doubt the nest you have disturbed will send forth a howling tribe about your ears, but persevere in the good cause—be not deterred by the open threats or secret frowns of men in office—we have long been amused with hints and insinuations respecting the dark intrigues of Congress-men—It was reserved for you Sir, to point out the culprits. Neither names nor stations should screen public blunderers from public execrations ; go on, Sir, in the noble work you have begun—state facts, produce your vouchers, name your men, lay open the whole scene of iniquity, and let vengeance fall on the guilty—strip off the mask that conceals the speculator under the guise of the patriot—drag forth to daylight the men let them be who they will ; whether they be Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Judges, Senators, Representatives, Secretaries, Comptrollers, Auditors, Commissioners, Registers, Clerks, Collectors, Supervisors, Inspectors, Agents, Contract

ors, Quartermasters, Generals, Colonels, Governors, State Comptrollers, Treasurers, Accountants, or whatever else may be named. Let the Augean stable be cleansed, though the world be turned inside out or topsy-turvy—order will spring out of confusion, light will flash out of chaos, rogues will be exposed, justice shall appear, and the war-worn soldier, the penniless officer, and the long cheated real public creditor shall bless the name of Blanchard. Having entered on the arduous undertaking, having collected materials in your late southern tour, having an able friend, adviser and counsellor in that independent and truly disinterested friend of the *poor soldier*, the author of “the poor soldiers’ plea”—you must be armed at all points, your enemies cannot assail you with advantage ; they shall retire from your attack, and the whole herd of speculators, from the first man in the government, to the despicable wretch who prowling through the country for prey, has bought the soldier’s or widow’s mite, for a song, shall crouch and refund their ill-gotten gains.—Cloth’d with the impenetrable armour of honour, faith, a good conscience and an unspotted character, you will effect your object, though Apollyon and all his host of treasury blood-suckers should stand in your way.

A FELLOW LABOURER.”

HARTFORD, FEBRUARY 25th, 1793.

*" Alas ! 'tis strange, that not a sigh
 " Can pass this babbling creature by ;
 " To give true answers she'll pretend,
 " Yet almost lie to gain her end."*

HAVING, with courage fill'd, with honour stor'd,
 Drawn in your country's cause your trusty sword,
 While yet the scales of conquest doubtful swung,
 And Freedom trembling on the balance hung,
 Once more most nobly have you strutted forth,
 In conscious pride of dignity and worth,
 And us'd conveniently the soldier's name,
 To make for further pay a *modest* claim—
 A claim so righteous, rational and strong,
 'Tis strange how Congress could reject so long :
 For 'tis in politics a maxim known,
That those who've had the meat should pick the bone.
 So round the skeleton of some old horse,
 Far fam'd for beauty, matchless in the course,
 Strut the voracious crows in sable pride,
 And pick the ribs, and glean the shrivell'd hide ;
 While the insatiate band, who long before
 Had shar'd a double portion, call for more,
 And bitterly complain how poor the pay,
 For having snatch'd the carcass from decay.

Move on brave sir, in Quixote state advance,
 Rear your strong shield, and shake your magic lance,

At your approach alarm'd, that Giant old,
 Proud Speculation, trembles in his hold ;
 Dreads lest your potent arm should lay him low,
 His treasures plunder, and his pomp o'erthrow.
 No doubt the nest you've stirr'd inflam'd will rise
 And jump in angry swarms before your eyes ;
 Their sting-fraught tails those waspish dogs will rear,
 And buzz most dreadful howlings in your ear.
 Be persevering in the cause, be bold,
 And to the point in view your progress hold ;
 Keep a taught rein, coax, whip, and spur your horse,
 Nor stop him short, nor deviate from the course ;
 Nor let the open frown, or secret threat
 Of Men in office make you quit your seat :
 For should you, be assur'd, some means they'll find
 To crupper-gall your steed, & make him kick behind.

Long we've been pleas'd with stories, not a few,
 Of Congress-men, and *Congress-Women* too,
 Their private bargains, and their party leagues,
 Their public brothels, and their sly intrigues,
 Their assignations, and their tricks at play,
 Their debts of honour, paid in *honour's way*.
 For neither station, title, rank, nor place,
 Should screen a public robber from disgrace ;
 But round his steps let injur'd Justice bawl,
 And on his head a nation's curses fall.
 Pray sir go on—complete the work begun,
 State facts, produce your vouchers one by one ;
 On whom soe'er your wise suspicions light,
 Call forth the villains, be they wrong or right—

Yoke up your "*minute men*," hitch fast a chain,
 Grease Faction's wheels, and drag them o'er the plain ;
 Load the old Cart with every crippled dog,
 Each speculating, money-asking rogue ;
 No matter who, nor what—if once they're taken
 We'll smoke the rascals into human bacon.
 Where'er a villain's form to lurk is seen
 Beneath a jacket, strip him to the skin,
 Make him sans culottes, tear away his shirt,
 And lay the scoundrel sprawling in the dirt.
 Perhaps some future time when worth is fled,
 When truth is exil'd, and when Virtue dead,
 When FREEDOM'S SAVIOUR meets the fatal doom,
 And sinks his country's glory in the tomb—
 While o'er her Washington's illustrious urn,
 The Genius pale of Liberty shall mourn—
 Some future President, with impious feet,
 Shall dare ascend the exalted patriot's seat,
 And o'er Columbia's wretched land display
 The mournful blightings of a tyrant's sway. 🍌
 And then look sharp to find some smaller rogue
 Crept somewhere in this lengthy catalogue—
 Vice-Presidents, and Registers, Inspectors,
Old Gifford Dallies,† Senators, Collectors,
 Comptrollers, State-Comptrollers, Office-writers,
 Drummers and Fifers, Minters and Auditors
 Accountants, Representatives, and Runners,
 Clerks, Colonels, Treasurers, Quarter-masters, Gun-
 ners,

† Gifford Dally, the name of the Door-keeper of Congress.

Post-masters, Supervisors, Secretaries,
 Chaplains, Philosophers, and Antiquaries,
 Whate'er their shape, importance, state or name,
 How great so e'er their wealth, or small their fame,
 Pluck off the mask, the face infernal shew,
 And hold the monster up to public view.

Thou modern Hercules ! whose deeds sublime,
 Shroud in eclipse each deed of former time,
 Urge thy great work by labours undismay'd,
 And cleanse the Augean stable with thy spade,
 Pitch pile on pile, on ordure ordure spread,
 And give the heap to lift on high its head :
 While all mankind shall view with wondering eyes,
 The fragrant pillar of thy fame arise.
 Though dire misrule should riot o'er the world,
 And Nature's systems be in ruin hurl'd,
 All things chang'd inside out, from man to mouse,
 Like corn when parch'd, or tripe prepar'd for souse,
 The laws of sober Decency be spurn'd,
 And men and women wrong-end upwards turn'd,
 From black Confusion's womb shall order rise,
 And blinking chaos ope in light his eyes;
 Rogues shall be naked stripp'd, of all bereft,
 Nor e'en a pair of fig-leaf breeches left.
 Justice so long asleep shall leave her bed,
 Pull off her night-cap, wash, and comb her head;
 And the poor soldier worn in fields of strife,
 Whose scanty pittance scarce suffices life;
 The hapless officer whose pockets low,
 Nor bills of credit, gold, or silver know;
 The real creditor by power oppress'd,
 So long defrauded, and so long distress'd;

Shall bid on high their acclamations rise,
 And hoist thy glory, Blanchard, to the skies,
 Sing to the wondering stars thy wondrous name,
 And make them scowl with envy at thy fame.
 As late thy Namesake in his airy car,
 Hail'd by their christain-names each well known star,
 Told them the glorious* news, that France was treat-
 ing

The wicked Austrians to a woful beating ;
 And since such bright examples France had given,
 'Twas time to talk Equality in heaven—
 Nor did he fear the important point to gain,
 If means could be contriv'd to bring up PAINÉ.
 And having thus the arduous task begun,
 Your warp well twisted, and your filling spun,
 Bring forth your loom, your ardent shuttle seize,
 And weave the web of Faction as you please—
 You've had full time this useful trade to learn,
 And in your southern tour have purchas'd *yarn*—
 Then, when your cloth is wove, and bleach'd, and
 dress'd,

The nap well *teazled*, and the folds well press'd,
 To every state present a yard or two—
 (Perhaps for some a smaller piece will do)
 A precious scrap to feed Rebellion's fire,
 'Till Peace and Freedom in the flame expire.
 The Levite thus to every Hebrew tribe,
 Sent a small *boiling* from his wanton *Rib*,
 That while his brethren ey'd the novel food,
 War, rage, and murder might inflame their blood ;

* See a southern Advertisement, enjoining this important task on Mr. Blanchard, when making his late *cheap*, and useful aerial voyage.

Astonish'd Jebus saw her race expire,
 Her town in ruins, and her fields on fire,
 Merely because inspir'd by love and wine,
 The sons of Belial kiss'd a concubine.
 What strange ideas govern'd in those days,
 When things so slight so fierce a strife could raise,
 How much improv'd the morals of our time
 When kissing concubines is held no crime.

An able friend to counsel and advise,
 To hatch new schemes and manufacture lies,
 You must have found in him, whoe'er he be,
 Who wrote that wondrous thing "The soldiers' plea."
 Arm'd at all points, no foe will dare assail
 Your barricadoed head, and guarded tail ;
 While your attack shall make the dastards run,
 And death, or something worse, catch every mother's
 son.

When lazy Sol at both ends clips the day,
 And chill November calls out beasts of prey,
 Like you great Sir, well charg'd with awful spunk,
 From his deep burrow struts the stately skunk ;
 While men and beasts with upturn'd noses fly,
 As the pidd Warrior rears his tail on high,
 Nor look behind, nor breathe, 'till far without
 The direful scatterings of his watry shot—
 From the best man that ever shod his feet,
 To the poor soul that barefoot treads the street,
 From him who stole the war-worn soldiers' right,
 And gave but nothing for the widow's mite,
 To that extorting sneaking under-bidder,
 Who gave but half of that and took the widow,

We'll force the dogs by dint of whips and chains,
 To yield again their store of ill-got gains.
 In honour's garb impenetrable clad,
 Faith's old fusil, and Conscience' shining blade,
 A spotless character, a pious shield,
 Like Bunyan's saint thou now may'st take the field.
 And if again,† as in Death's shadowy vale,
 Apollyon's arm should try the strength of Hell,
 Thyself, with "Mr. Great heart"§ at thy side,
 Shalt bruise the devil's pate, and scotch his hide,
 Knock the old scoundrel's horns off at a blow,
 And send him howling to the world below.
 And tho' blood-suckers to thy legs should stick,
 And while thou fightest make thee swear and kick;
 Yet thou at last a victory shalt obtain,
 And on thy shins shall Honour's scars remain.

† See Pilgrim's Progress.

§ Author of "The poor soldier's plea."

ECHO.....NO. XII.

From the Diary, &c. of April 13, 1793.

MESSRS. PRINTERS,

“ **I**T is grating to the feelings of the friends of *Liberty*, to hear dastardly base men, protected by the mild laws of a plentiful Republican Country, come forward in public company, among a free, enlightened, and generous people, whose country heretofore flowed with the blood of *Warren*, *Montgomery*, and the rest of Heroes and American Worthies, who gloriously fell, in opposing the unlawful rights of a King ; I say shall the refuse of the human species, the enemies of man (I mean the friends and advocates of kings and despots) dare stigmatize the French nation in the hearing of American patriots, with the cruel epithets of murderers, assassins, madmen, regicides, and the like, for decapitating Louis XVI. Do those ignorant prejudiced wretches not remember that the French nation’s moderation and partiality to Louis, exceeded every thing that in reason could be expected from a people emerging from the vilest state of slavery, (in which they had been kept for ages past by king-craft and priest-craft united) to the pinnacle of importance and power ; have they not sufficiently proved their attachment to him, by erasing from their memories the remembrance of their late bondage and past grievances under a brood of kings, and confirming him in the regal power ? In forming their constitution, have they not given him sufficient authority and support ? Have they not made the Crown hereditary in his family, if they would prove themselves worthy ? Was

there any thing necessary for the honour and dignity of the king of a free people, (if such can exist under a king) but was granted him? How has he requited them for their predilection in his favour? Did he not break the solemn oaths he had taken, and sacred vows he had made, to be faithful to the nation, and govern it agreeable to the constitution he had accepted? Did he not openly despise the love of the nation for him, in attempting repeatedly to fly to the enemy? Did he not support the emigrant princes (rather devils) and their army, composed of a species of beings not far distant from the brute creation, raised in the principalities of despots, with an intent to enter France with fire and sword? Patience would fail me, indignant horror would overwhelm me, and the callous heart of a Hessian, or an uncouth S——n, would shudder to enumerate all the arts, plots, hypocrisies, perjuries, murders, conspiracies, &c. &c. that Louis and his base adherents have been guilty of, to effect a counter revolution in favour of despotism, which he well knew could not be done but by the effusion of blood.

O! cursed thirst for absolute power, thou offspring of hell, and companion of kings, how deceitful are thy false charms to swerve men from their duty to God and man: but nothing is pleasing to God, which is not useful among men, consequently in Louis, (for the first) was verified an old Proverb, “ Evil to him that evil thinks,” or in other words, he that deviseth the blood of the innocent in his heart, (as Louis did) shall fall by the sword of the just.

It is said by some, that Louis is the best King the French had since the reign of Henry IV.—Granted; but that does not prove him a good one, for out of 100 arrant villains, one no doubt is more humane than the rest, though all very bad. Did he not know there was a bastille, an engine of terror to awe his subjects? Why did he not demolish that fabric of cruelty, the grave and receptacle of innocent men doomed to destruction, perhaps men torn from the arms of a beloved wife and the offsprings of affection? In a word, I think Louis has proved himself unworthy of

the honour the French intended him, that is, of being their king. And let some of their base calumniators remember, that it is more honourable to put a King to death for good and sufficient reasons, than to sell him for 4d. a man. And let some more of them think that but a few years ago, during the American war, if they had Louis in Old England that they would serve him as they did M. de Lamot, for sending some trifling information into Ostend, a neutral country.

G,
Or no Friend to Kings.

HARTFORD, MAY 6th, 1793.

*“ Still daring ECHO wakes the tuneful strain,
“ And ——— pun, and C——r prints in vain.”*

Vide ECHO, NO. XIII.

HOW dire, how grating to that lawless clan,
Who build up freedom on a novel plan,
To hear each day a pack of dastards base—
Mere water-gruel of the human race—
In this our land, where freedom sprung to birth,
The fairest portion of the spacious earth ;
Where in strange union, Law and Peace we meet,
And full-fed Plenty waddling thro’ the street ;
I say—how dire to see this rascal throng,
With all the pride of self-importance strong,
Come into company among such free,
Such bold, enlighten’d, generous folks as we,
Whose bleeding country pour’d a purple flood,
And blush’d with Warren’s and Montgomery’s blood ;

With other chiefs whom I've forgot by name,
 Tho' doubtless number'd on the rolls of fame.
 Shall this vile refuse, this ungodly clan,
 The foes of every *native right of man*—
 The right of doing whatsoe'er he list,
 By secret stratagem or force of list—
 I say, shall these thus impudently dare,
 Pour their vile scandals in a patriot ear,
 And call the French a pack of cruel dogs,
 Murderers, assassins, regicides, and rogues ;
 Merely, because by soft compassion led,
 They've taken off their hapless monarch's head ;
 From all his woes a kind release have given,
 And sent him up an extra post to heaven—
 To tell their Maker *they* intend to go
 Where all are *equal* in the world below.
 Do not these wretches know that generous nation
 The French exceed all men in moderation,
 And that they lately have become, 'tis plain,
 E'en to a proverb, gentle and humane ?
 'Tis true such instances we seldom find,
 In this degeneracy of human kind,
 Such virtue as transcends whate'er I thought,
 That pious people ever could have wrought.
 What generous feelings in their bosoms glow !
 How prompt to soothe the pangs of royal woe !
 Have they not proved mid every trying scene,
 Their love most strong for Louis and his Queen ?
 First, in forgetting what a brood of kings,
 Old Despotism had fledg'd beneath her wings ;

Then in depriving him of legal sway,
 Lest he should take *French leave* and scud away ;
 Next in confining him with so much care,
 From the rude peltings of external air ;
 And lastly, what I deem by far the best,
 Of love and loyalty the happy test,
 In cutting off his head, to save his life
 From scenes of woe, of horror, and of strife ;
 And thus, by *certain means*, to keep away
 Old age, that mournful period of decay.
 Then why this bluster, why this causeless blame ?
 'Tis crime enough to wear a pompous name.
 I hate all titles of what kind soe'er,
 King, Duke, Stadtholder, President or Mayor ;
 And had I but my will each dog should swing
 That e'er has had the power or stile of King :
 If good or bad, I'd no distinction make—
 The good should perish for the wicked's sake.
 And since *our* government's so prosperous grown,
 I think it best to try to pull *that* down :
 For much I dread, lest made by errors wise,
 Columbia's sons refuse to blind their eyes,
 And, tired of anarchy, should grow content
 With the mild blessings of good government.

Yet cannot these absurd defamers feel
 What glorious views inspire a Frenchman's zeal ?
 Lie, rob and murder, drench the earth with blood,
 Break faith with man and spurn the laws of God,
 Each kindred tie, each charity deride,
 If good the end the means are sanctified :

Indeed such means more efficacious prove,
 As more deserving of Almighty love.
 Then since base acts a saving grace confer,
 Those who adopt such means can never err—
 Such means, O France ! thy great redeemers use,
 Such good Egalite with zeal pursues.
 Hail chief ! renown'd for deeds of blackest shame,
 D'Orleans, Egalite whate'er thy name,
 Whose head and heart with equal lustre shine,
 And in thyself both fool and villain join !
 With admiration and surprize we see
 One vast monopoly of vice in thee,
 In thee, whose changeful life alone has stood
 Unchanged, in constant enmity to good,
 While ne'er one solitary virtue shined,
 To light the Memphian darkness of thy mind.
 See young Lambelle, in closest ties allied,
 By thee corrupted, ruin'd and destroy'd,
 By darkest plots his lovely wife pursued,
 And stripp'd of wealth to pay thy ruffian brood,
 The vile De Genlis and his athiest clan,
 Sworn foes to God and direst pests of man.
 Yet still the glorious work imperfect lay,
 Nor less than blood thy pious zeal could stay ;
 By thee accused the hapless Princess dies,
 To human fiends a wretched sacrifice—
 While that loved form and that enchanting face,
 Where peerless beauty shone with every grace,
 The brutal throng in savage fury tear,
 And shouts of horror fill the tortured air.

Proceed great man ! on murder murder pour,
 Till satiate cruelty is gorg'd with gore,
 And the poor remnant of what worth remains,
 Is exiled far from Gallia's hapless plains.
 But joy ye race oppress'd ! ere long the day
 Shall come when guilt a reck'ning dire shall pay ;
 When the full measure of his crimes complete,
 Abhorr'd Egalite his doom shall meet,
 And that deluded throng by him misled,
 Shall wreak their vengeance on his guilty head.

Have not the French declar'd, in terms most strong,
 'That royal Louis could commit no wrong,
 Inviolability's stiff buckler spread,
 To guard from each mischance his sacred head,
 Given to his heirs, in fee, the domination,
 But taken care they ne'er should get possession ?
 Yet for these wondrous proofs of loyal zeal
 What gratitude did Louis ever feel ?
 Did he not break the solemn oath he took,
 Though held in durance when he kiss'd the book ?
 Did not this Louis, with his child and wife,
 Flee from their hands to 'scape the assassin's knife,
 And thus in open terms most plainly prove,
 His fear and trembling at the nation's love ?
 And when amidst his native land arose
 A band more hostile than external foes,
 When fell Revenge unsheath'd his bloody knife,
 And hell-born Murder urged the fatal strife,
 When from the ax, suspended o'er their head,
 His dearest friends and royal brothers fled,

Scarce 'scaped with life, proscribed, deserted, poor,
 Unfriended exiles on a foreign shore,
 Did he not basely from his purse supply
 Those dogs, nor leave them in the streets to die ?
 Patience would fail, a Hessian's heart would swell,
 Ere half the devilish tricks my pen could tell,
 The arts, the cheats, the perjuries and plots,
 Conspiracies, and murders, and what nots,
 Accomplish'd by that powerful band of strife—
By prisoner Louis and his prisoner wife :
 For since the tribe of murderers first began,
 To make their inroads on the life of man,
 Full well they knew no artifice or flood,
 Can hide the guilt, or wash the stain of blood.

O cursed thirst of absolute controul,
 The youngest offspring of Hell's fiery hole !
 Sworn friend to tyrants, emperors and kings,
 Thy smiles coquettish are most dangerous things.
 By thee betray'd we lose the narrow way,
 From virtue swerve, and far from duty stray,
 And like Dupont, the pious, brave, and good,
 Hurl bold defiance to the arm of God,
 His altars raze, his holy temples burn,
 And hold Religion up to public scorn.
 For nought the sacred Majesty can please,
 But what conduces to his creatures' ease ;
 And France has proved, that what mankind abhor,
 Fire, murder, rapine, Jacobins and war,
 Are far more useful, than that truth and peace,
 Should bid the jarring world from slaughter cease.

By laws promulged upon this novel plan,
 These heroes fought t' assert the rights of man—
 By laws like these the royal Louis tried,
 And villains batten'd while their sovereign died.

'Tis said by some that since the great Navarre,
 That pride of peace, that soul and strength of war,
 France has not seen a king so mild and good
 As the last Louis—yet they've shed his blood—
 Granted—but then pray what does all this prove ?
 Are they at all events obliged a king to love ?
 Must they who've nobly burst through every tie,
 And bravely dared each sacred law defy,
 Drench'd Paris' streets with waves of human blood,
 Spurn'd at religion and blasphem'd their God—
 Shall souls like these at length be forced t' obey,
 And basely crouch beneath a mortal's sway ?
 No—France, like Titan's sons, shall boldly rise,
 And claim *equality* in yonder skies.
 Suppose a hundred rogues grown old in evil,
 And all, but one poor scoundrel, beat the devil—
 Must we that sneaking fellow love ?—no, no,
 Send him to hell and let him better grow.
 Besides beyond a doubt this Louis knew
 Where the Bastile, that human stable, grew ;
 Why did he not that dreadful place destroy,
 Where chains and famine murdered human joy,
 Where many an honest man has wasted life,
 Torn from his bed, his children and his wife,
 While power's stern voice has bade him rise, be gone,
 With scarcely time to pull his breeches on ?

In short I think 'tis proved, as clear as lead,
 That Louis Capet ought to lose his head.
 And that upon his neck, for ours unfit,
 The crown of martyrdom will nicely sit.
 And let calumniators recollect,
 That 'tis a greater mark of true respect,
 That a mild king, for reasons wise and good,
 Should *thus be tapp'd* and lose a little blood,
 Than vile Egalite, that monster fell,
 That scourge of man, that inmate fit of hell,
 That prince of robbers and his *equal* clan
*Should bid him off at four pence to a man.**

* The Echo acknowledges that there is a sublime obscurity in this part of the text, which it is difficult to comprehend, but in responding it literally its beauties will at least be faithfully transmitted to the public ear.

Portrait of Philip Egalite, ci-devant Duke of Orleans, taken from a London paper. "The life of this man has been the scandal of his age. A swindler and debauchee, in early youth he corrupted and destroyed his brother-in-law the Prince de Lambelle, and afterwards accused and caused to be assassinated the Princess his wife, whom he had before contrived to plunder of the greatest part of her fortune. He carries in his bosom the pestilential germ of corruption, and after dishonouring his own bed he dishonours that of another, and blasts what little remains of the family of the celebrated Buffon, whose daughter he made the instrument of his debauchery. In his attempt to build the Palais Royal he plunged thousands of families into ruin, who had entrusted him with their property, by a fraudulent bankruptcy, which he committed with the most cynical impudence. His treasures and his fortune have been employed to pay the crimes of the tenth of August, second of September, the fifth of October and the twenty-first of January. Thus has heaven been lavish of its favours only to render vice more conspicuous. He was educated in dignity, that his villainy might be more prominent; he was rich and powerful only that his vices might be more numerous and despised; he was stationed near the throne only to overturn it with more public disgrace, and thus offer a terrible lesson to nations and to kings.—His friends and his agents were homogeneal with himself. La Clos, the author of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, Sillery de Genlis, a man the most

And let each heir of this auspicious land,
 Where infant FREEDOM led her daring band,
 With grateful bosoms call to mind the hour,
 When generous Louis raised an arm of power,
 Stretch'd forth his hand a sinking world to save,
 And snatch'd its honours from an early grave.

deeply depraved of any of the present age, figured in his councils in conjunction with that execrable and atheistical priest, who at the end of the eighteenth century disgraces the name of Perigord. To these we may add that villain La Touche, and Biron, enlarged from an English prison, to appear at the head of the armies of the revolution. Such were the colleagues of Philip Egalite: such were his coadjutors in that series of guilt which wanted nothing to its completion but calling in to his assistance the butcher Le Gendre, Robespierre, the nephew of Damiens, and the malefactors of every country. Such were his secretaries, his directors, his chancellors, his familiars and his bosom friends."

By thee accused, &c. The following beautiful and pathetic lines upon the unfortunate Princess de Lambelle, who was barbarously murdered by a ferocious populace on the memorable second of September, 1792, are extracted from the New-Years' Verses for the American Mercury for 1793, and are the production of a much regretted friend, as estimable for the virtues of his heart, as distinguished for his literary talents, who in the fatal fever of 1798 in New-York, fell a victim to his active benevolence in the exercise of his professional duties, and his humane attention to an unfortunate foreigner of distinguished literary acquirements. Some passages in a few of the earlier Echoes were likewise furnished by the same hand.

" Rage, Rapine, Horror stalk around ;
 The palace thunders to the ground ;
 Babes, parents, patriots glut the grave ;
 Nor could imperial beauty save
 Thy form where long she joy'd to dwell,
 Loved, lost, unfortunate Lambelle !"

ECHO.....NO. XIII.

THE text of this Echo was a publication under the signature of "MIRABEAU," which appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers in the spring of 1793. This was a virulent attack on the Federal Printers in the Eastern States, particularly those of Hartford, and contained many illiberal general reflections. The Echo itself was nearly completed when some circumstances induced the authors to lay it aside, and it was never after resumed. As specimens of the manner in which it was written the following passages are given; the first being an Echo of the writer's attack on New-England, and the second the portrait of a conspicuous public character in our national councils.

WELL may the name of sycophant agree
 With all opposed in sentiment to me;
 And chief New-England's sons deserve that name,
 Those foes of primal right and native claim,
 Who think that sober government should bind
 In vile restraint the passions of mankind,
 And that e'en legal justice has a claim
 On those inspired with Freedom's holy flame.

But ne'er in Pennsylvania's unkind soil
 Will those rank weeds reward the planter's toil,
 But fix'd in Hartford, with attentive care
 Rear'd in her *hot-bed*, nurtured by her air,
 With rapid growth their towering heads shall rise,
 Above the dwarfish plants of southern skies,
 And in wide-spreading majesty expand
 A grateful shade o'er each congenial land :
 While HARTFORD COURANT, like a pedlar's cart,
 Shall *lug* their goodly fruits to every part.
 Hartford ! curst corner of the spacious earth !
 Where each dire mischief ripens into birth,
 Whence dark cabals against our statesmen rise
 And spread a black'ning cloud o'er eastern skies :
 Whose impious sons, by decency unsway'd,
 Nor check'd by prudence, nor by fear dismay'd,
 Each solemn thing have turn'd to constant jest,
 From John Monier to Boston's civic feast,
 From Pokahontas' breed, prime lords of all,
 To Hancock glorious at his Negro ball :
 For still proud Echo wakes the tuneful strain,
 And ***** pun and C***** prints in vain.
 Hartford detested more by faction's race
 Than harden'd sinner hates the call of grace,
 Not more the owl abhors meridian light,
 Not more the generous steed the camel's sight,
 Not more the skulking thief the fatal tree,
 Than Faction's brood abhor thy sons and thee !

See where in black yon champion takes his stand,
The firm file-leader of the daring band !
His early youth with fairest prospect shone,
Exulting Genius claim'd him as her own,
With rapid step through learning's realms he ran,
And Science gazed delighted at the man :
Awhile with seeming zeal inspired he stood,
And preach'd the Gospels of the Son of God ;
Bade round his native land the trumpet blow,
Swell'd with the clangor of eternal woe ;
'Till sacred peace her olive wand display'd,
Removed Columbia's foes and spoil'd his trade :
Then dropp'd the veil, the pious mask he drew,
His real character shone forth to view,
Self stood confess'd, through every varying plan,
The sole unchanging object of the man.

ECHO.....NO. XIV.

From the Norwich Packet, of June 20, 1793.

MONDAY the 27th inst. being very warm, there appeared in the N. W. several small clouds, which indicated what the earth greatly stood in need of, viz. showers of rain, which afterwards collected and directed their course to the northward of this place, till about three o'clock when a cloud clothed in sable black gathered in the west, arose and passed in a direct line over this city; wafted with uncommon violence by the wind fluctuating in various directions, presented to the human mind a spectacle alarming to behold; it was highly charged with the electric fluid, and almost incessantly burst in streams of crimson fire, which streaked the heavens with astonishing lustre; several of which, from the near connection between the blaze and report must have reached the earth not far distant, though we do not learn of any consequential damages sustained. It continued to disburden itself of its contents with unremitted ardour and violence until the shades of evening had spread around us the curtains of the night, when it gradually disappeared; and the horizon shone again clear and bright. Gay *Luna* who in majestic sway was now travelling the downward skies shone with unusual splendor, and the star bespangled canopy of Heaven furnished a scene at once beautiful to the eye of the beholder. The feathered tribe who during the storm were hushed in silence now erected their plummy wings, as one, attuned to the God of nature their feeble songs of praise, and the neighboring groves amidst creation's smiles harmonized music echoed through the skies! the earth has received a good-

ly supply of rain, and the works of nature, undisturbed, laugh and rejoice; let audible gratitude awake the voice of man on this occasion for one of the choicest of heaven's blessings.

We hear that three cows were killed at Bolton last Monday evening, by the lightning.

HARTFORD, JULY 8th, 1793.

"Our song resounds a thunder storm once more—

"But Norwich' far transcends Bostonia's roar."

ON Monday last, the sun with scorching ray,
 Pour'd down on Norwich rocks a red-hot day,
 Along the streets no verdant weeds appear'd,
 No blades of grass the geese and goslings cheer'd,
 No brook, nor pond, mud-puddle, slough, nor pool,
 Where ducks might paddle, and where pigs might
 cool,

But all was so completely burnt and bare,
 That had old Babel's king been pastured there,
 On such *short feed* (I do not mean to joke)
 He never would have staid without a poke.
 At length, slow rising up north-western skies,
 Some little clouds about Elijah's size,*
 Told us in hints and indications plain,
 That they were sensible we wanted rain.
 At first the teasing showers our patience tried,
 By sailing northerly at distance wide,

* I. Kings, Chap. 18th.

'Till three o'clock—when lo ! a wondrous cloud,
 Full dress'd in *sable black* like funeral shroud,
 Rose in the west, and climb'd its awful way,
 In proud defiance of the god of day,
 Who soon perceived his rays were vainly shed,
 And therefore rashly stripp'd, and went to bed.
 But not much used to blankets in the heat
 Of June, his godship soon began to sweat,
 And snore, and puff, and piteously complain,
 Which we mistook for thunder, wind and rain.
 This reverend cloud came on with dreadful rumpus,
 Wafted by winds which blew all round the compass,
 And to the mind (the medium of sight)
 A scene presented pregnant with affright.
 For overcharg'd with true electric shot,
 (Which all who've felt well know are rather hot)
 As musket loaded deep on training day,
 When Captain Flip commands to "*bouze away*,"
 From breech to muzzle splits in splinters dire—
 The cloud incessant burst in streams of fire ;
 While o'er the inky vault the lustre spread,
 And streak'd the concave with surprising red.
 Some of these streaks were follow'd by a roar,
 Which came so near the streak that went before,
 That if the first the earth did ever find,
 The latter surely was not far behind.
 And though we have not heard which way they went,
 What place they stopp'd at, where their fury spent,
 When e'er they're found, like birds of equal feather,
 I'll lay my ears you'll find them both together.

The ardent cloud continued to unlade,
 Like sea-sick man in violent cascade,
 'Till Evening's shades afraid to see the light,
 Took care to spread the curtains of the night,
 But all in vain—old Sol his sweating o'er,
 Kick'd off the clothes, and still'd his tuneful snore,
 Just raised his head and oped his drowsy eyes,
 And gave one flash of lightning through the skies,
 When lo! the stars who thought the night begun,
 In wild amazement started back and run;
 While nodding Phœbus, trimm'd in slumbering cap,
 Yawn'd out a smile and took his evening nap.
 But Luna somewhat wiser than the rest,
 Stepp'd softly out, in pink and silver dress'd,
 And trode with cautious step the western way,
 To see if all were safe where Phœbus lay :
 For well she knew if Sol again should rise,
 And catch her idly flaunting round the skies,
 He'd make her strip to gratify his ire,
 And dress herself in every day's attire.
 But when she found he certainly reposed,
 His lamp in truth burnt out, his eye-lids closed,
 Round heaven's high arch her car celestial roll'd,
 O'er starry pavements gem'd with living gold,
 From orb to orb her fiery coursers flew,
 And new-born splendours cloth'd th' etherial blue.
 The feather'd tribe o'erjoy'd to lose the storm,
 Now ventured forth in many a cackling swarm.
 And fill'd with noise upraised the plummy wing,
 And stretch'd on tiptoe oped their throats to sing,

And all around, from every stump and tree,
 Proceeded songs of praise, and songs of glee ;
 While men and beasts stood staring all the while,
 To see creation ope her mouth and smile.
 The earth has got of rain a good supply,
 And every thing is wet that late was dry—
 Now Nature's self with mighty legs and voice,
 May skip in earthquakes and in songs rejoice,
 While man the master of the tuneful throng,
 Shall sound the pitch, and lead the choral song.

P. S. As such a storm does rarely fly
 For nought across the azure sky,
 'Tis said, that on the self-same night
 Three cows were kill'd at Bolton by't !
 Poor Mr. Wythe two years ago,
 Had his barn burnt exactly so.

ECHO.....NO. XV.

From the New-York Journal, &c.

CITIZEN GREENLEAF,

By inserting the following in your useful paper, you will much oblige a

CONSTANT READER.

Fellow sons of Liberty !

WHEN I reflect on our present political situation, my heart is too big for its little cabin : On the one hand, I observe a host of hellish despots conspiring against the liberties of mankind ; on the other, a magnanimous people staking their all, and bravely resisting the torrent of universal misery.—But what are my feelings, when I consider, that this very people, proud of our example, and stimulated by our virtuous career, have pledged every thing dear for us as well as themselves. Is it possible, can America coldly see her early, her only prop, her bosom friend, her sister republic, weighed with unrelenting fury to the ground?—And do we expect to purchase peace and liberty by a degrading pusillanimity? No—The dæmons of despotic sway, if they succeed against our only hope, will soon send their engines of destruction among us—This devoted country they consider as the primary cause of the enlightened state of Europe. Methinks I see the Genius of Liberty, on the plains of France, veiling her eyes, and while with one hand she is wiping away the falling tear, the other is stretched towards America, in awful suspense—Behold her ye sons of Freedom—Ye, who revere the Cap of Liberty—This divine form, this celestial maid, groans over you—press her, press her to your bosoms ! Could we see him, who for us

had, and would again, risk every thing, lift up his hand, while sinking in the storm, without a generous effort to rescue him?—And can we be tame spectators to the struggles which the brave people of France are now making, to obtain that blessed state of political happiness which, through the exertions of the allied arms, we now enjoy? If we do, the indignation of Heaven will rest on our heads. Let us tell the diseased courts of Europe, we wish well to all mankind: but that we dearly love our brethren, the citizens of France—Let us entreat them to desist from their abominable cruelties to our friends—Let us use every peaceable, every laudable method, to intercede for them—Let us particularly, urge the Spaniards to assist their old friends and neighbours; and if they will not hear, let the Eagle of America spread her covering wings, and strike home among their southern settlements, and open a free trade for our citizens to those rich provinces, which heaven and nature intended to be free. If Frenchmen cannot stay at home, let the generous souls come here, and we will soon help them to the countries of their enemies.—If America proves unjust, I will take my children, and flee to the woods, where the hell-hounds of human misery cannot sail with their ships: From the cliffs of the Allegany hills, I will show them the ungrateful country which once was free: I will early open their young minds to the light of knowledge and the detestation of tyranny; I will teach them all the arts of war, and sing the praises of liberty; and while we plough the ground, I will inspire their minds with grateful sensations towards their beneficent Creator; and, if my country should rise, and look for aid, I will seize my rifle, and with my boys, descend into the plains, and hurl destruction on the enemies of freedom, or fall in the attempt.

A SON OF LIBERTY,

HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 2d, 1793.

"Ye lineal heirs of Doctor Faust,
 "By watchful freedom hourly crost,
 "Who like your Sire† yourselves have sold,
 "And leagu'd with hell for G——'s gold,
 "Look up, and see with guilty dread,
 "The vengeance bursting o'er your head."*

Good Master GREENLEAF,§ thou, whose press still teems
 With riot's visions, and with faction's schemes,
 Whose owlish eyes the dark recess explore,
 Where hid in ambush lie the slaves of power,
 And, strange to tell, have grown so very keen,
 As to see things that never yet were seen—
 Such things as other eyes will ne'er behold,
 'Till Time's last era into birth is roll'd—
 Have found the secret spot—that spot unblest,
 Where regal Tyranny had built her nest,
 Where once each year she hatch'd her cursed brood,
 And let them loose to prey on human blood,

* The inventor of printing, commonly called Dr. Faustus.

† The story of the Devil and Dr. Faustus, is well known.

§ Of this worthy promoter of anarchy honourable mention is made in the following lines taken from a poem lately written, descriptive of Citizen G——t's intended journey through the eastern states:

‘Tom GREENLEAF, with a mighty horn,
 Before him proudly rode
 And stoutly ever and anon
 With all his might he blow'd.’

For a further account of this poem see Supplementary Notes.

Thence slily stole the addled eggs away,
 To throw at Hamilton, at King and Jay—
 Thou patriot cit, to whom all gracious Heaven,
 A kind supply of impudence has given,
 And privileg'd most other men beyond,
 To rail at merit wheresoe'er tis found.
 While brother Freneau groans in deep dismay,
 Lest you at length should steal his trade away,
 While Franklin's grandson, thunder-gotten Bache,†
 Declares thy tones are far beyond his reach,
 (Though from his venal press big sounds arise,
 And Pascal's bleatings fill th' astonish'd skies),
 And Cockey Adams from Bostonia's shore,
 Responds to every bray and every roar—
 To thee this offspring of my brain I send,
 That your kind hand its fostering aid may lend,
 And through the medium of your paper give
 The little brat at least nine days to live.

MY heart with politics so big is grown
 Its little cabin scarce can hold its own ;
 As where luxuriant waves the corn on high,
 In verdant rows alluring to the eye,
 If chance some ox by strong temptation woo'd
 Crams his keen stomach with the luscious food,
 Too late he finds, too proud to be controul'd
 His granary bigger than his skin can hold.
 On the one hand, we see with weeping eyes,
 A host of despots against Freedom rise ;
 And on the second, a tremendous people,
 Hanging their friends on lantern-post and steeple ;

† In Greck Boanerges.

And on the third, a minister sent o'er
 To raise the devil on this peaceful shore.
 But what strange feelings blow me up with wonder,
 And burst my breeches and my brain asunder,
 When I reflect that this religious race,
 These pious heirs of heaven's peculiar grace,
 These bosom friends of every mother's son,
 Who wears a star, a diadem or crown,
 For us, themselves, and all creation's sake,
 Have martyr'd Liberty at Faction's stake ;
 And having much seditious truck to spare,
 Determine all mankind shall have a share,
 And bent on holy crusade, lend a hand
 To spread confusion over every land ;
 And though to some, *French freedom* is a pill,
 They'll force it down their throats against their will :
 And Doctor Genet for Columbian phthisic,
 Has brought a store of this new kind of physic,
 And says 'twill be agreeable to France,
 To change our Asthma to St. Vitus' dance,
 And "*si vous plait* permettez moi one trial,
 " Vill donnez vous le contents of mon phial."

And can it be ? Can this ungrateful soil,
 Look careless on and see her neighbour toil,
 Her bosom friend, her old substantial prop,
 At war with reason, scarce in sight of hope,
 By hellish despots, tumbled to the ground,
 Her ancles fetter'd and her elbows bound ?
 And how can we in such a case succeed ?
 The brave escape where paltry cowards bleed ;

And these curst demons of despotic sway
 Will prick our backsides if we run away.
 Against our only hope if they prevail,
 'They'll hither come as fast as they can sail;
 Old England hates us, and she'll scull them over,
 And try once more her foothold to recover,
 That she may have a place some future day,
 Whene'er she breaks to stow herself away.

Methinks I see, convuls'd with dreadful pains,
 Fair Freedom's Genius stretch'd on Gallia's plains ;
 Around her butcher'd sons in millions lie,
 Beneath the ax the heirs of virtue die,
 While Law and Peace are into exile fled
 Her temples prostrate, and her Louis dead ;
 With stern disdain her kindling looks inflame,
 To view the murders sanction'd by her name ;
 Around her head a bandage tight she binds,
 Her deep-drawn sighs increase the passing winds ;
 While with one hand she wipes her dewy eyes,
 The other stretches towards Columbia's skies
 In awful silence—Freedom's sons draw near !
 Ye who the Cap of Liberty revere !
 'That sacred Cap, which fools in order sped,
 In grand rotation, round from head to head—
 'That Cap, by Liberty and Lice inspired,
 Which every wearer's head with courage fired—
 E'en aged Sam. of Freedom always full,
 Bar'd to this wond'rous Cap his doating skull,

And Captain S——s proclaim'd that one and all,
 Should bend the knee before this modern Baal.*
 This form divine, this bright celestial maid,
 With heart-distressing groans implores your aid;
 For lo ! assail'd by cholic pangs severe.
 No pill of Hull† to take, no H——d near,
 Soon will the lovely maid resign her breath,
 And kick life's bucket to the shades of death.
 Then press her, press her, with a strict embrace,
 Nor spare an Indian hug in such a case ;
 Perhaps a proper squeeze may do her good,
 Rouse up her faculties, and stir her blood.
 Can we stand tamely by and see the French
 In such a sea of Despots take a drench,
 And yet refuse a helping hand, to save
 The half drown'd wretches from a watery grave ?
 If we do this, by all indignant Heaven,
 Doubtless our heads will in two parts be riven.
 To Europe's courts, now faint and sick at heart,
 Of each disease that braves the healing art,
 The story tell, that we to party blind,
In our own way, wish well to all mankind.
 Let us entreat, eat humble-pye, and beg
 With abject crouching, and with bended leg,
 That they no more will draw the murderous dirk,
 But leave the French to do that kind of work.

* See the accounts published of the celebration of a civic feast on board of the Ambuscade Frigate in Boston, when Governor Adams decorated himself with this glorious insignia of Jacobinic freedom ; and of the grand procession in New-York, in honour of the French victories.

† A celebrated medicine for the cholic.

But more especially, we'll try again,
 To tie them fast to their old cousin Spain.
 But if the stubborn Dons refuse to hear,
 And nought can make the rascals ope the ear,
 Then let Columbia's Eagle spread her tail,
 And on her hovering wings adventurous sail.
 Then, then, no doubt, the German troops will fly,
 Like chickens frightened when the hawk is nigh—
 Then shall this Eagle ope an easy trade,
 Where Spanish silver—Spanish gold is made,
 Their southern settlements to us will fall,
 For heaven intends that we shall have them all.
 For since the Frenchmen cannot live at home,
 Where villains govern, and where murderers roam,
 Let them but cross th' Atlantic's spacious flood,
 To teach our citizens the use of blood.
 Oh glorious time ! when this too peaceful realm,
 Shall find some Robespierre to take the helm,
 Some pious Danton, or some mild Marat,
 To mend our morals and to save the state,
 Some good Dupont,* to whom alone 'tis given,
 To show mankind the *modest* road to heaven.
 Some beaucous females of the Poissard race,
 Their country's glory and their sex's grace,
 For soul-attracting charms not more renown'd
 Than sweet-toned voices of enchanting sound ;

* This virtuous member of the French Convention, in the course of a debate, took an opportunity publicly to avow himself an atheist, and this candid declaration was received with great applause by the majority of that enlightened body.

Those tones which Pity's self might joy to hear,
Which smote so sweetly on the dying ear,
When Paris waked her festivals of death,
And mangled thousands yielded up their breath.

But should America prove so unjust,
So much opposed to kicking up a dust,
As thief or murderer, fearful of the law,
Flies for his life to 'scape the bailiff's paw,
So with my boys I'll fly to yonder wood,
Where human hell-hounds cannot smell my blood.
There safely lodg'd in wood-chuck burrow deep,
Secure from ships, we'll suck our paws and sleep ;
Save now and then, upon a rainy day,
When all is still along the desert way,
From Allegany's cliffs I'll let them see
The land, the ungrateful land *that will be free*.
Teach them to praise the works of Anarch's hand,
And always ready for a bobbery stand.

ECHO.....NO. XVI.

From the Diary, &c. of October 29, 1793.

Answer of a Frank to the author of a printed writing, under the name of Americanus in the Daily Advertiser of the 25th of October.

LEARN you who are unworthy of the glorious name with which you cover your baseness ;—that all the reproaches which you make to an honest man whom his love for the cause of liberty, and his hatred to tyrants, together with his attachment to the real interests of his country, induced to give a kind reception at Charleston to the Minister of the French Republic, are as destitute of foundation as of reason.

I will not follow you in the fastidious verbosity with which you speak of the motives which may have induced one free man to ask another free man whom he esteems, if it be true that he used certain discourses which his enemies seem to propagate with intention to injure him in a country which has not yet recovered from paying idolatrous worship to men. I will not give myself the trouble to refute the machiavelian maxims which you would wish to introduce into the free government of the United States, the Venetian silence to which you, and all who resemble you, would subject the members ; I will only inform the public, whom you endeavour to deceive, that the brave MOULTRIE, in paying to the envoy of a great people the honours due to his character, when constrained by the winds, the ship of war which carried him landed him at Charleston, did no more than follow

the general custom observed in all countries towards foreign ministers provided with passports from their sovereigns ; that the vessels which were fitted out at Charleston, were fitted out by virtue of treaties, at a time when they had not yet been interpreted by the author of *Pacificus* and his followers : that the orders for hindering the Custom-house officers to oppose the going out of those vessels, were given only at the request of the consul of the Republic acknowledged by the government of Carolina ; that the commissions of the Executive Council, delivered to the above-mentioned vessels, were delivered by the same consul, who had received direct instructions for that purpose, only by virtue of a resolution taken in the Committee of general safety of the National Convention ; in a word, that Gov. Moultrie, in permitting those acts of the French agents, did only his duty, because they were authorised by treaties ; because no law of the United States forbade a nation, in alliance and friendship with them, to arm in their ports when in danger ; that the *generous* and *grateful* proclamation of the President had not then arrived at Charleston : that the federal judges had not yet been convened at Philadelphia, to know if the executive power could take upon itself to make laws under the form of decisions ; that those zealous defenders of the sovereignty of the people, had not yet given their *patriotic* consent to this *constitutional* innovation, and that in supposing even that those historical monuments had been published—the governor of South Carolina who is also a depository and executor of the acts of the United States, having it at his option to follow laws sanctioned by the people, or arbitrary decisions which destroy the sense of those laws, would probably have determined to give preference to the latter.

As for your astonishment at Mr. Moultrie's conceiving a friendship for Citizen Genet in the course of a fortnight, know that this phenomenon is not new. There exists among men of sensibility and virtue, a certain sympathy and similitude of affections, which quickly forms intimacies between them ; as on the other hand there exists between virtuous men and scoundrels—such an

aversion that from the first moment they never can agree.—
Wherefore, *Mr. pretended American*, I here end my correspondence with you, not having any desire to continue it longer.

A FRANK,

HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 11th, 1793:

“ *Ah ! much I ween mistaken is that man,
“ The fated tool of vile Sedition’s clan,
“ Who quits his father’s ways and house of prayer,
“ In their dark orgies and their plots to share !
“ Ah better far ! had he, with pious grace,
“ Roll up his eyes and lengthen down his face,
“ (So haply he, in time with honour meet,
“ May fill his father’s place in Deacon’s seat)
“ Than from his press continue to defame
“ The first of patriots’ and of heroes’ name.”*

Young Mr. Loudon, *si vous plait* I’ll try
To give Americanus a reply ;
Though in your language I am still but young,
And write but badly in the English tongue,
Yet with the highest pleasure I perceive
Your Diary in works of darkness thrive,
Therefore you’ll please to print, *of my inditing*,
This civil answer to his printed writing.

LEARN you, who're worthless of that glorious name,
 With which (sans culottes) you conceal your shame,
 That all the vile reproaches which you throw
 On that *great statesman*, our mild Plenipo,
 Who burns with love of Faction's sacred cause,
 Hatred to peace, to government and laws,
 Whose soul corrupt disgusted turns from good,
 But glows with transport at the thoughts of blood,
 Who feels no tie sufficient to restrain
 His heart from mischief, and his hands from gain;
 Are void of truth, bereft of all support,
 And weak as *Envoys out of grace at court*.*

But, sir, I shall not enter on the task
 Of answering all the questions you may ask,
 In this blest land what motives may induce
 A saucy Frank his betters to abuse?
 T' asperse with daring tongue that spotless name,
 Which shines unsullied on the roll of Fame—
 A Frank whose matchless impudence would dare,
 To plunge Columbia in a deadly war,
 O'er her blest soil the seeds of Discord sow,
 And whelm the nation in the gulph of woe?
 Why he should 'scape, when Law and Justice urge
 To mark the culprit with their blackest scourge?
 Nor will I here attempt a refutation,
 Of all the maxims which this infant nation,
 Has brought from every kingdom, state, and clan,
 To fix the rights, and guard the peace of man—

* Mr. G——t is of the Brissotine party, which has lately been overpowered by its more daring opponents; and Mr. Brissot, with several of his adherents, thrown into prison.

That peace, which philanthropic Frenchmen find
 A dangerous jewel for the human kind,
 And worn too long, will grow so bright and fair
 That Heaven will watch it with peculiar care :
 For here we find the bliss of Eden grows,
 And here will flourish 'till Time's last repose,
 Unless some envious blight from Gallia's shore,
 Shall blast its blossom and its stem devour.
 But here I'll whisper to the public ear,
 A fact which doubtless they'll be glad to hear -
 On that blest day when first we came to land,
 Great Mr. Moultrie took us by the hand,
 Survey'd the ships, admired the motley crew,
 And o'er the Envoy friendship's mantle threw,
 Received the sans-culotte with soft embrace,
 And bade him welcome with the kindest grace ;
 While Genet thus was lovingly caress'd,
 The tender passion touch'd his gentle breast,
 With fond fraternal love he oped his arms
 And ardent clasp'd his Excellency's charms.
 And can we be astonished when we find
 A Frenchman lost to sense, to reason blind,
 O'erpower'd with soft affection, weak, and wild,
 And from an Envoy wasted to a child ?
 'This is the natural course of Love—at once
 The heir of Wisdom changes to a dunce,
 Peasants grow great and scorn their humble breed,
 And kings, Love-smitten, bow the haughty head.
 Howe'er employ'd among the wise and great
 In schemes of empires and in plots of state

Howe'er design'd by Nature's high command,
 To mow down nations with destructive hand,
 Yet man must yield to Love—his mighty sway
 Envoys and Generals, knaves and fools obey.

By treaties too which never did exist,
 Save where they treat by musquet and by fist,
 From Charleston Monsieur *Genet* fitted out
 A ship or two, which made a cursed rout.
 For being then by pomp, and Love betray'd
 Moultrie's attention turn'd the Frenchman's head,
 Until Pacificus by reasoning strong,
 Convinced the hair-brain'd Envoy he was wrong.
 When pale Columbia plunged in deepening woe,
 Saw Anarch's arm her purchas'd bliss o'erthrow,
 When Public Faith lay prostrate on the ground,
 And Freedom's bosom felt the deadly wound,
 At Wisdom's voice the States new sprung to birth,
 And songs of triumph fill'd th' astonish'd earth :
 Forth stepp'd the SAGE, in war and peace rever'd,
 By Freedom reverenc'd, and by tyrants fear'd,
 The voice of millions lured his feet to stray,
 From bliss domestic to the toils of sway.
 Blest by that POWER whose all-pervading ken,
 Descries the thoughts, and sees th' affairs of men,
 The state supplied with life and health anew,
 Advanced in size, in daily vigour grew,
 Forth from the dust reviving CREDIT sprung,
 Her air attractive, and her aspect young,
 Bade round the realm her morning-sun display
 The certain promise of a perfect day :

Close at her side Pacificus appear'd,
 Her steps directed, and her spirits cheer'd ;
 With voice persuasive charm'd her cautious feet,
 Up the bright pathway to her lasting seat ;
 While near the throne the anxious Guardian stands,
 Secures her peace and issues her commands ;
 Regardless of each dark insidious wile,
 The noise of Demagogues, the scribbler's toil,
 Of Giles's brayings, ***** artful leer,
 Old Findley's stubbornness, and Mercer's sneer,
 The schemes of M***** whose solemn face
 Clokes dark designs beneath the masque of grace,
 And all that tribe of venal apes which tries
 Through Freneau's press to drown the world with lies.

'Tis true that when those ships were fitted out
 The Proclamation had not got about,
 Therefore we thought, besure, we might go on,
 And largely taste of privateering fun ;
 But this vile law, which keeps us all so trim,
 Knocks on the head full many an honest scheme.
 E'en now methinks I see her anger rise,
 And flash like lightning from her flaming eyes,
 While o'er my head her stern terrific form
 Frowns a black onset to the threat'ning storm.
 Nor had the judges, at that lucky hour.
 Arm'd with the awful rod of legal power,
 Bade traitors tremble, pirates flee the light,
 And all our party skulk away from sight.

What wond'rous sympathy of soul we find
 Among the various race of human kind !

Though born in distant lands, of different breed,
 Of varying language and opposing creed,
 Still with fond love the kindred spirit glows,
 Though foreign climes and hostile faiths oppose,
 Not all these obstacles its force controul,
 It clings attracted to its kindred soul.
 Not more with certainty the vulture brood,
 Allured by carnage, seek the field of blood;
 Not with more joy the crow voracious hies
 Where some fresh carrion greets his greedy eyes,
 Or more attracted by congenial smell
 The skunk explores his cousin pole-cat's cell;
 "Than by the impulse of attraction led"
 Congenial souls to souls congenial speed.
 Thus all who Freedom's *genuine* ardour feel,
 Whose souls are warm'd with Jacobinic zeal,
 Felt at first sight love's keen electric flame,
 And thrill'd with transport at *Sieur Genet's* name;
 With raptured eye in him they saw disclos'd
 The man on whom their fondest hopes repos'd,
 Whose factious breath the flames of war might light,
 And 'gainst our PATRIOT CHIEF their force unite.
 So mid old Ocean's caves and deep retreats,
 If chance the Sword-fish with the Thresher meets,
 'Till then though neither met each other's eyes,
 Unlike in figure and unlike in size,
 Yet tastes congenial knit in strict embrace,
 And join in friendship's bond the cruel race;
 While the same impulse moves them to assail
 With various force combined the lordly Whale.

But yet, however it may seem to you,
 This strange phenomenon is not so new,
 That man in man should sudden love inspire,
 And sympathetic feelings wake desire.
 For ever since that day renown'd of yore,
 When pale Gomorrah felt the fiery shower,
 When Lot in terror from the city fled,
 O'er Asian climes this *manly* passion spread.
 From thence to Europe's shores imported came,
 And brighter splendours mark'd its growing flame :
 But chief in Paris glows this *love divine*,
 By Sodom's sons entail'd on Gallia's line.

Nor is this sympathy *to love* confin'd—
 A *sympathy of hate* we frequent find.
 The subtil knave beneath his dark disguise,
 The virtuous man with scowl malignant eyes ;
 And as his virtues shine to view confest,
 Still deadlier hate corrodes his hostile breast.
 Wherefore Americanus you may see,
 That you and I ne'er will nor can agree ;
 On my own plan I cannot be your friend,
 So here at once our intercourse must end—
 My signature's A FRANK—my name is P--s--l—
 As you are honest—I must be a r——l.

ECHO.....NO. XVII.

[*When a man has ventured into the regions of prophecy, it is highly gratifying to his pride, to have his predictions fulfilled. In the following passage, Cassius appears in the character of a prophet. It did not require any supernatural aid, to foresee the effect his writings would produce; but as the prophecy is made, a fulfilment is as necessary, to save Cassius's reputation and pride, as ever it was for Simon Magus, Jemima, or Christopher Love. For this important purpose ECHO, ever intent on doing good, and preventing mortifications, has awakened from a long sleep, just caught his last words as they passed along, and thus sent the SEER on a voyage to immortality.*]

BUT my countrymen, this is plain dealing. Alas! it is too plain to sit easy on men long accustomed to office. It is lifting up the curtain and looking in upon their conduct. They will therefore exert themselves to cast a mist before the eyes of the people. For this purpose they have numerous expedients. They have dependants tools and sycophants, men of wit, of satire and invective, at their service; and they well know, that ridicule and drollery are able to turn the most serious and important subjects into laughter, and often into ridicule itself. They will therefore exert their utmost to throw every man who dares advance in defence of the people, into a ridiculous point of view; they will strain every nerve to twist all relations of facts and principles into distortions, and having fashioned the real interests of the people into a deformed picture, they will laugh at it them-

selves, and strive to get the people to join with them in the shout. But the Freemen of Connecticut will neither *laugh at*, nor be *laughed out* of their liberties. They will be upon their guard, and will be guided by facts and solid arguments, not by fiction, sophistry, disguise and witty conceits. But if any inquirer should think it his duty to face the facts and principles, which have been, or may be advanced, let him come forward into the field of free and fair discussion, and men of candour will affix upon him no imputation. They will meet him as a brother and a philosopher, not to wrangle and dispute, but to investigate and aid the cause of truth. In the mean while the real friends of the people in every part of the State, will feel it their duty, as free and independent Citizens, to contribute their assistance in establishing the facts and principles advanced on the people's behalf. For himself, regardless of ridicule, aspersions and invective, Cassius is resolved to steer on and lay before the public a further relation of instances, in which he conceives the Upper House have opposed the interests of the people ; and this he will do with the most perfect freedom, because he sincerely believes himself in the discharge of his duty, and because he also believes, that he shall be supported by the great body of his Fellow-Citizens.

CASSIUS.

HARTFORD, AUGUST 25th, 1794.

“ *Seldom he smiles and smiles in such a sort,
 “ As if he mock’d himself and scorn’d his spirit
 “ That could be moved to smile at any thing.
 “ Such men as he are never at heart’s ease,
 “ While they behold a greater than themselves.”*

SHAKESPEARE.

PERCHANCE my countrymen, my windy strain
 To some nice ears will seem a little plain ;
 They’ll think, perhaps, I mean to give offence,
 Or (which is false) have very little sense ;
 That none but fools would lay out such a plan ;
 And that, instead of *nine*, I sha’n’t turn out a man.
 I fear my food your stomachs will not fit,
 You’re used to eating much more wholesome meat ;
 While I, alas ! no better dare to boast,
 Than *water-gruel*, or a *stew* at most.
 But ’tis no wonder—all my thoughts of late
 Have been employ’d to benefit the State.
 Call’d by my *town* to act a public part,
 Their interest lies *the second* from my heart ;
 (My own, be sure, employs the nighest room,
 For *Christian* charity begins at home.)
 Indeed, so much I’ve ponder’d on these things,
 So much with politics my skull-bell rings,
 So much I wish the Council should retreat,
 And leave for me in Upper House a seat ;

So much I've watch'd, and toil'd, and wrote in vain,
 That I begin to think't has turn'd my brain.
 How much I've strove the *candid air* to keep,
That air which lays Suspicion fast asleep :
 How oft has Cassius shifted in his gait,
 To suit the ruling party in the State,
 Argued with blockheads to preserve their right,
 Prov'd white is black, and then prov'd black is white.
 How oft, when call'd t' uphold the moral cause,
 By feeble aid of temporary laws,
 My heart, attracted by its genial guide,
 O Vice ! has always labour'd on thy side !
 My *real feelings* scarce I dare disclose,
 My friends may sneer—ah what will say my foes !
 To tell the honest truth in simple speech,
 I'm sadly troubled with politic itch ;
 So much it spreads, and makes me so uneasy
 That I must either scratch, or run quite crazy ;
 So great its power, not Mercury's self can quell,
 Nor all the fire and brimstone this side hell.
 Once my bold wishes vainly dar'd to aspire,
 " Above the vulgar flight of low desire ;"
 I fondly hoped the Federal-Hall to reach,
 And there, 'mongst other great men, make my speech.
 Alas, in air that cheating vision floats !
 The stubborn freemen will not give their votes ;
 In vain I flatter, fawn, shake hands and write,
 The *Nomination's* doom'd to be my height.

Robb'd of this hope, I turn my anxious eyes
 To where the Council into honour rise.

In firm belief, what proverbs old have said,
 That "*half a loaf* is better than *no bread*,"
 I'm now resolv'd, urg'd on by keen despair,
 To gain, if possible, a station there,
 That there are thorns and hedges in the way,
 Which check my progress and enforce delay,
 Alas ! is true ;—no vacancy remains,
 To soothe my spirits and reward my pains.
 What can be done to ease this heart of mine ?
 To stand some kind of chance, I'll turn out *nine* :
 I'll pray the freemen to adopt my plan,
 And sweep the board, and scarcely leave a man ;
 Three, three alone of all that haughty band,
 Shall 'scape to scourge, betray and spoil the land.
 As when pale Sodom saw with dire dismay,
 Heaven's fiery tempest shroud the face of day,
 While tenfold thunder roll'd the concave round,
 And hurrying torrents whelm'd the guilty ground,
Lot, with *two* daughters, shunn'd *alone* the shower,
 By fleeing early to the town of Zoar.
 Or as, when Noah, taught from yonder sky,
 Read Fate's dark volume with prophetic eye,
 Prepar'd his spacious Ark of Gopher-wood
 To sail triumphant o'er the mighty flood,
 While all his neighbours met an awful doom,
 Swept by the deluge to an early tomb,
 With *snakes* and *toads* the patriarch lay secure,
 Rode out the storm, and reach'd his promis'd shore.

If any fear the State will be bereft,
 When *nine* are taken, and but *three* are left,

'There's nought to fear depend upon't—I know
Of eight, beside myself, who're all prepar'd to go.

Doubtless the Council will together rise,
And cast a mist before the people's eyes,
They'll say, perhaps, *we* wish to get their seat—
'This I've confess'd and need not now repeat—
They'll say (alas! 'tis true) they've acted well,
Used all their powers injustice to repel,
As reason taught, or conscience led the way
Pleased they pursued, nor wish'd to disobey,
Nor thought ten thousand knaves and blockheads prate,
Will they turn rogues and sacrifice the State.
But what assails me with superior dread,
And makes me shudder from the heel to head,
Is Satire's gang; that devilish hornet crew,
Who always sting intriguers through and through.
I know they'll ridicule, and laugh, and jeer,
Expose our plans, and raise the public sneer;
Perhaps some nick-name to our club they'll stick,
A stale, old-fashion'd, Stelligeri* trick,
From which a man no more can wash him clean,
Than Adam's sons can wash out Adam's sin.
But O my friends, I beg, beseech, and pray,
You will not laugh my *only hope* away;
As said the frog, this useless waste of breath
May be your pleasure, but to me 'tis death.
I hope no honest man will deign t' appear,
My writings read, and all my troubles hear;

* Stelligeri, a band of *patriots* so called from their meeting by star-light, for the *praise-worthy* object of effecting a *reform* in the government of the State of Connecticut.

For when he sees how poor and wan I grow,
 Borne down with fear, and all ambition's woe,
 If e'er one passion touch'd his generous heart,
 To see a beggar stripp'd of every art,
 Whose tricks have fail'd, whose schemes have been
 betray'd,

While Ruin hovers o'er his guilty head,
 He'll feel his honest indignation rise,
 And drive me trembling from his flashing eyes.

Sometimes, indeed, I feel my strength so great,
 I dare to face the force of all the State;
 But these bold fits are short—cold fear returns,
 And dim the lamp of expectation burns;
 I recollect when Satire's potent spell,
 Show'd these my comrades in their darksome cell,
 Expos'd their plots, their wond'rous schemes o'er-
 threw,

And routed all the Stelligeri crew.
 Grown wise by suffering, lo! the Club no more,
 Moves to the field courageous as before,
 Trembling they skulk along the path of life,
 Praying to rocks to shield them from the strife.
 Thus Succoth's sons, when Midian's tribes were fled,
 Before great Gideon bent the haughty head;
 But the brave warrior, with terrific face,
 By thorns and brambles taught the cringing race.

If, if indeed, mine were an honest cause,
 If Cassius loved his country, and her laws,
 If he could overcome his love of pelf,
 And once forget that ugly thing—HIMSELF,

Then, then he'd dare to brave the witty throng,
With all the force of satire and of song.
But oh ! alas ! mine's not an honest cause !
I do not love my country, and her laws !
I cannot overcome my love of pelf !
Nor once forget that ugly thing---MYSELF !
Therefore I fear the truth will flash around,
For *Truth* is *Satire* to a heart unsound.

ECHO.....NO. XVIII.

From the Aurora.

[AUTHENTIC.]

" Philadelphia, June 29th, 1795.

" SIR,

" **I** HAVE seen in your paper of this date an abstract from the Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which, though not perfectly correct, is nearly so.

" As the publication will probably excite newspaper discussion, it is of importance that the people should possess a full and accurate knowledge of the subject to which their attention may be drawn, and which I think has already been improperly withheld from them. Lest therefore the Treaty should be presumed more favourable, or be represented to be less so than it really is, I send you herewith a genuine copy, which you may correct your statement by, or make such other use of as you please, for the purpose of giving to the citizens of America full information respecting this momentous business.

" I am, sir, your obedient servant,

" STES. THOM. MASON."

[One of the Senators from Virginia.]

To B. F. BASHE, Editor of the Aurora.

HARTFORD, AUGUST, 1795.

"Lo the dire Hedge-Hog, from another sty,
 "At titled Folly lets his arrows fly."*

THOU great descendant of that wond'rous man,
 Whose genius wild through all creation ran—
 That man who walk'd the world of science o'er,
 From ink and types to where the thunders roar—
 To thee, friend Bache, these lines I now address,
 Prepar'd on purpose for thy hallow'd press.

In thy blest paper, which, like clouds of night,
 Lets in the darkness and shuts out the light,
 I've seen an abstract of the Treaty dire,
 Design'd to light the democratic fire.
 As that has had full time to work its way,
 And call the public spirit into play,
 Before their passions have a chance to flag,
 I'll let the cat out of the senate bag.
 For ten long days my soul has been confin'd,
 My thoughts all shackled, chain'd my free-born mind;
 For though in secret whilst the Senate sat,
 I did not figure greatly in debate,

* In reference to the circumstance of the ECHO having been, at this time, transferred to a different newspaper. The Hedge-Hog, or Porcupine, was its constant device.

Indeed I did not much *incline* to speak,
 Yet my heart's sound although my head be weak.
 And yet, in this respect, I'm not alone,
Eight other tongues were silent as my own ;
 Save once, when Johnny Langdon silence broke,
 And for the space of half a minute spoke ;
 But finding out that he had started wrong,
 He seal'd thenceforward his uneasy tongue.
 On Burr alone our hopes and wishes lay,
 Burr was our spokesman, counsellor, and stay,
 In him we trusted for the last relief,
 In times of trouble, and in hours of grief.
 But though we could not reason quite so strong,
 Discuss so ably, nor declaim so long,
 Yet we'll convince them on the other side,
 That our free tongues no longer shall be tied :
 No haughty Senate, by its tyrant laws,
 Shall longer lock our democratic jaws ;
 Perish their secrets—laws were made for fools,
We laugh to scorn the Senate and its rules.
 In pure Republics secrets ne'er exist,
 Knowledge like wind should blow where'er it list,
 No man can claim a right exempt to *know* ;
 Science and Truth in common streams should flow,
 Where each at will his parched bill may dip,
 And, as occasion calls, enjoy a sip ;
 Thus borne away, a drop by every hand,
 Knowledge will bless each corner of the land.

Hard, very hard would be the poor man's lot,
 If every one might hoard up all he'd got,
 From whence no common man supplies may draw,
 Without transgressing some despotic law,
 And thus establish, spite of all our pains,
 A dreadful *aristocracy of brains*.

We're all determin'd (*we* the virtuous *ten*,
 The major part of thirty common men ;
 For by the rules of democratic lore,
 Twenty is less than ten by three or four,)
 I say that we're determin'd, one and all,
 That Jay's vile treaty to the ground shall fall.
 Doubtless the subject will much heat excite,
 Blockheads will prate, and demagogues will write,
 From Club to Club the uproar will expand,
 Fill all our towns and spread throughout the land.
 But chief in towns, as long experience shows,
 Each factious plant in rank luxuriance grows ;
 For there collects the scum of human race,
 The dark-soul'd plotter, and the villain base.

O thou, my native land, by Heaven design'd
 As the last refuge of the human kind,
 The land where Freedom built her blest abode,
 Where lavish Nature all her blessings strew'd,
 Where Health and Plenty hand in hand appear,
 And pleasure wantons through the varied year,
 Oft thy horizon blackening storms o'ercast,
 And bend thine honours to the sweeping blast,

'To civic feasts, dark clubs, and riots fell,
 The plots of traitors and the lies of hell.
 But let us overhaul this mighty *ten*,
 (This major part of thirty common men)
 On whom their country's glory seems to rest,
 Safe as a secret in a gossip's breast.
 First Irish James, a red-hot blust'ring blade,
 By nature honest, but so so by trade.
 His eye-sight reaching only to his nose,
 He thinks the world beyond is fill'd with woes,
 And thus beclouded mid a flood of light,
 Each object startles, empty sounds affright ;
 While one short maxim rules his heart and tongue—
 “ *What I can't see through certainly is wrong.* ”
 Pierce Butler next, a man of *sterling worth*,
 Because he justly claims a *noble birth* ;
 Doubtless great Ormond's Duke foresaw in thee,
 The heir of freedom and *equality*.
 North Carolina boasts her number *twain*,
 Men form'd *to vote*, but never *to explain*.
 Obedient still, they do as they are bid,
 And follow where their wiser masters lead.
 Ah Thomson Mason ! long thy fame shall rise
 With democratic incense to the skies !
 Long shall the world admire thy manly soul,
 Which scorn'd the haughty Senate's base controul,
 Came boldly forward with thy weighty name,
 And gave the treaty up for public game,

Expecting, doubtless, that thy praise would sound,
 When the full glass, and *patriot* toast went round.
 But be assur'd, that though the sons of rout,
 When drunk, may push thy name with glee about,
 Though Faction's slave, Ben Austin, lifts the hand,
 And hails thee saviour of the sinking land—
 Yet honest men with indignation fraught,
 Will search thy bosom to the inmost thought,
 And on thy brow will fix a deeper stain,
 Than ting'd the murderous front of guilty Cain.
 Decent thy Colleague is, a man of merit,
 Though tinctur'd strong with Jacobinic spirit.
 Kentucky from her mountain heights afar,
 Sends forth John Brown t' engage in *treaty war*.
 Next in the train the courtly Burr is seen,
 With winning aspect, and with varying mien ;
 Though small his stature, yet his well-known name,
 Shines with full splendour on the roll of fame.
 Go search the records of intrigue, and find
 To what debasement sinks the human mind,
 How far 'tis possible for man to go,
 Where interest sways and passions urge the blow ;
 While pride and pleasure, haughtiness and scorn,
 And mad ambition in his bosom burn.
 Next from New-Hampshire, fill'd with feverish fire,
 To climb ambition's steep a little higher,

See Johnny Langdon, searching every side,
 To find where patriots safest can abide :
 But when at length our Southern brethren saw,
 His ballast was not proof against a flaw,
 They told the foolish fellow how to steer,
 Which point his course to lay, and when to veer,
 And as a rich reward, with kindly grace,
 They'd try to hoist him into Adams' place.
 Poor doting Moses ! wherefore dost thou stray ?
 Is the good rougher than the evil way ?
 Or can thy stupid undiscerning head,
 Alone by Faction and her sons be led ?
 Thou weak old man ! 'tis little short of crime,
 On thee to waste the smallest space of time.

Believe me, Sir, I've not the smallest doubt,
 That when this publication shall come out,
 Our countrymen will in a ferment glow,
 And wage dire war where e'er news papers go.
 Long has the Treaty lurk'd beneath the shade,
 And long the work of mischief been delay'd,
 But game like this don't offer every day,
 I'll throw it out and let the bull-dogs play.
 Full well I see how Democrats will meet,
 And drink seditious toasts at every treat,
 Roar out to Liberty to save the land,
 And damn a treaty they don't understand.
 Full well I see how every mother's son,
 In wild disorder through New-York will run,

While hosts of cartmen, tinkers, sweepers bawl,
 “ *Damnation seize the Treaty, Jay and all!*”
 To these succeed a patriotic train,
 Of whigs scarce rescu’d from *their brethren slain* ;
 Old whigs of seventy-six—whom fate decreed,
 Not for the cause of liberty to bleed ;
 But Irish whigs, accomplish’d in the art,
 To take of others’ property a part,
 Who nightly risked the stretching of the neck,
 To rob a hen-roost, or a pocket pick.
 Perchance three quarters of this patriot band,
 Within three months first saw this suffering land ;
 Sold for their passage, from the gallows sav’d
 That this vile country need not be enslav’d.

Far to the south, where on her oozy bed,
 Like some sick sea-nymph, Charleston bows her head
 Her languid sons collect in solemn state,
 To join their sages in the grand debate. .
 But chief on Boston’s* sons our hopes rely,
 There Expectation turns her anxious eye ;
 There Faction hatches first her glorious brood,
 There Riot finds perpetual stores of food,
 There wild Disorder all her poison sheds,
 There Insurrection lifts her hundred heads.

* It may be proper here to mention, that by this general expression, it is not intended to include the great body of the inhabitants of the town of Boston. The *Ecero* is no stranger to their character, and respects them for their zeal and firmness in support of the government of the country, and for their exertions in quelling the spirit of Jacobinism.

Do thou, friend Bache, the Treaty bear along,
 Post haste to shew it to the Boston throng;
 Drive through Connecticut with swiftest speed;
 Stop not to sleep, nor scarcely stop to feed;
 For Democrats find sure destruction there,
 As quick as toads and snakes in Irish air,
 And bid (of late though rather under par)
 Great Jarvis wage again the wordy war,
 Again attempt with Federal strength to cope,
 And not forget that while there's life, there's hope,
 Bid him pursue Sedition's beaten way,
 Town-meetings lead both knaves and fools astray.

Now see the Demagogue in haste advance,
 Seize his broad shield, and shake his trusty lance,
 In Faction's cause for furious fight prepare,
 Unfurl her flag, her bloody standard rear.
 See at his nod his spaniel, Adams, run—
 "Fire! fire!" he cries, "the world is all undone!"
 "The awful day of Judgment's near at hand!"
 "Hell's flames already kindle in the land!"
 "Help! help! O Faction! stretch thy arm to save,
 "Thy sons, thy cause, sink downward to the grave."
 Thus wretched Type runs raving round the streets,
 Accosting every democrat he meets—
 "Call a town meeting, call, for God's sake call,
 'Or soon our Club, and eke our Cause will fall!"
 "Soon will disgrace our every step attend,
 "And all our prospects in confusion end."

The day arrives, a day o'ercast with gloom,
 " Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."
 From every hole, behold the shabby throng,
 To Fanueil-Hall creep anxiously along——
 A Club which treaties never knew nor saw,
 A Club much better known to civil law ;
 Too poor to profit should the Treaty stand,
 Too poor to lose if ruin whelms the land ;
 But proper tools for Jarvis to employ,
 Prepar'd to riot, pillage, and destroy.

Now loud and clam'rous the debate begins---
 Jarvis his thread of tropes and figures spins ;
 And often pauses, often calls aloud,
 On every member of the gaping crowd,
 To shew him, if the Treaty should go down,
 Why Faction's hopes were not forever flown---
 " And here, my friends, I solemnly declare,
 (And by your looks I shall not make you stare)
 'Tis not John Jay that calls your speaker here,
 'Tis not against the Treaty I appear—
 To read it through I ne'er have taken pains,
 And scarcely know a sentence it contains—
 But government, 'tis government I dread,
 Which hangs like Sinai o'er the pilgrim's head.
 The time is come when Jacobins must make
 Their last exertions for Sedition's sake,
 When Federal measures, Federal men must fall,
 Or ruin seize ourselves, our plans, and all.

This Treaty cuts us off from every chance,
 Of fighting Britain, and of helping France ;
 Of course, no hope of war will then remain,
 And we must settle down in peace again.
 Now who would wish to live in endless peace,
 To see his wealth and happiness increase ?
 And yet so long as government shall stand,
 'Twill spread its terrors o'er this dastard land,
 And what its wisdom e'er shall choose to say,
 We Democrats must tremble and obey,
 A dismal proof of this we lately saw,
 When Faction yielded, and when triumph'd law ;
 When, boldly rang'd along rebellion's field,
 Our Whiskey brethren rais'd the daring shield ;
 When all our Clubs with expectation view'd,
 The hopeful prospect of a time of blood ;
 When low in dust our government should lie,
 And peace and safety from our country fly ;
 When true French Freedom from th' abyss of hell,
 On misery bent, and ravening fierce to kill,
 Arm'd with her bloody knife and flaming brand,
 Should roll her car tremendous o'er the land.
 But soon appear'd great Freedom's awful form,
 Still grew the thunder, disappear'd the storm,
 Back shrunk Rebellion from her flashing sight,
 And all our prospects vanish'd into night.
 Now I'm for living free, entirely free,
 God never made a man to govern me ;

And hence this inference I most clearly draw—
 That we may prostrate government and law.
 And let us now the glorious work begin,
 To flinch is cowardice, to doubt is sin.
 All who attempt the treaty to uphold,
 W'ell swear are traitors, bought by British gold :
 One of that sort has impudently said,
 He should be glad to hear the Treaty read :
 He wish'd delays—delays must not be had,
 I've never read it, but I swear 'tis bad;
 If it goes down, I'll bet my ears and eyes,
 It will the people all *unpop'larize*,*
Blockheads may hear it read ere they decide,
 I move it quickly be *unratified*."

So said—so done—with Democratic view,
 They saw the direful Treaty through and through ;
 And standing thus unread, and unexplain'd,
 They found much in it that it ne'er contain'd :

* The Doctor said this in a manner that would have done honour to Cicero—says his printer, Mr. Adams. Pray Mr Adams, who ever told you any thing about Cicero? Why did not you say, which would have done honour to a *Joseph Blake, jun.* the classical young orator, who seconded the Doctor in putting down Mr. Hall? You might then have appealed for proof to an Oration he spoke a few years ago on the 4th of July, in which, among other things, he says—that this *Continent* is very happily situated, being "*barricaded on one side by vast regions of soil.*" Be so good, Mr. Blake, before you decide on the merits of the British Treaty, as to tell us, which side of this Continent it is, that is *barricaded by vast regions of soil.*

The vote was pass'd, each booby rais'd his hand,
And thought himself, no doubt, the saviour of the
land.

Now great Honestus from his seat arose,
Thrice strok'd his chops, and thrice survey'd his toes,
Thrice strove his mighty project to declare,
Thrice paus'd to see if G*****r was there ;
For well he knew the satirizing priest,
Would hang him up a scare-crow and a jest,
If once he saw his wayward footsteps stray,
But a small distance in the factious way.
Ah cautious man ! thou nothing hadst to dread,
Among thy Club appear'd no honest head,
No satirist was there thy steps to trace,
Or paint the guilty terrors of thy face.
At length the struggling patriot silence broke,
And every traitor chuckled as he spoke—
“ Had it not been for Thomson Mason's care,
We had been tangled in a mighty snare,
This treaty vile would in the dark have lain,
And we to damn it wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
Thus should this mob, whites, negroes, boys and all,
Presumptive tenants of this mighty Hall,
We should, my friends, we *fifteen hundred men*,
Been forc'd to yield to twice the number ten.
But we have acted well in Faction's cause,
We've shown ourselves superior to the laws,

And if the President could only see,
 How well agreed and resolute we be,
 Though he already may have set his name,
 To Jay's eternal monument of shame,
 He'd think it best, to stop the growing rout,
 To dash his name across, and dash it out.
 To Thomson Mason then, a vote of thanks I move,
 A genuine proof of democratic love."

O WASHINGTON! How stands thy dauntless
 breast ?

Do scenes like these disturb thy nightly rest ?
 Though mobs assemble, and town-meetings swarm,
 And the sky darkens with a gath'ring storm ;
 Yet shall thy heart so often us'd to share,
 Dangers and toils too great for man to bear,
 Shrink back appall'd, its fortitude resign,
 When pigmies bluster and when knaves combine ?
 ILLUSTRIOUS MAN ! thy indignation show,
 And frown in terror on thy country's foe !
 Then turn thine eye, this mighty realm survey,
 See Federal virtue bless thy glorious sway,
 See infant states beneath thy plastic hand,
 Stretch in vast numbers o'er the boundless land,
 The desert blossom, towns and cities rise,
 And Peace and Freedom hail their kindred skies ;
 While all earth's empires, states, and kings behold,
 Millennial scenes of happiness unfold.

The following account of the town meeting in Boston on the subject of the Treaty, will serve as an explanation to some parts of the preceding Echo.

BOSTON, JULY 13, 1795.

TOWN-MEETING—ON THE TREATY.

THE commercial Treaty between the United States and the British nation, as agreed to by Mr. Jay, having been made public by Mr. Mason, one of the Senators from Virginia—the citizens of this town, after having perused the same, and finding that the commerce of this country and almost every privilege as a free, sovereign and independent nation had been surrendered to the British, could not refrain from expressing their disapprobation of the instrument. A petition was handed to the Selectmen, signed by a number of respectable and independent citizens, requesting them to call a meeting to know the sentiments of the inhabitants on this important question.

On Friday last the citizens accordingly assembled—consisting of about 1500 persons. The merchants, tradesmen, and other citizens formed the assembly, and after choosing the Hon. Thomas Dawes, for Moderator, they proceeded to consider the subject on which they were called together.

After reading the petition, Dr. Jarvis opened the meeting, by observing that the crisis was important—that the happiness and future tranquillity of this country were in a great measure hazarded on the principles involved in the Treaty—If it was ratified, the commerce of the United States must eventually fall a sacrifice to the embarrassments of the British—That no reciprocity was contemplated in any article, and that it was an insidious plan on the part of the British to injure our allies the French, and might involve this country in a war with that powerful Republic. The Doctor repeatedly paused and called on the citizens to show in

what instance the United States could be benefited by the adoption?

At length he was answered by Mr. J. Hall, who did not pretend to vindicate any part of the Treaty, but only observed as to the propriety and constitutionality of the town acting on the subject. That we had constituted the respective departments of the government, and that it was our duty to suppose that they had acted from the best evidence before them, for the interest of the United States.

Doctor Jarvis and Mr. J. Blake, jun. replied to his objections, by advocating the right of the people, more especially of a town in its corporate capacity, to assemble to express their sentiments on all matters in which their interest was concerned—that by the Constitution this privilege was allowed them and that it was an inherent principle in a free government for the people to exercise this right. He adverted to the calling the people together to approbate the President's proclamation for impartial neutrality, and retorted that those persons who were secretly and openly opposed to this meeting, were some of the very persons who called the town together on that occasion. That if the people then had a right to *approve*, they now had an equal right to *disapprove*;—more especially as a Treaty was an instrument of that nature, that when it was ratified, it could not be set aside by the Legislature, which was the only security the people had in case of legislative acts being disapproved of by them—That there was no doubt but that the opinion of the people on this subject would be agreeable to the President; for as he acted for the general interest, he could not be displeased at their expressing their sentiments on so interesting a question.

Mr. Hall again observed that if that meeting was not altogether *unconstitutional*, it would at least look like an attempt to *controul* the doings of the Executive—it would (if he might be allowed the expression) be “*unseatorizing the Senate.*”

Dr. Jarvis in reply, said that the observation of the gentleman was not strictly true—How could the proceedings of this town “*unsenatorize the Senate?*”—Will not the Senators at the next Congress assemble as usual, notwithstanding the meeting of this town? They were elected by the people, but they could not be broken by them—But, says the Doctor, (with an expression that would have done honour to a Cicero) I fear that if the opinion of that gentleman prevails, it will “*unpopularize the people!*”

A motion was made to read the Treaty, but it was observed that as it had been so universally read by the citizens, it would be a needless delay of the business. The subject was accordingly considered at large, and most of the articles observed on, and proved to the satisfaction of the audience, that it was ruinous and destructive to the commerce, rights, and interest of this country.

The question was then called for, and put by the Moderator, whether the citizens of the town approved of the Treaty? Not a single hand appeared in favour of it? But when the negative was called for, a cloud of near fifteen hundred hands were displayed in the Hall.

The spirit and order of the meeting was as great as ever appeared on any former interesting subject.

The Hon. Judge Dawes, Judge Tudor, Wm. Cooper, and Dr. Eustis, spoke in terms most unequivocal and decidedly against the Treaty and of the propriety of the meeting. In fact there seemed but one mind on the subject—unanimity prevailed in condemning the Treaty in all its parts. The only question was the right of acting, and this was the objection of but one man. But the people felt themselves degraded in the suggestion, and spurned with a manly indignity, at the revival of a sentiment agitated during our struggles against the arbitrary measures of George the Third.

A committee of fifteen gentlemen were appointed to report the reasons *in writing*, which led to the disapprobation of the Treaty, viz.—

Charles Jarvis, Thomas Dawes, William Tudor, Benjamin Austin, jun. William Little, Thomas Walley, William Cooper, Nathaniel Fellows, Samuel Brown, Stephen Gorham, John Sweetser, Perez Morton, William Eustis, George Blake, and Joseph Blake, jun.

The town meeting was accordingly adjourned to Monday (this day) at ten o'clock.

It is requested a general attendance will be given this day, to hear the report of the committee.

MONDAY.

At ten o'clock, agreeably to adjournment, the inhabitants again met at Faneuil Hall, in numbers equal to the meeting of Friday.

Dr. Jarvis observed, the committee thought it improper to proceed upon the Treaty before it was publicly read. He moved the reading of it, which accordingly took place.

After the perusal of the Treaty was over, Dr. Jarvis, in the name of the committee, made a report of the resolutions they had drafted, for the consideration of the town. On motion of Judge Tudor, these resolutions were taken up by paragraphs, in which manner they were severally unanimously adopted.

[The Selectmen conceiving it would be indecorous to suffer a copy to be published before they were laid before the President, we are deprived of the opportunity of laying these important Resolutions before our readers ; and a deference to the Selectmen, prevents our giving that partial sketch which memory might enable us to do.]

On motion, it was ordered, that an express be immediately dispatched to the President, by the Selectmen, with the Resolutions which have been passed.

After passing the resolutions, on motion of Mr. Austin, a vote of thanks was passed to Stephens Thomson Mason, one of the Senators from Virginia, for his patriotism in publishing the copy

of the TREATY, which has enabled us to prevent the impending danger of its ratification.

A vote of thanks passed to the Moderator, and the meeting was dissolved.

The following is the answer of President Washington to the address of the Selectmen of Boston, in pursuance of the directions of the before mentioned Town Meeting.

GENTLEMEN,

IN every act of my administration, I have sought the happiness of my fellow-citizens. My system for the attainment of this object has universally been, to overlook all personal, local and partial considerations; to contemplate the United States as one great whole; to consider that sudden impressions, when erroneous, would yield to candid reflection; and to consult only the substantial and permanent interests of our country.

Nor have I departed from this line of conduct on the occasion which has produced the resolutions contained in your letter of the 13th instant.

Without a predilection for my own judgment, I have weighed with attention every argument which has any time been brought into view. But the Constitution is the guide which I never can abandon. It has assigned to the President the power of making treaties, with the advice and consent of the Senate. It was doubtless supposed that these two branches of government would combine without passion, and with the best means of information, those facts and principles upon which the success of our foreign relations will always depend; that they ought not to substitute for

their own conviction the opinions of others; or to seek truth through any channel but that of temperate and well-informed investigation.

Under this persuasion, I have resolved on the manner of executing the duty now before me. To the high responsibility attached to it I freely submit; and you, gentlemen, are at liberty to make these sentiments known, as the grounds of my procedure. While I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation from my country I can no otherwise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my conscience.

With due respect,

I am—gentlemen,

Your obedient

GEO. WASHINGTON.

United States, }
28th July, 1795. }

ECHO.....NO. XIX.

From the Aurora, of July 28, 1798.

THE Electioneering campaign has already opened in the Western counties of this State. John Woods, the present State Senator from Alleghany, is held up by the Federalists as their candidate for a seat in the Federal House of Representatives from the district composed of Alleghany, Washington, and Green.—H. H. Brackenridge has come forward, and in an address to those counties, replete with the sense and wit which generally mark his writings, opposes Mr. Woods' pretensions.

His address concludes as follows :

“ But John Woods, as he never reads, has no occasion for acquired knowledge. His academic education was extremely limited, and his literary application since none ; but it is his genius—his native power that made amends for all.

I give it up then. I admit then he has no occasion for improvement. But, as to occupying place, there might be a propriety in letting older though weaker lights be carried to the upper chamber, and go out first : or at least in letting some other lights exist at the same time. When I left Philadelphia, almost twenty years ago, I saw no chance of being any thing in that city, there was such great men before me, Chew, Dickinson, Wilson, &c. I pushed my way to these woods whence I thought

I might emerge one day, and get forward myself in a congress or some other public body. But what has been my surprise to find a youth of Bedford county in my way ; whereas, when I passed the hills, I would just as soon believe that a crow's nest could come to a perriwig. But I see my fate and am resigned to it.

“ To avoid offence, I do not deny, as I have already said, that he is a prodigy. What is more, I admit he is far from being ignorant of this himself. It might be a quere whether the lion knows whether he is the king of beasts, or the jack-daw that it has variegated feathers ; but there can be no question but that John Woods knows all his pre-eminencies, and perhaps adds to them in his own imagination. He is none of your people that is not acquainted with himself. The *Gnothi seauton* of the Greeks is his motto ; not just in the sense the philosophers intended, but in the meaning, that he thinks more of himself than any thing else. Some are troubled with what is called absence of mind ; this is not his defect. He has continual presence of mind, a rare qualification for a general. His thoughts are never abroad ; no more than if there was not an animal in the creation but himself. His ideas centre where they first arise. He feels no blush at the precedence of others, because they are never the subject of his thoughts.

He must be a candidate for Congress, must he ? At the academies, we used to play at what they call leap the Bullock ; that is, some leaned their heads, until others leaped upon their shoulders, or leaped over. But it was the rule for those who leaped last to lean their heads next. I suffered John Woods to leap over last year ; and I think it hard that I, or somebody else, should not leap now. The truth is I have no thoughts of leaping ; but I do not like to see one overgrown youth leaping always. The play, man and boy is the same ; we cannot easily endure what is assuming and arrogant ; I never suffered it at school, nor will

I suffer it in life without protesting against it. For though I might allow this in John Woods, himself merely considered, yet the principles are dangerous and of bad example ; it is this same fire of ambition, and disregard to age, experience, moderation and self-denial, in the elections of the Primary Assemblies of France, that has carried forward such unwrought materials and produced such unfledged politicians as have disgraced the noble cause in which she was engaged, and enslaved the people. When you see any man domineering and taking place of his seniors at home without a blush, can you expect a regard to equal liberty and right abroad ?

No ; let John Woods reduce his mind within a reasonable compass ; let him wait till he is called upon for his services, and then they may be valued. Dropping irony, let him occupy the present interval to improve himself in books ; for most assuredly he is not without the need of this. I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and have been forty-five a severe student ; and yet *because I know something* I should tremble were I to think of a seat in the legislature of the Union, at not knowing more. Perhaps from what we have heard of that house last year, John Woods may think it is but a game of cudgeling to act a part there. Indeed, from the half of their speeches, it is pretty evident, that a bear garden would suit some better, than a hall of Philosophers ; but ought we not to labor a reform ? If there are a number of harsh, haughty, intolerant, and at the same time ignorant young men in that assembly, why carry coals to New-Castle and increase the store from our stock ? Suggesting these things to your consideration, citizens, I close the discourse.

H. H. BRACKENRIDGE.

HARTFORD, AUGUST 20th, 1798.

*Hark ! From fair Ohio's wave,
What sounds familiar borne along,
Waken Echo in her cave,
And again inspire her song.*

JOHN WOODS ne'er reads, nor need he read, I
 throw,

As he who nothing knows, ne'er wants to know,
No way to knowledge is this reading sure;
I am for Nature, unadulterate, pure—
Nature, who surely never meant that man
Should be restrain'd by such a narrow plan.
Nor spelling-book, nor primmer, well I wot;
Had mother Eye, or Father Adam got,
When shame first introduc'd the taylor's trade,
And taught how fig-leaf Overalls were made,
While all so blithely, mid the sun and rain,
They strutted sans-culotte around the plain.

But, to return to Woods,—to speak my mind,
His education was of narrow kind ;
Nor has he since to learning much applied,
But smil'd with calm contempt on pedant pride.
His mental powers, howe'er, superior shine,
His genius glows with energy divine.

But when with mine in competition plac'd,
 How low his powers, his genius sink debas'd.
 Has not my genius shone with peerless ray,
 And o'er Ohio pour'd the blaze of day ?
 Have not my writings spread abroad my name,
 And bards* consign'd me to immortal fame ?
 Then shall John Woods with me presume to vie,
 'The brightest star that decks the western sky ?
 But though John Woods may no improvement want,
 Though lack his wit, his knowledge though but scant,
 Yet why should he, to upper rooms be sent,
 Ere older lamps their feeble rays have spent ?—
 For 'tis, I deem, but fair that each awhile
 However dry his wick, or poor his oil,
 Should have his turn to light his torch-wood fire,
 To smoak his time out, and in funk expire.
 This maxim oft revolving in my mind,
 " Ne'er where they're known, do prophets honor
 find,"

Full twenty years ago, to try my luck,
 I Philadelphia's beauteous walks forsook,
 Convinc'd that there I never could obtain,
 " A post of honor, or a post of gain"—
 Resolv'd to quit the social haunts of men,
 And seek the bear's retreat, the satyr's den,

*See Echo No. VII. Concluding thoughts on the Indian War, by H. H.
 Brackenridge.

Left each attachment Penn's fair city shews,
 Its yellow fever, and its crowded stews,
 Left its fair dames, with all their *winning* charms,
 And clasp'd an ocher'd beauty in my arms ;
 For tho' with Wilson, Dickinson, and Chew,
 Great as I was, the contest vain I knew,
 Yet in my breast I felt a lively hope,
 That with a simple Indian I could cope,
 And in some future day by them be sent
 To Congress, Powaw, or to Parliament.
 But what astonishment, what deep surprise,
 Possess'd my soul, to see John Woods arise,
 This Bedford county youth, whom t'other day
 No mortal knew, now strut across my way !
 O shame, disgrace, to be thus strangely foil'd,
 When I for days, for months, for years have toil'd,
 Spent all my vigour, all my prowess flown,
 My wit exhausted, and my wisdom gone !
 And this by one, who ne'er reclin'd his head,
 Midst piles of learning upon learning spread ; †
 Where Philadelphia's dome attracts the eyes,
 And *Bingham's Franklin* seems to threat the skies.

When o'er these western hills my footsteps ran,
 Driven by stern Justice from the haunts of man,
 Close at my heels, the fatal bailiff trode,
 And far before me stretch'd the land of Nod.*

† Mr. B——e is stated to have been in the habit of frequently indulging himself in a nap, with a folio or quarto for his pillow, in the City Library of Philadelphia.

* Kentucky.





Proculd pinc.

Levey sculp.

Terror excited by a Crow's nest.

Echo 19, page 153.

Dark o'er me wav'd the hemlock's frightful shade;
 And at my elbow gleam'd the savage blade ;
 While the gaunt wolf amid the shades of night,
 Prowl'd by the pallid moon's uncertain light ;
 In quest of carnage roam'd the rugged bear,
 The panther's hideous yell assail'd my ear ;
 And the brown bittern's dismal clang was heard,
 Join'd with the shriekings of the funeral bird ;
 And every leaf that rustled on the heath,
 Seem'd the dread harbinger of instant death—
 When lo ! an object of terrific size,
 By the faint glimmering caught my wondering eyes ;
 Exalted high in air, amid the wood,
 This strange phenomenon suspended stood,
 Fix'd on a lofty tree's far spreading bough,
 And gloom'd with deeper dye the shades below.
 Chill horror nail'd me to the shuddering ground,
 Froze my heart's blood, my jaws distended bound ;
 Cold sweat my limbs bedew'd, my nerveless tongue,
 Stretch'd at its length, adown my bosom hung.
 Swift through my mind each fearful image pass'd,
 Hell seem'd to hover o'er the howling waste ;
 Some shaggy beast of awful size was there,
 Some mighty scalp was floating in the air,
 Some Indian Giant, as Goliath big,
 Had hung on high his mighty perriwig ;
 Great Mammoth here, perchance his levee keeps,
 And not remote, amid his courtiers sleeps ;

What being else so large a wig could wear,
 Who else could carry such a load of hair?
 And who but him, his burthen'd skull to ease,
 For barber's block could use the tallest trees?
 All petrified with fear, aghast, amaz'd,
 On this dread object rivetted I gaz'd—
 I saw, methought, the dreaded monster nigh,
 Wild fury sparkling in his brutal eye,
 Already felt myself within his paws,
 And saw the inside of his hideous jaws :
 When lo! that moment, to relieve my pain,
 And save from dread insanity my brain,
 A Crow, like that to old Elijah sent,
 When to his boarding-house (the woods) he went,
 With cawing hoarse, from off the branches flew,
 And straight discover'd to my raptur'd view,
 So clear my stupid eyes the truth could see,
 A Crow's nest built upon a hemlock-tree.
 To avoid offence, how'er, I'll not deny
 Where e'er you find him, John's a prodigy,
 A *rara avis* running on so fast,
 No one imagines where he'll stop at last.
 To me 'tis clear, without some good advice,
 He'll outgrow Pittsburgh steeple in a trice.
 And what is strange methinks, and also wrong,
 John knows, as well as I, his legs are long,
 And if he does not shortly catch a fall,
 Colossus like, he'll straddle o'er us all.

I hardly think the Lion knows the length
 To which he's able to extend his strength ;
 More modest than John Woods, he growls around,
 But leaves to other beasts their own peculiar ground.
 Not so with John—he's every rival's foe,
 And on to Congress seems resolved to go.
 And go he will, unless I make a rout,
 And by my wisdom try to cut him out.

John Woods is truly a surprising elf,
 He's perfectly acquainted with himself ;
 " *Gnothi Seauton*," thus the oaf translates,
 " I've beat old Brackenridge as sure as rates."
 Some men are troubled with an absent mind,
 To all that's passing either deaf or blind ;
 And though we *sages* loud their ears assail,
 And still rehearse the oft repeated tale,
 Alas ! we're treated with extreme neglect,
 Our hoary hairs gain not the least respect.
 Some people's thoughts are ever wont to roam ;
 But John's reflections never stir from home ;
 His mind is but a dunghill fowl at most,
 Before the door all day, at night at roost.
 Nought can disturb his muscles, raise a blush,
 For me or mine he does not care a rush.

To Congress now it seems John Woods must go,
 To try his skill in saying " *aye*" and " *no* ;"
 But if permitted, I will let him see
 I can say *aye* and *no* as well as he.

At school, I recollect, full many a day
 A game call'd Bullock's-leap we us'd to play ;
 I for this game by nature was prepar'd,
 My skull was thick and tough, my horns were hard,
 Full half a bullock from my birth was I,
 No calf in school with Brackenridge could vie.
 It was the fashion then *by turns* to jump,
 And now exalt the head, and now the rump—
 John leap'd last year, I let him leap you know,
 But John declines to let me leap him now,
 Though stiff my joints, my former vigour gone,
 Since John leaps me, why should not I leap John ?
 Tis true that now my jumping days are o'er,
 Nor do I wish to play the bullock more,
 But if too old to leap, too weak to stand,
 At least *at falling* I can try my hand.
 But my soul sickens and my cheeks grow pale,
 Whene'er of Woods I hear the wond'rous tale ;
 Ah why should this young calf of Bedford breed,
 Be ever leaping o'er some messmate's head ?
 E'en when a boy at school, at this lov'd play
 I ne'er could bear a rival in my way,
 But chose to have my ample share of fun
 And do myself what leaping there was done.

All things consider'd, since I can't prevent
 John Woods' election, I would e'en consent,
 Did not the principle so dangerous seem,
 Were not the example fatal in the extreme,

For if young men such confidence obtain,
 No chance for older ones will long remain.
 What, but a want of deference to age,
 To tried experience, and to counsel sage,
 What, but ambition's all-devouring fire,
 The pride of youth, of power the wild desire,
 By want of proper self-denial nurs'd—
 With such deep woes “ regenerate France ” has
 curs'd.

Where politicians not yet fledg'd are seen,
 With scarce a bit of down to shade their chin ;
 And like young quails with egg-shell on their back,
 Run wildly round, and sense and knowledge lack,
 As the red meteor, mid the shades of night,
 O'er the wide cope of heaven emits its light,
 Shines with portentous beams, while youthful eyes,
 With pleasure view its progress thro' the skies,
 But cautious Age beholds with deep regret,
 This sign of woe and messenger of fate ;
 So these, amid its wild politic gloom,
 Appear'd the Gallic hemisphere t' illumine,
 And hoary Statesmen with experienc'd view,
 From thence presages dire of horror drew.
 Nor long the period, ere by Faction nurs'd,
 Involv'd in flame the dread tornado burst,
 O'er Gallia's realm impell'd its dreadful force,
 And mark'd with ruin its destructive course.

While swept in blended heaps together lay,
 To Anarchy and wild Misrule a prey,
 Law, order, government, the ties that bind
 In civil harmony the human kind,
 Each sweet relation of domestic life,
 The friend, the parent, offspring, husband, wife ;
 The fanes of God by impious rage o'erturn'd,
 Each moral bond, each social duty spurn'd,
 Fair Liberty, by ruffians' hands profan'd,
 Fled in wild horror from the fated land ;
 While in her stolen robes, exulting stood,
 Fell Faction howling o'er the scenes of blood.

When e'er a man, elate with conscious pride,
 Marches about with meanness at his side,
 Among his seniors fawning, cringing, base,
 Among his equals fill'd with *equal* grace,
 Yearning for power, yet worshipping the crowd,
 In morals mild, in praise of freedom loud,
 Of law the foe, the "sovereign people's" friend,
 Of means regardless, anxious for the end,
 Of tyrants fearful, *candid*, *meek*, and *just*,
 The rights of man his sole, and sacred trust,
 Bankrupt in purse, the foe of all that's good,
 Hostile to peace, and fierce for shedding blood—
 Such men avoid, their vile communion shun,
 In black corruption all their counsels run ;
 They're Jacobins—French tools, of spirit fell,
 Their breath is poison, and their haunts are hell.

No ; let John Woods, instead of all this rumpus,
 Reduce his mind, within some sort of compass,
 Let him take physic, feed awhile on air,
 Or bring himself to water-gruel fare ;
 Let him wait patiently until his time—
 In me he has an instance most sublime.
 Have I not linger'd on from day to day,
 Have I not loiter'd years and years away,
 In hopes some opportune, some lucky chance,
 To fair promotion might my steps advance ?
 Vain hope ! for lo ! the rays of favour shine,
 On other heads, while shadows rest on mine.
 Ah how unlike this Woods, by most belov'd,
 By all with fond partiality approv'd ;
 In love with peace, yet freedom *he'll defend*,
 Fell faction's foe, of government the friend,
 From school-boy age to manhood's sober hour,
 Has fortune joy'd on him her choicest gifts to shower
 Tis hard that Brackenridge, grown old in toil,
 Should always stumble on some barren soil,
 That he, within whose skull such wisdom floats,
 Can't go to Congress *for the want of votes*.
 But irony apart—let John Woods read,
 Of this, most sure, the fellow stands in need.
 Let him begin where others have begun,
 That is, buy books, and read them one by one.

If to improve's his aim, why let him o'er
Both Young Squire Webster, and Tom Dilworth
pore ;

And he, like me, in time perchance may learn,
That Noah's Ark had neither stem nor stern.

'Tis almost fifty years since I could tell,
The fatal cause why Eve and Adam fell.

How Lot from Sodom ran with visage pale,

And how great Jonah swallow'd up a whale,

How Daniel kept the lions still as mice,

Nor could they Shadrach better burn than ice ;

All this I know, and, knowing, can repeat ;—

And yet, perchance should I obtain a seat,

By hook or crook, sublime in Congress Hall,

Fear, shivering fear, my senses would appal ;

For there, no doubt, some men would meet my eye,

Possess'd of knowledge full as much as I.

And yet, perhaps, from news arrived of late,

Of Griswold's breaking Lyon's leaden pate,

John Woods may think, for empty is his head,

The cudgel's force of sense will stand in stead.

This would be true, if in Creation's round,

Another Matthew Lyon could be found,

Blows in that case would take the place of words,

And reason yield the palm to " Wooden Swords."

If to Newcastle we should carry coals,

The world would call us all a pack of fools,

'Twere nonsense all—we might expect as well
To retail brimstone from a shop in hell.
These things just mentioned, let them have their force
And here I end my notable discourse ;
If John this time should cross the Congress bridge,
'Twould do the job for

H. H. BRACKENRIDGE.

ECHO.....NO. XX.

March 4, 1805.

“ON taking this station on a former occasion, I declared the principles on which I believed it my duty to administer the affairs of our commonwealth. My conscience tells me that I have, on every occasion, acted up to that declaration, according to its obvious import, and to the understanding of every candid mind.”

* * * * *

“I have said, fellow-citizens, that the income reserved had enabled us to extend our limits ; but that extension may possibly pay for itself before we are called on, and in the mean time may keep down the accruing interest ; in all events it will replace the advances we have made ; I know the acquisition of Louisiana has been disapproved by some, from a candid apprehension that the enlargement of our territory may endanger its union.

“But who can limit the extent to which the federative principle may operate effectively ? The larger our association the less will it be shaken by local passions ; and in any view is it not better that the opposite bank of the Mississippi should be settled by our brethren and children, than by strangers of another family ? With which shall we be most likely to live in harmony and friendly intercourse ?

“ The Aboriginal inhabitants of these countries, I have regarded with the commiseration their history inspired : endowed with the faculties and the rights of men, breathing an ardent love of liberty and independence, and occupying a country which left them no desire but to be undisturbed, the stream of overflowing population from other regions directed itself on these shores : without power to divert, or habits to contend against it, they have been overwhelmed by the current or driven before it : now reduced within limits too narrow for the hunter state, humanity enjoins us to teach them agriculture and the domestic arts ; to encourage them to that industry which alone can enable them to maintain their place in existence, and to prepare them in time for that state of society, which to bodily comforts adds the improvement of the mind and morals. We have therefore liberally furnished them with the implements of husbandry and household use : we have placed among them instructors in the arts of first necessity ; and they are covered with the *Ægis* of the law against aggressors from amongst ourselves.

“ But the endeavours to enlighten them on the fate, which awaits their present course of life, to induce them to exercise their reason, follow its dictates, and change their pursuits with the change of circumstances, have powerful obstacles to encounter, they are combated by the habits of their bodies, prejudice of their minds, ignorance, pride, and the influence of interested and crafty individuals amongst them, who feel themselves something in the present order of things, and fear to become nothing in any other. Those persons inculcate a sanctimonious reverence for the customs of their ancestors ; that whatsoever they did must be done through all time ; that reason is a false guide, and to advance under its counsel in their physical, moral, or political condition, is perilous innovation ; that their duty is to remain as their creator made them, ignorance being safety, and knowledge full of danger ; in short among them also is seen the action and

counteraction of good sense and of bigotry : they too have their anti-philosophers, who find an interest in keeping things in their present state, who dread reformation, and exert all their faculties to maintain the ascendancy of habit over the duty of improving our reason and obeying its mandates."

: * * * * *

"During this course of administration, and in order to disturb it, the artillery of the press has been levelled against us, charged with whatever its licentiousness could devise or dare. These abuses of an institution so important to freedom and science, are deeply to be regretted, inasmuch as they tend to lessen its usefulness, and to sap its safety : they might indeed have been corrected by the wholesome punishments reserved to and provided by the several states against falsehood and defamation ; but public duties more urgent press on the time of public servants, and the offenders have therefore been left to find their punishment in the public indignation. Nor was it uninteresting to the world that an experiment should be fairly and fully made, whether freedom of discussion, unaided by power, is not sufficient for the propagation and protection of truth.—Whether a government, conducting itself in the true spirit of its constitution, with zeal and purity, and doing no act which it would be unwilling the whole world should witness, can be written down by falsehood and defamation. The experiment has been tried, you have witnessed the scene ; our fellow citizens have looked on cool and collected ; they saw the latent source from which these outrages proceeded ; they gathered around their public functionaries, and when the constitution called them to the decision by suffrage, they pronounced their verdict, honourable to those who had served them, and consolatory to the friend of man, who believes he may be intrusted with his own affairs. -

“No inference is here intended, that the laws provided by the state against false and defamatory publications should not be enforced: he who has time renders a service to public morals and public tranquillity, in reforming these abuses by the salutary coercions of the law. But the experiment is noted to prove that, since truth and reason have maintained their ground against false opinion in league with false facts, the press, confined to truth, needs no other legal restraint.”

* * * * *

“Contemplating the union of sentiment now manifested so generally, as auguring harmony and happiness to our future course, I offer to our country sincere congratulations.—With those too, not yet rallied to the same point, the disposition to do so is gaining strength; facts are piercing through the veil drawn over them, and our doubting brethren will at length see that the mass of their fellow-citizens, with whom they cannot yet resolve to act, as to principles and measures, think as they think, and desire what they desire; that our wish, as well as theirs, is that the public efforts may be directed honestly to the public good; that peace be cultivated, civil and religious liberty unassailed, law and order preserved, equality of rights maintained, and that state of property, equal or unequal, which results to every man from his own industry, or that of his fathers. When satisfied of these views, it is not in human nature that they should not approve and support them; in the mean time let us do them justice, and more than justice, in all competitions of interest: and we need not doubt that truth, reason, and their own interests will at length prevail, will gather them into the fold of their country; and will complete that entire union of opinion, which gives to a nation the blessing of harmony and the benefit of all its strength.”

“ *Wak’d from long sleep her tuneful shell,*
 “ *Shall sportive Echo strike again,*
 “ *While loud its tones melodious swell,*
 “ *As nobler themes inspire the strain.*”

“ ’TIS just four years, this all-eventful day,
 Since on my head devolv’d our country’s sway,
 When at the undertaking’s magnitude
 With lowly rev’rence I most humbly bow’d.
 You well remember with what modest air
 I first approach’d the Presidential Chair,
 How blush’d my cheek, what faltering in my gait,
 When first I squatted on the throne of state !
 But as, protected by supernal power,
 We all surviv’d that most tremendous hour,
 Let us rejoice, and trust that not in vain
 Four years have brought us to this place again,
 A foolish custom forc’d me to declare
 Off-hand what point of compass I should steer ;
 But knowing well that every Fed’ral eye
 On me was fix’d some mischief to descry,
 I tun’d my fiddle for the vulgar throng,
 And lull’d suspicion by a soothing song.

An old companion in my bosom keeps
 A constant watch, save when perchance he sleeps,
 From early youth in friendship sweet we've play'd,
 And hand in hand through life's vast circuit stray'd.
 Last night I ask'd him freely to declare,
 (And he was here before, and heard me swear)
 How far I'd kept my first inaug'ral speech,
 And whether Candour could allege a breach.
 He boldly answer'd—' Sir, on each occasion,
 You've acted e'en beyond your declaration :
 Thus, when you promis'd to be just and true
 To *all*, and give to every man his due,
 Could *Candour* possibly have understood
 That the term *all men* could your foes include ?
 No, Sir, on me let all the mischief fall,
 If aught except *your friends* was meant by *all*.
 Nor shall the Fed'ralists, perverse and base,
 On grounds like these lay claim to hold their place.
 Again, when toleration was your theme,
 What stupid mortal could a moment dream
 You meant to drop at once your choicest grace,
 The right to turn the Fed'ralists from place :
 What though you said, with soft persuasive tone,
 That Fed'ralists and Democrats were *one* ;
 Yet you, and I, and Candour fully knew
 By *one* you meant nor more nor less than *two*.
 And shall a man of broad capacious mind
 Be to one meaning rigidly confin'd ?

The ancient proverb's wiser far, I trow,
"'Tis best to keep two strings to every bow."

This maxim oft, amid this world of strife,
 Has prov'd the solace of your varied life,
 Charm'd the rapt ear with soft and double tongue,
 And gain'd applause by sweet ambiguous song.
 Now, Sir, since I have set all matters right,
Conscience will bid the President good night.

* * * * *

" Among the deeds economy has wrought,
 High rank the num'rous tracts of land we've bought ;
 Our country's limits constantly extend
 O'er boundless wilds and rivers without end,
 Nations are bargain'd for by sleight of hand,
 We soon shall purchase old Van Diemen's land,
 Beyond Cape Horn our speculations roll,
 " And all be our's around the Southern pole,"
 What though no boundary to our views are set,
 And every bargain swells the public debt,
 Unlike all other modes of gaining pelf,
 Before we're sued this debt *will pay itself*.
 And though our title deeds, by strange mischance,
 Instead of Spain are sign'd and seal'd by France,
 The limits too, not definitely fix'd,
 Lie somewhere *this* and *t'other world* betwixt,
 For fear some quarrel should hereafter rise
 We've given our obligations for the price.
 I grant some minds, of weak and fearful mould,
 Instead of buying think we'd better sold,

Lest first or last, by some unseen mishap,
 So greatly stretch'd, our union cord should snap—
 'Tis true, indeed, a leather string will break
 If stretch'd too far ; but much do I mistake
 If ever mortal broke a string of leather
 By tying first a dozen strings together.
 And can it be that as we larger grow
 At the same moment we grow smaller too ?
 This does not quadrate with dame nature's course ;
 She gives to pigmies weakness, giants force ;
 The mighty Mammoth stronger is by half
 Than the slim stag, the bullock than the calf.
 Thus should this great Republic once expand
 From shore to shore and cover every land,
 In like proportion would our strength abide,
 And we could manage all the world beside.

And when our children leave our fost'ring arms
 And roam the western wilderness for farms,
 On banks remote to see them peaceful toil,
 Lords of the stream, and masters of the soil,
 Is better far than on the self same place
 To meet with squatters* of a different race,
 With whom, perhaps, possess'd of better right,
 We cannot get along unless we fight.

* * * * *

Oft have the dark-skin'd natives of the wild
 Our tenderest thoughts engag'd, Our love beguil'd ;

* Persons who settle on vacant lands in the wilderness, without title, and who are with much difficulty removed.

At their sad story oft We've felt Our breast
 With soft compassion's throbbing pangs oppress,
 That story sad, by Fiction's hand adorn'd,
 Where hapless Logan for his offspring mourn'd,†
 What time, by cruel Cresap's murd'rous knife,
 Poor Squaw and Poppoose both were reft of life.
 Long since We've prov'd from Philosophic ken,
 That Squaws are women and their Sanaps men ;
 Though, far unlike our European race,
 No bristly beards their polish'd chins disgrace,
 O'er their smooth frames no hairs unseemly spread,
 Nor aught displays that covering but the head,
 Yet nature prompts them with the same desires,
 And with like feelings and like passions fires.

When, fresh from Sov'reign Nature's plastic hand,
 Shone in the bloom of youth this blissful land,
 Good, simple, harmless, nor with blood defil'd,
 Liv'd the poor Indian mid the desert wild.
 Close by some crystal stream his wigwam stood,
 The skins of deer his dress, their flesh his food ;
 Few were his wants, and his desires but few,
 No bliss beyond his pipe and Squaw he knew,
 Small as his wants his homely household gear
 Inspir'd, from nightly theft, no cause of fear,
 With various hues his deer-skin mantle dyed,
 By night his covering, and by day his pride,

† For this story, see Notes on Virginia, and for its authenticity the letters of Luther Martin Esquire.

A pot of stone, his succotash[§] to boil,
 And huge samp-mortar, wrought with patient toil,
 These were his riches, these his simple store,
 And having these he sought for nothing more :—
 Thus liv'd he blest, what time from Cambria's strand,
 Advent'rous Madoc sought this unknown land.
 With swords and bibles arm'd the Welch appear,†
 Their faith to 'stablish and their empire rear ;
 Struck with surprize the simple savage sees
 The pictur'd dragon waving in the breeze,
 Hears with delight the harp's wild music play,
 As sweet the strings respond to Gryffidd's lay ;
 But when th' advancing squadrons forward move,
 Their arms bright gleaming mid the dusky grove,
 Joy yields to fear, as now, approaching nigh,
 Their dress and uncouth features meet his eye ;—
 And when their barb'rous Celtic sounds he hears,
 That grate discordant on his *tender* ears,
 Fill'd with wild terror from the scene he scuds,
 And seeks retreat amidst impervious woods,
 While, in pursuit, behind th' affrighted man
 ' *The o'erflowing stream of population ran,* '

§ The Indian name for the mixture of Indian corn, or maize, with beans.

† One of these very bibles is said to have been discovered, not many years since, in the possession of the Welch Indians, who have excited so much curiosity, and who preserved with a *sanctimonious reverence* this relic of their ancestors, although they were unable to read it and ignorant of its use. It is to be hoped that the gentleman appointed by the President to explore the western part of this Continent may, in his researches, be so fortunate as to fall in with this tribe and obtain from them this curious and invaluable deposit.

His wigwam swept away, his patch of corn,
 Before the fury of the torrent borne ;
 Drove him from wood to wood, from place to place,
 And now for hunting leaves him little space.

Then since, beneath this widely-spreading tide,
 Sunk are the grounds that Indian wants supplied,
 Few are their deer, their buffaloes are dead,
 Or o'er the lakes with mighty Mammoth fled ;
 Humanity has whisper'd in Our ear,
 Whose dictates ever have We held most dear,
 To teach them how to spin, to sew, to knit,
 And for their stockings manufacture feet,
 Since by their 'energies' exertions' sole
 Can they e'er figure on *Existence*' roll.
 We therefore liberally to them have sent
 Such household matters as for use are meant,
 Pots, kettles, trenchers, dripping-pans, whate'er
 Their kitchens lack, their victuals to prepare,
 And with them skilful men to teach them how
 To still their whisky their tobacco *grow* ;—
 While, to secure them from domestic harm,
 We've lifted o'er them, with Our thundering arm,
 The *Law's* broad *Egis*, under which as still
 And safe they lie "as thieves within a mill."

But vain th' attempt to this IMPERIAL DAY
 To light their dusky souls with reason's ray,
 To make them quit their guns and scalping knives,
 And stay at home contented with their wives ;

Most powerful obstacles this scheme prevent,
 Thwart my fine plans, and frustrate my intent :—
 Firstly their bodies' habits different are,
 And different med'cine claim, and different care,
 No neutral mixture will for them suffice
 Of gentle acids and mild alkalies ;
 But powerful *Blood-root*, *Oil of Rattle-snake*
Jerusalem Oak, and *Gum of Hacmetac*.
 Nor simple blood lettings their pains assuage,
 Warm their cold chills, and quell their fever's rage,
 Means far more potent their tough frames require,
 And the free use of lancets and of fire.
 Besides as ne'er the Indian's chin appears
 Mark'd with a beard, howe'er mature his years,
 Of course no *Barber's* hand, with razor keen,
 No *Barber's pole* amidst the tribes is seen.—
 Great marts of knowledge, form'd the world to bless,
 The seats of scandal, politics and dress !
 From *Barber's shops* what benefits we trace ?
 How great their 'vantage to the human race ?
 That source of civil culture unpossess'd,
 What wonder reason slowly fills the breast ?
 Thou knight renown'd ! possess'd of equal skill
 The comb to flourish, or to ply the quill,
 Whose bright effusions, wond'ring, oft I see,
 And own myself in message beat by thee,

O would'st thou, HUGGINS, to the Indians go,†
 And on their chins give mighty beards to grow,
 Soon should thy shop o'er all their wigwams rise,
 And painted pole attract their *curious* eyes,
 While the glad tribes would thither thick repair,
 And claim in turn the honours of thy chair.
 Methinks amid the newly-bearded band,
 With brush and lather arm'd, I see thee stand,
 And as each visage gleams with foamy white,
 And wields thy dexter hand the razor bright,
 Thy eloquence pervades, refines the whole ;
 And pours the beams of reason o'er their soul,
 While white-wigg'd savages, with loud acclaim,
 Thee as the *People's Friend*, and *President* shall name.

Thrice happy time ; when, freed from Error's night,
 Reason's broad beam shall shed her mid-day light,
 O'er realms regenerate ope unbounded day,
 And bless the Indians with its brightest ray,
 Drive the thick mist from their bewildered eyes
 Give them their former habits to despise,
 While they partakers of our equal right,
 In civic feasts and whiskey shall delight.

† Though the Echo is disposed to allow to a certain great philosopher every credit for his zeal for political and moral reform, she has doubted whether the solicitude expressed for the illumination of the savages by this novel, though doubtless efficacious method, may not, in part, have had its origin in a jealousy of the rival talents of the celebrated character, so strongly urged to this philosophic mission, and a disposition to remove him to a greater distance, by this species of honourable exile, as even the greatest men are not always entirely devoid of that passion, and "like the Turk, can bear no rival near the throne."

But much We doubt that ne'er within Our reign,
 Will Indian manners such refinement gain ;
 For ah ! among them live some crafty dogs,
 Change-haters, anti-philosophic rogues,
 Chaps who, though something, are of nothing made,
 Mere forms of air and phantoms of the shade :
 Who say 'tis better in the ancient way
 Safe to go on, than in new paths to stray,
 Where bogs and precipices lurk beneath,
 And ignes fatui point the way to death,
 That civic feasts with Indians suit but ill,
 And Rum and Whiskey are contriv'd to kill,
 That what the whites the light of reason call
 Is but another name for cheating all,
 And that by *equal right* is meant, 'tis plain,
 The right by force or fraud whate'er they list to gain.
 Thus like the Feds to reason they pretend
 Suspect Our motives, and decry Our end.

Where *Action* too with counteraction jars,
 And wild Misrule 'gainst Order fiercely wars,
Anti-Philosophers with scorn reject
 Th' enlightning doctrines of Our favour'd sect :
 Bigot's of mouldy creeds, that long ago
 The Goddess Reason taught were idle show,
 Their superstitious whims and habits hold,
 Reject the new and cleave unto the old :
 In vain Reform in Gallic mantle drest,
 Unbinds her zone, and woos them to her breast,

And Innovation's meretricious smile
 Attempts their rigid firmness to beguile.
 Strange that such Prejudice in chains should bind
 In our enlighten'd days the human kind !
 Fools must they be, by dullness sure possess'd,
 In their old way contented to be blest,
 When Novelty, with all-alluring charms
 Of untried systems, lures them to her arms.

* * * * *

E'er since the day when first we took Our seat,
 As Lord High Admiral of our nation's fleet,
 The busy goose-quill has pursued its trade,
 And the Press kept a constant cannonade,
 Charg'd with the dreadful cartridges of wit ;
 Our head is batter'd, and Our heart is hit.
 That scoundrel Scotchman, from his awful chest,
 For weeks and months disturb'd Our nightly rest,
 'Till freed from fear we heard the joyful sound
 That Callender at last was safely drown'd,
 Old Gabriel Jones the next in row appears,
 And rings his story in Our tortured ears ;
 The old curmudgeon rummag'd up a feat
 Of Ours, when fav'ring law allow'd to cheat,
 Merely because We wish'd to pay, in trash,
 A trifling quantity of borrow'd cash,
 And makes as much disturbance at it *now*
 As if it happen'd but a week ago.
 Besides, the chance is even in Our mind
 That Jones was anti-whiggishly inclin'd,

If so, it constitutes Our brightest glory
 To've done Our very best to trick a Tory.
 Such tales with other things of trifling charge,
 (For Us too tedious to detail at large,)
 Mere peccadilloes, fir'd with deadly hate,
 The paltry printers sound from State to State.

Nor even here has ceas'd the thundering press,
 But still invades Our quiet, "more or less:"
 If from Our lips some contradictions fall,
 These Fed'ral Warriors from their ambush crawl,
 With direful War-whoop break upon Our ear,
 And rend Our bosom with distracting fear.
 Sometimes We're timid, other times too rash,
 Penurious now, now prodigal of cash,
 Sometimes We talk in hypocritic strain,
 Sometimes We're hand and glove with atheist Paine,
 Sometimes Our style is mere bombastic sound,
 Sometimes 'tis mean and grovelling on the ground,
 Sometimes We're sulky, insolent and proud,
 And sometimes drinking cyder with the croud,
 Now in imperial state beheld with dread
 Now seen with jack-knife slicing beef and bread.
 So the Old Man, to please the *many*, tried
 His Ass to lead, to carry, and to ride,
 While the base herd, from charity exempt,
 Call'd *him* a Jack-ass for each vain attempt.
 Nor stop We here—Our nerves receive a shock
 Whene'er is nam'd that terrible "*dry dock*;"

That mount of salt, so monstrous high and long,
 Is made the theme of many a '*caustic*' song,
 Lead mines are laugh'd at, jeer'd are *horned frogs*,
 And every booby sneers at *prairie dogs*.
 These ills, too great for mortals to sustain,
 Make Us at times most bitterly complain,
 But then so far We've bolster'd up our cause
 By loudly railing at Sedition Laws,
 We've thought it prudent to entrust Our fates;
 For kind protection to the sev'ral States.
 Besides 'twas well to feel the public mind,
 And know tow'rds Us how far it stood inclin'd,
 To try if free discussion could remove,
 Or aught impair the "sovereign people's love."
 This has been done—and you have witness'd all
 How vain th' attempt has proved to work Our fall;
 How round Us throng'd the *worthies* of the land,
 "Ready, aye ready" at Our high command—
 "True whigs of seventy-six," a goodly store,
 Imported fresh from Erin's peaceful shore,
 Time-serving changelings, faction's desperate band,
 And all the *virtuous* refuse of our land,—
 Thick as the flies that round some carcase pour,
 Or lice that punish'd Pharaoh's sins of yore;
 And kindly gave Us through their *patriot* cares,
 In our own way to *gest* our own affairs.

§ No apology, it is presumed, will be thought necessary by the literary reader for the introduction of this very expressive word into our language, as the use of it substantively, is sanctioned by such high authority, in that elegant phrase, "the *gestion* of our public affairs."

No inference still must old offenders draw
 That We dislike the vengeance of the law ;
 But being press'd with more important cares,
 And loaded deep with national affairs,
 We have not leisure now to throw away,
 Nor wish for lawyer's fees our cash to pay ;
 Yet he who loves in court his time to spend
 Perchance the public morals may amend,
 The slanderous Press of all its rage disarm,
 And shield Our public character from harm,
 To Fed'ralists a useful lesson teach
 To drop their pens, and curb the use of speech,
 And though, in Washington's and Adams' reign,
 It was *Our* right 'gainst rulers to complain,
 Though Freneau's labours faithfully were tried,
 And year by year Duanè and Cheetham lied,
 Yet now the table's turn'd, we hold the sway,
 Our lying Dogs at length have got their day ;
 'Tis therefore clear we cannot get along
 Unless We shackle every Federal tongue,
 Our fame in garb inviolable dress,
 And bind in chains the Freedom of the Press.
 And tho' with them 'twere base, with us 'tis fit
 " Since one man's poison is another's meat,"
 Nor does the adage in this case hold true,
 " That sauce for goose is sauce for gander too."
 But our success we merely note t' unfold
 That since in reason's spite Our ground we hold,

All that the Feds can do We deem full light,
 Though with opinions false,* *false facts* unite,
 In league against Us harmless are they found,
 These truths untrue a jingle mere of sound ;
 Nor need the Press, to Us devoted, e'er
 Of harpy law the griping talons fear.

* * * * *

Joy to Our friends, to all sincerest joy
 Who share Our favours, or Our care employ,
 Scarce can Our breast its load of joy contain
 As ope to view the glories of Our reign !
 Lo ! all conjoin'd in one great bond of peace,
 Contention dies, and oppositions cease !
 Ourselves in social intercourse combin'd,
 One spirit actuates, and one gen'ral mind,

* Next to invention, that first qualification of a writer, and the prime characteristic of genius, may be rank'd the happy talent of accommodating the *felicitous* thoughts or expressions of others to his own purposes ; particularly when he possesses the art of giving them, by a light variation, the appearance and effect of originality. A rare specimen of this talent seems to occur in the above beautiful antithesis, for which, it is presumed the writer must have been indebted to the celebrated Ben Towne, a royalist printer in Pennsylvania, during our revolutionary war with Great Britain.— This noted character, in a confession of his politico-typographical sins, which he addressed to the good people of that state, acknowledged himself guilty of having, in imitation of his friend and model Jemmy Rivington, often stated in his paper, “*facts* that never happened.”

Nor e'er shall varying systems rudely jar,
 And 'midst Our bands excite intestine war,
 Or furious Discord with unlovely mien,
 Among *Fraternal Union's* sons be seen.
 Hereafter free from care, Our skiff shall glide,
 Its compass folly, theory its guide,
 Adown the stream of state, no rocks t' impede
 No federal shoals to intercept its speed ;
 And should, perchance, from Eastern climes arise
 The howling storm and darken o'er our skies,
 Though the rent sails be driv'n before the blast,
 The cordage snap and spring the groaning mast,
 Yet on *one* anchor firm can We confide,
 And all the perils of the storm deride ;
 The People's favour is that anchor sure,
 With which through every gale We ride secure,
 And though, from want of skill, 'midst breakers cast,
 That ever safely brings Us up at last.
 As trout, by tickling, so the Mob are ta'en,
 This long we've known, and practis'd not in vain,
 And now do what We may We need not fear,
 Applause is sure to greet Our raptur'd ear,
 For, should aught luckless pass, the stupid elves
 Would shut both eyes and ears to cheat themselves.
 O thou, to whom my present state I owe,
 To whom whate'er of future hope I know,
 Flatt'ry, great master, who, with magic art,
 Mov'st at thy will the springs of every heart !

O still propitious prove, still give my tongue
 With honied sounds to lure the blinded throng !
 Give them to trust, implicit, in my word,
 Howe'er fallacious, and howe'er absurd !
 Make them believe whatever I propose
 From purest zeal for public welfare flows !
 That those my fav'rite projects who decry
 Are urg'd by malice, or mean jealousy !
 That I alone the proper course can see,
 And all of wisdom emanates from me !
 Then shall our *doubting brethren*, who, as yet,
 To *rally* round Us have delay'd " a bit,"
 When they so pleas'd and wonderstruck shall hear
 That *all republican, all fed'ral* are ;
 That in all questions that betwixt us rise,
 Where party passions clash, and interest vies,
 Justice her scale holds so much more than event†
 The balance ever to our side is given ;
 When they shall see this blissful state, tis plain
 'Tis not in human nature to refrain,

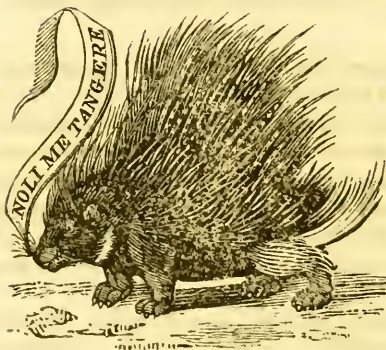
† The Echo acknowledges herself to have been at first not a little puzzled to discover the meaning of the expression *more than justice* ; the explanation however fortunately presents itself in the first dramatic production of this country, the celebrated Mercenary Match of the Honorable Barna Bidwell ; who puts into the mouth of his heroine, in addressing herself to her confidante, these striking and highly poetical words " My *more than Maid*, my ever constant Betty." As *more than maid* must necessarily be there intended to mean something very different from that pure and icicle state of virginity, so finely described by Shakespeare, so it may fairly be presumed.

Within Our fold in droves those sheep will run,
 And joyful take Our ear-crop, every one,
 And as a proof of love when safely penn'd,
 Their silly fleece We'll shear, their mutton vend.
 So when in quest of game the Indian roves
 Amid his native wilds and piny groves,
 If chance, amidst the branches perch'd on high,
 The yellow Wappernocker meets his eye,‡
 Instant, as if transform'd to powder'd beau,
 He bows and cringes with politest show,
 While, pleas'd, the simple beast wide opes his eyes,
 And views the tawny juggler with surprize ;
 But, grown familiar with his antic feats,
 He grin for grin and bow for bow repeats,
 Drawing still near and nearer by degrees,
 'Till in his reach his prize the savage sees,

in the present instance, that *more than justice* signifies something widely different from that stern unrelaxing principle, which, without regard to friends or foes, perseveres inflexibly in the course of impartial rectitude ; of this construction, the numerous removals from office, and other official acts of the present administration, will furnish a happy exemplification. At the same time the Echo is highly gratified in finding such respectable authority for the use of this expression, the ambiguity of which is so little in unison with the usual *plain* and *lucid* style of our Executive communications.

‡ Wappernocker, the Indian name for the Marten. For this remarkable mode of taking that animal, see Peters's history of Connecticut, or some other work of equal veracity.—A similar device is said to be practised in the Bahamas for taking the Iguana.

When o'er his neck the treacherous cord he throws,
And closely draws the suffocating noose ;
Then cease the bows, and drops the courtly air,
As the poor victim gasps within the snare ;
While with stern joy he eyes th' expiring prey,
And bears elate his furry spoil away.



A

Poetico-Political Olio,

CONSISTING OF EXTRACTS FROM DEMOCRACY, AN EPIC
POEM ; GREEN-HOUSE, AND OTHER
NEW-YEARS' VERSES,
&c. &c.

VERSIFICATION

Of a Letter from a Political Character in Philadelphia to his Friend in Connecticut.

*To the Printer of the Middlesex Gazette,
March, 1798.*

“ *SIR,*

YOUR paper of the 9th instant, contains an extract of a letter, said to be written by a gentleman in Philadelphia, to a friend of his in this state. It was no doubt written there, and unquestionably with the *purest* intention. The author, it is understood, has long been in the habit of labouring in this manner for the public good ; and it is to be hoped that his virtuous efforts may meet with their due reward. In order to give all possible currency to this excellent production, and promote its circulation, (as such truly patriotic sentiments should never be forgotten, but inculcated strongly on the mind of every one,) it has been thought proper to render some of the most striking passages into verse, which has long been considered as the surest vehicle to fame ; and has this advantage over plain prose, that it is much more easily retained in memory.

There exists in this country a party or two,
And each has its object, and each has its view.
To the Jacobin party you know I belong,
For, by nature, I take to the side that is wrong.
Against us are pitted the good, and the great,
The lovers of order, the props of the state :
These fellows intend to leave *us* in the lurch,
As sneaking as girls, when confessing at church,
But we will convince them we'll hold up our noses,
Tho' the Devil himself all our plotting discloses.

Our government's deem'd an OLD CART, by these
clubs,

They grease up the axle—*we* split off the hubs,

They whip up the cattle to drag it up-hill,

We throw down obstructions chock under the
wheel.

This cart, we contend, was most wretchedly made,

That its *timbers* already are sadly decay'd,

That its *spokes* are all loose, broken down are the
raives,

And nothing is sound but the *tongue* and the *naves*.

And since it has shewn such a proneness for wearing,

Our Club has resolv'd it is not worth repairing,

We have therefore determin'd by one mighty lift,

To tumble it over, or set it adrift.

These Fed'ralists have a strange plan of their own,

For when we so crabbed, and factious are grown,

That neither their threats, nor there coaxings can
move,

The scoundrels will *hire us* their measures to love,

And no Jacobin ever a *bribe* could resist,

No, not if 'twere offered by Beelzebub's fist.

Thus Mr. Fauchet, in his flour-merchant trade,

Found Randolph hung back, when he wanted his aid ;

But yet, when the patriot told him *his price*,

From the bargain the Frenchman flew off in a trice,

Resolv'd a while longer his dollars to keep,

Tho' Edmund was willing to sell him dog-cheap.

The House, too, they view on the same scurvy plan,
 A kind of excrescence, like a *wart* on a man,
 Like a *wen* on an ox, or a *corn* on the toes,
 Or a *carbuncle* hung to a dram-drinker's nose.

They have been in the habit of borrowing as much
 Ready cash as they could by the way of the Dutch,
 But since poor Mynheer has become sans culotte,
 He has lost with his breeches both guilder and groat ;
 While Grandmamma Europe, stripp'd down to the
 bone,

Much fonder of borrowing than lending is grown ;
 And still scarcer with us is that "Root of all evil,"
 That widow of Mammon and child of the Devil :
 So that now it is obvious to every eye,
 That the stream has dry'd up and the grist has gone
 by.

Besides, it won't answer to strain over hard,
 Lest they carry away all their sails by the yard,
 And give smugglers a chance, now and then, to pop in
 An anchor of brandy or stone-jug of gin ;
 Hence it is that these fellows are ever contriving
 Some plan for preventing *our* calling from thriving,
 Since this creed we all hold, both black, red and
 white,

"To steal from the Public's a Jacobin's right."
 Thus they tax our molasses to keep us from cheating,
 So you see they're resolv'd we shall pay for good
 eating,

Our sugar, our salt, as if like Lot's wife,
 They thought us well pickled for the rest of our life.
 And in getting their cash they've a damnable way
 That is—the most easy for people to pay.
 Now a tax that's direct I advocate laying,
 That each may enjoy the full pleasure of paying,
 And give occupation to sheriffs a score,
 And country collectors a thousand or more,
 Thus to grind down the poor to their own native dirt,
 And strip a poor fellow that has not a shirt.
 At the opposite party, I'll just take a glance,
 They were hatch'd by Genet, when he first came
 from France.

One never need look at a prettier set,
 The sire, and the brats, are "hale fellows, well met,"
 Thieves, bankrupts, and drunkards, pickpockets, and
 all,

Well branded with brimstone, and cropp'd at the fall.
 We do all in our power to persuade the blind people,
 That Adams's legs are as long as a steeple,
 That he straddles about at a terrible rate,
 Now over a puddle, now over a gate ;
 While "THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE," great Tho-
 mas, so pale,

Works along like a tad-pole, by wriggling his tail.
 These Fed'ralists, too, are an insolent race,
 They won't e'en permit us to spit in their face.
 In Congress behold a great LYON appears,
 From Ireland imported, and *purchased with steers* ;

He just took the license on Griswold to squirt
 A stream of mundungus, not thinking of hurt ;
 When lo ! the fierce Yankee flew into a passion,
 And gave the bog-trotter a notable threshing.
 The KING of the BEASTS most lustily roar'd,
 At his army acquaintance, the old WOODEN-SWORD.
 No Christian, I'm sure's this Connecticut shaver,
 He ought not to've grumbled, but swallow'd the sla-
 ver,

The Testament says, you should turn t'other cheek,
 And not go to using the hickory stick.

But in order to carry our schemes to effect,
 We're oblig'd to conduct with peculiar respect.
 One weapon, all-potent, as wielded by us,
 Is constantly preaching on guarding the purse,
 And so far our plan of economy reaches,
 We intend to abolish the *wearing of breeches*.
 Another contrivance we mean to pursue,
 Which has hitherto serv'd us, we hope 'twill still do.
 Our dead-and-alive country has sunk in a trance,
 And has lost all affection for fighting and France.
 Our farmers too seem to have outgrown their merit,
 And given themselves up to a peaceable spirit.
 But some-how or other, we'll break down the charm,
 Make them handle the musquet, and give up the
 farm.

'Tis the duty of all, if the Frenchmen should need
 'em

To offer their lives on the altar of Freedom ;

'Tis to France you're indebted for all you have got,
 Your freedom, religion, your farms, and what not,
 And as they once bought you, in *our* firm opinion,
 You're their slaves, first by purchase, and then by do-
 minion.

These being the facts, you perceive my intent—
 If once you affront them, they'll make you repent;
 These sans-culotte butchers are terrible heroes,
 More valiant than Cæsars, more bloody than Neroes,
 They'll come over on *rafts*, or perhaps on the *ice*,
 As thick as musquitoes, or Pharoah's lice.
 In time then be wise—mind the words of my text—
 Go to France in the first place—to *hell* in the next.

EXTRACTS
FROM DEMOCRACY,
AN EPIC POEM,
BY AQUILINE NIMBLECHOPS.

The following extracts are from a poem entitled Democracy, the first Canto of which was printed in New-York, in March, 1794, and at the time excited no inconsiderable share of the public attention. This poem was written in consequence of a tumultuous meeting of the citizens of that place, instigated by a few popular demagogues, for the purpose of prescribing to Congress the adoption of hostile measures against Great Britain. The second Canto, which was of much greater length, was prepared for the press immediately after the appearance of the first, but the timidity of the booksellers, and the peculiar circumstances of the times prevented its publication.

EXTRACTS FROM CANTO FIRST.

HERE clos'd the wond'rous speech—hoarse-braying, loud,
 In tones of thunder echoing from the crowd,
 The murmurs of applause, resounding far,
 In one deep column rush'd upon the ear ;
 While separate sounds their light detachments spread,
 Lurk'd in the rear, or skirmish'd at the head.
 Thus, when the vernal sun's prolific ray
 Paints with rich flowers the verdant robe of May,
 When the green citizens of ponds prepare
 To hold their first town-meeting of the year,
 Some leading frog, with croaking talents blest,
 For strength of lungs distinguish'd o'er the rest,
 Perch'd on his chair of log in solemn state,
 With notes sententious opes the grave debate :

'Tis silence round—at length begins the strain,
 The notes applaudive echo o'er the plain,
 Deep, deeper swells the undulating sound,
 And one vast croaking vibrates o'er the pond.

* * * * *

Now mighty M*****k, by success inspir'd
 With bold resistless elocution, fir'd
 (Perch'd as he was on balcony so high)
 The crowd who watch'd his most expressive eye :
 “ With joy, O friends ! with rapture vast I view
 What union'd hearts this day's proceedings shew—
 Sure from this day democracy shall rise,
 Spread through the earth and triumph o'er the skies ;
 Before its power all government shall fly,
 And at its presence each republic die,
 An age of gold once more delight the earth,
 With years not number'd from a saviour's birth,
Decades, not weeks, our days shall hence divide,
 And o'er the globe democracy preside.
 Such, such effects from your *Resolves* shall flow,
 Which best, I think, some future day will show.
 Not at this time can your committee frame
 Such *Resolutions* as your zeal would claim ;
 Some day next week we better can proceed.”
 “ Thursday !” the crowd exclaim'd—and Thursday
 was decreed.

Again he speaks—" By that time we shall have
 The prudent doings of *Bostonians* brave ;
 Those men so fam'd for true, consistent merit,
 And not behind us much in proper spirit ;
 Them will we join, with them go hand in hand,
 Fall if they fall, and if they stand we'll stand.
 No '*act of milk and water*' shall be ours—
 Fragrant and strong as urinary showers,
 To our foes' sores no comfort shall *it* give
 But make them smart while yet *it* lets them live."
 As when vast billows break upon the shore,
 Applause now burst in one tremendous roar ;
 Hats, caps and wigs, and leathern aprons flew,
 And puffs of wond'rous size, and jerkins blue.
 Not less the noise when, 'mid the watery way,
 The wounded whales in anger lash the sea ;
 Not less the noise when, 'neath beleagur'd walls,
 The deep mine bursts, the whelmed city falls ;
 Nor less the rout when, out of *Meeting* read,
 The mighty M*****k bent his sable head.

Soon was the tumult hush'd, and soon was heard
 A voice, but neither face or form appear'd.
 At length, beneath the chairman's arm, was seen,
 Of wond'rous aspect, and of fearful mien,
 A human head, if head it might be nam'd,
 Which scarce to man the least resemblance claim'd.
 Like the full moon, but of a darker dye,
 The visage was—disastrous beam'd an eye

On either side of what was meant for nose,
Which from each cheek quadrangularly rose ;
Below a chasm tremendous op'd to view,
Whence, with hoarse groans, these words the spectre
drew.

“ As yet of ships delay'd, and men misus'd,
Of vessels captur'd, and of wealth abus'd,
Whether by Algerines the mischief came,
Or yet by Britons of notorious shame—
No proper list—no facts by them believ'd,
From any place has CONGRESS yet receiv'd.”

“ You lie !” the crowd exclaim—“ I have not lied !”
Sternly the hideous mouth, direct, replied.
Tumult and rout now drown'd the speaker's voice,
His own all vanquish'd by the people's noise.

“ Order !” sage GRIPUS screams—and P**** R.
Begs that the throng the speaking CRANE would hear.

“ He ! he a CRANE !” cried one, with horrid howl—

“ I swear he's cousin german to an OWL.”

“ Hear him !” again the Chairman bellows loud ;
And hush'd in peace attentive stood the crowd.

“ I hope that our Committee will take care
A long account for CONGRESS to prepare
Of all the mischiefs by the British done,
And brand the devils every mother's son.”

“ Huzza ! huzza !” through all the streets resounds ;

“ Huzza ! huzza !” from every wall rebounds ;

The distant lanes reverberate the roar,
And echoes break on either river's shore.

EXTRACTS FROM CANTO SECOND.

It may be proper to observe, that the ludicrous scene delineated in the following extract, is not the mere creation of poetic fancy ; an incident very similar to the one described having actually taken place in New-York, when the publication of the first Canto was announced in the newspapers, accompanied with a comprehensive account of its subject. The following extract from the argument to the first Canto, is the particular passage in the advertisement which is supposed to have excited the irascible feelings of the character intended: ‘ Strange spectre appeareth—speaketh—interrupted—how a CRANE may be mistaken for an OWL—spectre proceeds,’ &c. &c.

“ HE said—nor long they hesitate—the voice
 Of *Esculapius’ Son* resolv’d their choice ;
 His *Resolutions* they adopt with speed,
 And pleas’d he saw his every wish succeed.
 Far different thoughts his rival’s bosom fill’d,
 His brightest hopes by keen frustration chill’d.
 With less surprise amid the fields of air
 Pale superstition views the comet’s glare ;
 With less the bumpkin, petrified with fear,
 Thinks he beholds a ghost approaching near ;
 With less dismay VERMONT’S religious son,
 That *granny statesman*, far for wisdom known,
 Who shines, array’d in *senatorial* pride,
 The guard of congress and his country’s guide,

Heard I——n* declare that not within
 A meeting-house for twenty years he'd been,
 And though in singing great *their* skill might be,
 No proper judge of psalmody was he;
 Than felt that rival when at length he found
 His labours fall unfruitful to the ground,
 Spite of his speech his propositions lost,
 His hopes all blasted, and his wishes crost.
 Home as he went, the MEETING now dissolv'd,
 Sad thoughts within his troubled breast revolv'd:
 At length, distracted with tormenting pain,
 Forth from his bosom burst this mournful strain:
 " And have I liv'd this awful hour to see!

This hour to faction fatal as to me—
 To me—who, during a long course of years,
 Through floods of sorrow, and through hosts of tears,
 From fame's eternal shipwreck oft have fled,
 To be thus forced to bow my haughty head.

* A certain *great man*, a few years since, in a tour through Vermont, passed the Sunday in Bennington, at the house of a person of some consequence in that state. Agreeable to the custom of the place, he was kindly treated with New-England rum, and taken to the Meeting-House, to attend the celebration of divine service. On returning, his host, inquired of him, how he liked their singing, and whether he did not think it fine. He replied, much, as it may be presumed, to the surprise of the inquirer, that not having, for many years, attended any kind of public worship, he was a very incompetent judge of psalm singing; that for aught he knew, they might sing very well or they might not.

Disgrace on me her heaviest weight has hung,
 O'erpower'd my faculties, and stopp'd my tongue.
 No more in mobs its oily sounds shall flow ;
 No more the bar its strong persuasions know ;
 Poor thing ! in painful silence must thou lie ;
 Dumb are thy fountains and thy channels dry :
 No more among committees shall thy strains
 Melodious burst through reason's iron chains :
 That cursed Doctor, with his milk-sop schemes,
 Has brought to dust my high-built airy dreams.
 Ah painful sight to see our fame decay !
 Our name grows dark as moments flit away—
 Our name, which once with awful splendour shone,
 The haughty rival of the noon-day sun,
 Now turns to night—while spread from pole to pole,
 Clouds of contempt and storms of ruin roll.

* * * * *

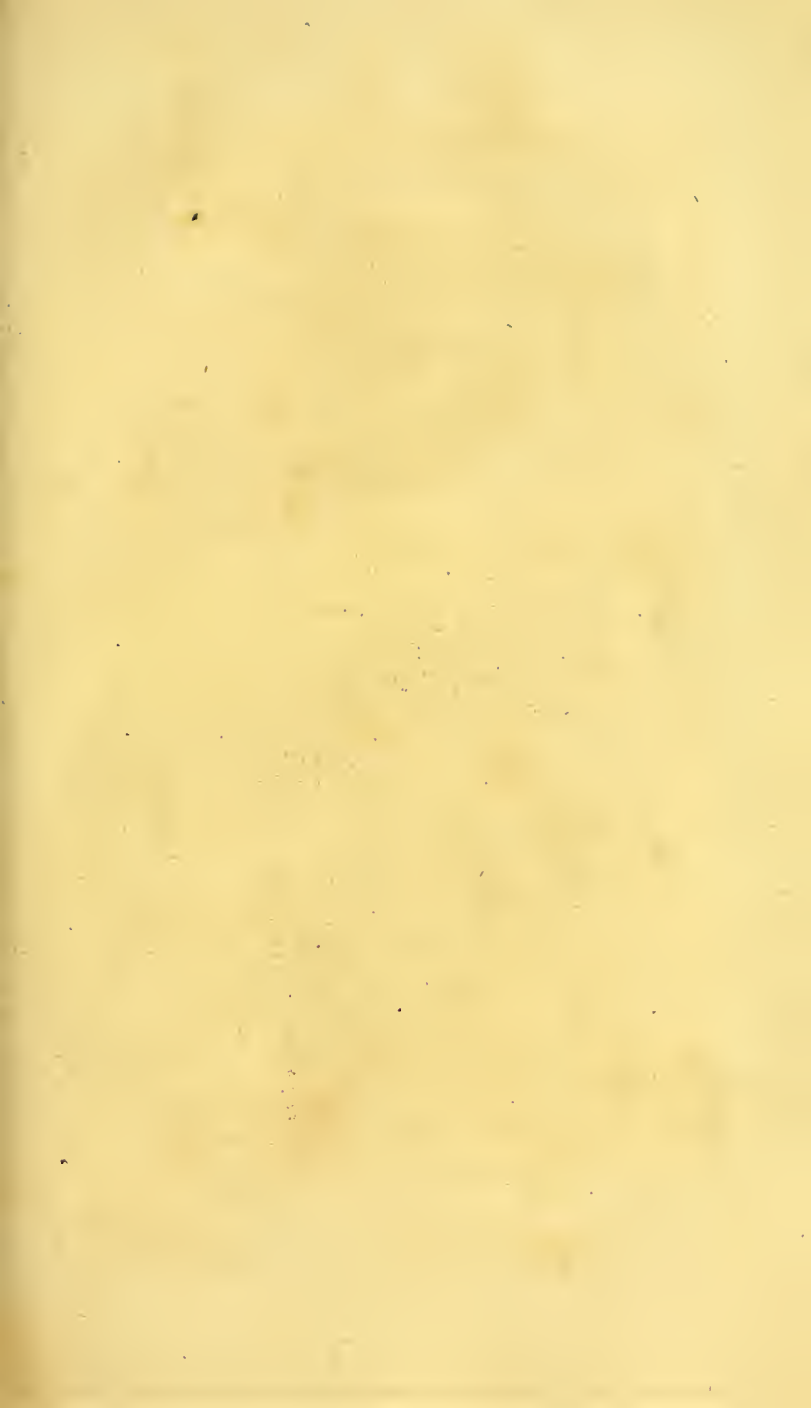
Thus oft some youth, by fond, paternal care,
 Fill'd with the folly of a wealthy heir,
 Sees round his board, while plenty holds her reign,
 The pimp, the gamester, parasite and vain :
 But when bleak penury chills his drear abode,
 And gain no longer tempts the faithless brood,

Far from his house the ravening vultures fly,
And leave the wretch to weep, despair and die.

The hostage sure of lov'd though short repose,
Meekly the venerable Sabbath rose ;
Nor noise disturb'd the Town, nor rout was heard,
'Till the next day-star in the heavens appear'd.
Clear rose the Morn in robes of rosy hue,
Before her car the lingering shades withdrew ;
The *Printer's Boy*, now risen from his bed,
From door to door the daily news had spread ;
When C—— whose mighty soul disdain'd to feel
Aught of less import than the public weal,
Who still on that great object kept his eye—
Keen as the greyhound when the fox is nigh,
Keen as the fish-hawk watching for her prey—
As if he fear'd 'twould from him run away ;
And still intent a careful watch to keep,
Had scorn'd that night the privilege of sleep ;
Now sallied forth in hopes, by Barber's aid,
To deck at least the *outside* of his head :
For shrewdly thus he thought " t'improve that part
" Perchance is not beyond the reach of art,
" For well I know that proverbs old have said—
" Half of a loaf is better than no bread ;"
" And though the Scriptures recommend, as meet,
" To keep the inside of our vessels neat,
" Yet, when that's past all hope, we sure are right
" To make the outside of the platter bright."—

In pride important seated in the chair,
 While Puff his visage soap'd, and sleek'd his hair,
 The tedious moments anxious to amuse
 He seiz'd the herald of the daily news,
 With eager gaze from page to page he flew,
 At length an *Advertisement* met his view—
 "What's this? what's this? DEMOCRACY! he cries,
 While joy transcendant sparkled in his eyes;
 "Can it be true, does AQUILINE the great
 "Our deeds in strains immortal celebrate?
 "Such, such applause will nobler acts inspire,
 "And heat our bosoms with a hotter fire."
 Thus he, exulting in the fame bestow'd,
 While marks of transport on each feature glow'd.

Alas! how fleeting are our schemes of bliss!
 How frail the tenure of our happiness!
 Mid mists of error still involv'd we stray,
 And blindly grope along a slipp'ry way:
 Too oft from specious good our sorrows flow;
 And joy mistaken leads to certain woe.
 Bright smiles the sun, the vernal breezes move,
 And waft a fragrance from the blossom'd grove
 Fair glows each scene arround—with pride elate,
 Man spreads the sail and tempts the depths of fate,
 O'er haleyon seas his careless course pursues,
 While hope allures him and while pleasure woos;
 Nor sees that, veil'd beneath the fair disguise,
 On death's dark pinions soon the storm shall rise.





The Duke's

"W. M. & W. M. the Authors & Publishers, 'Say!'"

Democracy, 1848.

Longest

Again he reads, but ah ! how chang'd the scene !
 What sudden clouds, O C—— ! obscure thy mien ?
 What frowns terrific o'er thy brow are hung !
 And what has chain'd the music of that tongue.

Say hast thou been at turtle party e'er,
 At City Feast of Alderman and Mayor ?
 If so—perchance some wight thou may'st have
 view'd,

Who too intent on cramming down his food,
 Had let the unchew'd morsel go astray,
 And choke the passage of the narrow way :
 Witness'd the open'd mouth, the starting eye,
 The cheek deep-ting'd with crimson's darkest dye,
 The rigid limbs in strong convulsions thrown,
 The hideous quackle and the rattling groan.
 So C—— appear'd—his eye-balls glow'd with ire,
 Red grew his face like shins expos'd to fire,
 He tries to speak but rage his voice confounds,
 And words are lost in undistinguish'd sounds :
 He stamp'd, he foam'd, at length his speech found
 way,

Damn, damn the author, publisher I say !
 On the whole tribe may stores of curses fall,
 And hell's hot flames consume them one and all."
 Thus speaking, from the chair, half-shav'd, he flew,
 And seiz'd his hat, and from the shop withdrew ;
 Along the street invoking curses loud,
 He stalk'd, the wonder of the gazing crowd,

Who stood amaz'd to hear from mouth of C——e,
 Such hideous crunkings* and such notes profane ;
 While, bawling loud, the suds-drench'd barber stood,
 “ Bring back my towel, Mister —— d——n your blood !
 “ If e'er again ” —exclaims he in surprise—
 “ I shave a crazy *Shitepoke*,† blast my eyes.”

Nor did less noise the Coffee-room pervade,
 Nor less disturbance there the *Papers* made.
 The Chiefs seem'd glad ; their followers, weak of
 mind,
 Nothing but satire in the song could find :
 Where most the Poet prais'd, there most they swore,
 The more of truth they saw they raged the more.
 And O what oaths terrific, threatnings dread,
 What direful curses on the Poet's head,
 What ills denounc'd 'gainst those who dar'd to vend,
 Resounded through the room, from end to end !
 They swore and rag'd, and rav'd, and fum'd, and
 vapour'd,
 Shook fists, and sung and danc'd, and kick'd, and
 caper'd :
 But 'gainst the Press their fiercest rage was bent,
 And on its freedom *all* their curses vent.

* The peculiar noise made by a certain bird.

† The vulgar name for the lesser bittern, frequently applied
 as a general appellation to birds of that genus.

“ Let the Press perish” loud the *patriots* cry—
“ Let the Press perish” echoing walls reply—
“ Flourish Democracy” the shout goes round—
“ Flourish Democracy” the walls resound—
“ Damn all the Friends of Order” next they bawl—
And echo dies along the wearied wall.

NEW-YEARS' VERSES.

For the Connecticut Courant, January 1, 1795.

THE events of all-evolving time,
In this, and many a distant clime,
The tuneful new-year's Muse rehearses,
In *novel strain* of new-year's verses ;
Which, by degrees, with proper pains,
We hope will rise to epic strains.

Nor shall we court the *nine old maids*,
By former poets us'd for *aids*,
Since MUSE *the tenth* has slop'd her way,
To these Hesperian walks of day.
O ! late arriv'd from *Georgium Sidus*,
Vouchsafe t' inspire the song, and guide us !—
While men of *law* and *rule* grow weary,
O ! deign to celebrate the *æra* !—
Hark ! how the music of her tongue,
Makes thread bare subjects fresh and young !

See, dim beneath the arctic pole,
Rude Russian hosts of ruffians roll
A sea-like wave—in barb'rous pride
The Poles to conquer, and divide !
See Frederick aid the base design,
And march his legions from the Rhine !
And see KOSCIUSKO rouse the Poles,
While indignation fires their souls,

That tyrants leagu'd should still essay
To bend their necks to foreign sway !

O *Son* of our great SON of FAME,
May deeds like his, exalt thy name.
May fated Poland yet be free,
And find a WASHINGTON in THEE.

The French still fight like veriest witches,
Both those who have, and *have not breeches* ;
And scarce a decade passes o'er,
But sees them wade knee deep in gore ;
Sees hosts of foes, though men of might,
Put all their trust in speedy flight ;—
And oh ! how quick their news is hurl'd,
From realm to realm—from world to world ;
For has not *Telegraphe* the merit,
To make French feats out-race a spirit ?
Cannot *Balloons* as high arise,
To tell them through th' astonish'd skies ?
While *Guillotine* quick lets them know,
By headless ghosts, in realms below.

Nor can the Muse forget the year,
That seal'd the fate of Robespierre ;
But 'mid th' aristocratic laugh,
Will here inscribe his epitaph ;
Which, in some proper time to come,
We hope will grace his mournful tomb.

“ Long, luckless chief ! thy guileful form
Astride the whirlwind, rein'd the storm ;

That storm, where streams of human blood,
 Drench'd towns and realms like Noah's flood ;
 Till hurl'd beneath the *Guillotine*,
 Where gasp'd thy nobles, king, and queen,
 Where daily swell'd thy bounteous store,
 Of headless trunks and spouting gore ;
 Where Science' sons and daughters bled,
 And priests by hecatombs fell dead—
 Its rushing blade thy members freed,
 From sins their tyrant head decreed ;
 And sent thy ghost to shades of night,
 To prove, with Danton, which *of right*,
 Should have in hell the highest seat,
 An *atheist* or a *hypocrite*."

May heaven our favourite planet bear
 Far, far from Gallia's blazing star ;
 Ye lights of Europe shun its course,
 Or order yields to lawless force,
 As though a random-comet huri'd,
 Should dash at once and melt the world.

But though the French are giant sinners,
 Yet have we not *Tom Thumb* beginners ?
 Which though a molish sort of mice,
 May grow to rats like nits to lice,
 Gnaw thro' our vessel's lower quarter,
 And fill, and sink her in deep water.
 See fraught with democratic lore,
 Genet arriv'd on Charleston shore,

But, as was meet, first broach'd his mission,
 To men of sans-culotte condition ;
 Who throng'd around with open throats,
 As round old *Crusoe* flock'd the *goats*,
 And learn'd his sermon, to his wishes,
 As *Austin* taught huge shoals of *fishes* ;
 Made all the antifederal presses,
 Screech shrill hosannas, styl'd addresses ;
 And while to Court he took his way,
 Sung hallelujahs to *Genet* ;
 But still our *Palinurus* saw,
 With cool contempt this stormy flaw,
 And, spite of all the Belial band,
 Steer'd safe our leaky bark to land.
 Like Hessian flies, imported o'er,
 Clubs self create infest our shore.
 And see yon western rebel band,
 A medly mix'd from ev'ry land ;
 Scotch, Irish, renegadoes rude,
 From Faction's dregs fermenting brew'd ;
 Misguided tools of antifeds,
 With clubs anarchial for your heads,
 Why would ye make with cost and trouble
 Yourselves of warlike flames the stubble ?
 Tire down the arm out-stretch'd to save,
 And freedom's cradle make her grave ?
 See next the veteran troops of *Wayne*,
 March o'er the savage bands of slain,

And scatter far, like noxious air,
 Those victors of the fam'd St. Clair;
 While blust'ring Simcoe, as requir'd,
 To bleak Canadian climes retir'd,
 And let his tawny friends remain,
 To sue for proffer'd peace again.

Here Fame reports, in vast expanse,
 A clime extends that baulks romance,
 Where sea-like rivers wind their way,
 Through vast savannas to the sea;
 Clear lakes extend, huge mountains rise,
 And spicy vales perfume the skies;
 Whatever earth maternal yields
 To deck the groves, or cloathe the fields,
 All fruits and flow'rets flourish here,
 And bloom like Eden's gorgeous year:
 Birds bask in air, the game in woods,
 And finny nations crowd the floods.
 Here then Columbians seek your farms,
 When warlike Wayne shall quell alarms;
 But let not speculations vain,
 Exhaust the purse and turn the brain,
 Nor grudge the roaming Indian rude
 To hunt his native wilds for food.

Though tir'd I might pass on to mention
 Our second Middletown convention ;*

* In consequence of the prevalence of the yellow fever in New-Haven, in the autumn of 1794, the Legislature of Connecticut held its session at Middletown.

How all the Stelligeri brood,
 Their subterranean plots renew'd;
 Made speeches with long periods rounded,
 Like Babel's masons when confounded;
 Strove hard and harder still to hit it,
 But got most wofully outwitted;
 For lo! on Court-House wall appear'd,
 That hand which old Belshazzar fear'd,
 And wrote in characters full plain,
 HIS MENE TEKEL o'er again.
 All gaz'd aghast at one another,
 And smote each *jaded* knee its brother.

Yet where BOSTONIA lifts her spires,
 Like Phenix from devouring fires,
 See federal Virtue take her stand,
 And ward Destruction from the land.
 Hail Nurse of Heroes! Statesmen sage!
 The guard and glory of the age!
 Above the mists of mouldering time,
 Thy Fame, O ADAMS! soars sublime,
 Who first the British lion spurn'd,
 And gave the terms when peace return'd;
 Cull'd from the lapse of ages past,
 And fram'd a Work with time to last;
 Display'd in truth's celestial light,
 How *Freedom, Law, and Power* unite.
 May choicest flowers with tears bedew'd,
 O'er thy brave WARREN's grave be strew'd;

And long heroic LINCOLN stand,
The laurel'd bulwark of the land.

But still no flowers of greatness grow,
Where thorny plagues lurk not below :
There swarms *Honestus'* rabble throng,
And *Lawyer Incest* joins the song ;
While *Jarvis* with his *bob-tail* crew,
Retreats before great AMES's view.

And now, O Muse ! throw Candour's veil,
O'er aged SAM. in dotage frail ;
And let past services atone,
For recent deeds of folly done ;
When late aboard the Gallic ship,
Well fraught with democratic flip,
He praying fell on servile knees,
That France alone might rule the seas ;
While Sense and Reason took a nap,
And snor'd in *Jacobinic cap*.

Now north the Muse revolves her eyes,
Where domes Albanian *fright* the skies ;
And sees the wisdom of the State
Collected, both to legislate,
And to obtain, by slight of hand,
A further tract of Indian land.
At length they send an envoy, greeting,
To bid the natives to a meeting—
And lo ! the Indian deputation,
Approach'd the Council of the nation,

Who found too late, by *Benson* told,
 Their *deep-laid* scheme would never hold;
 Since Congress, in all Indian treating,
 Had stopp'd the separate States from cheating.
 Not more amaz'd Philistia's race,
 Beheld old Dagon's sore disgrace,
 When by the Ark, in ruin spread,
 He lay depriv'd of stumps and head—
 Than each pale legislator star'd,
 When this unwelcome news he heard.

Arriv'd, the speculating band
 Shake Squaws and Indians by the hand,
 And on each cheek of paint and grease,
 Imprint the true fraternal kiss.
 Huge mugs of cyder and of flip,
 With gin and rum, salute the lip.
 Four weeks they liv'd like pigs in clover,
 At length the feasting moon was over;
 Their friends who found they'd nought to gain,
 Would fain dismiss the greedy train;
 Yet still to keep them somewhat *quiet*,
Resolv'd to have one general *riot*,
 Where all should join, with frisky heads,
 The grand *Pawaw* of *whites* and *reds*.
 Now opes the dance, a pleasing sight
 Of brothers red and brothers white;
 A royal Squaw with brooches grac'd,
 Superbly clad in Indian taste,

With due regard for rank and place,
 Is given great Clinton's hand to grace.
 They stamp, they reel, loud whoops resound;
 As high in savage haze they bound,
 'Till frolic fires in Clinton burn,
 And bid his second youth return;
 He seiz'd the Squaw, and warmly prest
 The ocher'd beauty to his breast;
 When lo! the Sachem's jealous ire
 Flash'd from his eyes vindictive fire.
 "Heeiyuh, Big Chief! 'tis Indian's law,
 "All Sanup stick um fast his Squaw."
 He said, and dealt a furious blow,
 Which laid the sportful hero low.
 But here the time would fail to tell,
 How high each Indian rais'd his yell;
 How each pale legislator glar'd,
 As round in wild dismay they star'd;
 And how, afraid of scalping knives,
 They broke their shins to save their lives
 All which, Fate willing, shall appear
 In Epic Song another year.

Hartford, January 1, 1795.

GUILLOTINA;

OR

THE ANNUAL SONG OF THE TENTH MUSE.

For the Connecticut Courant, January 1, 1796.

COME Guillotina, Muse divine !
 Whose voice o'erawes the tuneful nine,
 Come sing again ! since Ninety-Five,
 Has left some *Antis* still alive ;
 Some Jacobins as pert as ever,
 Tho' much was hop'd from Yellow-fever ;
 One TRAITOR, fond to enrol his name,
 With Judas on the list of fame ;
 A host of unhang'd *Democrats*,
 And Speculators thick as rats ;
 Some lurking hoards, by patriots hated,
 Stil'd very aptly " self-created,"
 Since neither heathen God, nor Devil,
 Would own engendering such an evil—
 'Tis these, in contrast with the GREAT
 Whose virtue saves the unhinging State,
 That makes the music of thy rhyme,
 Flow annual down the stream of time.

Last winter prov'd a *trying season*,
 The State resum'd its wonted reason,
 The Council kept a steady pace,
 And STELLIGERI dropp'd the chase ;
 Peace shed her poppies o'er the State,
 And all cry'd out *appropriate* ;

For well they knew a dire distemper,
 That makes the brains and purses scamper,
 Had seiz'd on every kind of creature,
 And turn'd him to a speculator ;
 And though our title none could tell,
 Yet all agreed 't would do to sell.

Soon FAME's shrill trumpet told the tale,*
 That *We* had western lands for sale.
 Forth from the East and West, alack,
 Nor did the North or South keep back.
 Much people—both the high and low,
 The squire, the deacon and the beau,

* This passage was intended to ridicule the *mania* for lands speculation, which at that time pervaded the United States in general, but raged with increased violence in the Eastern States. The year 1795, was particularly remarkable for this species of adventure, in which nearly every class and description of people engaged with an almost inconceivable degree of ardour. In addition to the immense quantities of land thrown into the market by the sale of the Georgia Territory, the Legislature of Connecticut had authorised the sale of an extensive country belonging to this state, situated on lake Erie, and known by the name of the Western Reserve. It had likewise ceded to a company of its own citizens, the claim of the state to a tract called the Gore, situated within the jurisdiction of New-York, but supposed to be included in the charter of Connecticut, on condition of the purchasers completing the State house in Hartford. To these may be added speculations in Virginia mountains ; in Susquehannah title deeds that never existed ; in the pine barrens of the south, and the frozen desarts of the north ; in fine, in every thing that bore the name of land.

With judges, generals, legislators,
 (All melted down to Speculators)
 Flow'd in amain, from every quarter,
 Like Windham frogs from dry'd-up water.
 A host like this the northern hoard,
 O'er pale Ausonia never poured,
 Nor did a more inflated band,
 Avenge, long since, the holy-land,
 Nor, in our days, seek money hid,
 From shore to shore by Captain Kid.—
 Thus when old Noah op'd his gate,
 And advertis'd to take in freight,
 Swift at the all inviting sound,
 All kinds of cattle throng'd around,
 From which the patriarch cul'd the best,
 And let the Deluge take the rest.—
 Conven'd they sever'd into *squads*,
 And talk'd of townships, miles, and rods,
 With night-hawk wildness in their faces,
 Like *scrip-men* bent on swiftest chases ;
 While each at other cast an eye,
 At once determin'd, cross and sly,
 And deem'd by dint of purse or brain,
 The largest *wastes* of woods to gain ;
 But when they came to prove their skill,
 And purse met purse, and will met will,
 Till what they brought for stock in trade
 Was spent and tavern-bills unpaid,

They all agreed to coalesce,
 And in the immense of profits mess.
 This done, at eve the bargain clos'd,
 And all in south-sea dreams repos'd ;
 Yet waking found their *bonds* and toil,
 But won the right to buy the soil ;
 Which though they think to get with ease,
 The terms must be as *Indians please*.

And had the anarchial powers that dwell,
 In uniform'd wilds, 'twixt earth and hell,
 Come forward, or sent on a letter,
 To sell their realm for worse or better,
 In breadth from where *Arcturus* glows,
 To where the *Bull* turns up his nose,
 In length from hence to where in terror,
 The wicked find out Chauncey's* error,
 They'd bought it off like Georgia land,
 And paid for't *down* in *notes of hand*,
 Then *quarrell'd* which should have the most,
 Where matter, time and space are lost.
 Nay, had there been a narrow *Gore*,
 Close in upon the Stygian shore,
 Claim'd neither by the abodes of pain,
 Nor forms that roam the vast *Inane*,
 We should no doubt, from thence be able,
 To rear a second modern Babel.†

* The celebrated Advocate of Universal Salvation.

† Alluding to the State-House in Hartford, the building of which was completed by certain persons on condition of receiving

How stormy is thy sea of troubles,
 How hoar with *froth*, how full of *bubbles*,
 Oh SPECULATION! how thy waves,
 Toss up and down thy greedy slaves:
 For one that makes thy *golden coast*,
 What myriads of thy *Tars* are lost;
 'This hour beholds them proudly float,
 The next sees each a sans-culotte;
 And though the boldest borrow breeches,
 And tempt again thy main for riches,
 Some whirlpool vast or billowy swell,
 May land them and their schemes in —*

Ere Jay had reach'd that pigmy coast,
 Where Pitt and Grenville rule the roast,
 Where once the Lion us'd to roar,
 But late has chang'd it to a snore,—
 The *Anti-Treaty* noise began,
 Club answer'd Club—man echo'd man;
 From town to town the cue was caught
 By Faction's *Telegraphe* of thought.

At length on rapid wings of fate,
 Ardent to save the sinking State,
 The Envoy came—his steady eye,
 Was fix'd upon the distant sky,

from the Legislature of Connecticut a grant or quit claim of the right of that State to the tract of land called the Gore.

* “A reverend Dean, preaching at the” British “Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in a place he thought not decent to name in so polite an Assembly.”—Pope.

Regardless of the boisterous scene,
 Which seem'd prepar'd to intervene:
 No party rage disturb'd his rest,
 No vile detraction shook his breast,
 But rooted deep in Virtue's soil,
 And cultur'd long by patriot toil,
 His honours a bright harvest yield,
 And wave around his country's field.
 Firm in his hand the statesman shows
 A *solace*† for his country's woes,
 Peace on his path her sun-beams spread,
 And glory arch'd around his head.

Swift starting from their darksome den,
 The nightly haunt of thieves and *men*,
 Our democrats, broke forth in fury,
 And sentenc'd Jay *sans* judge or jury.
Great Mason saw a precious hour,
 Which chance had thrown within his power,
 And join'd with Benny Bache to seize
 A little cash their wants to ease.
 Forth from the Anti-federal mint,
 A half-false‡ Treaty came inprint;
 For telling truth so long had stray'd
 From Bache, he had forgot the trade.
 Soon, crowded forward into birth,
 The full grown Child was usher'd forth.

† The Treaty.

‡ The abstract of the Treaty "published from recollection."

His face so like his Sire's appear'd,
 Such innate worth his visage cheer'd,
 That Bache and Mason fled amain,
 And swore old Jay was born again.
 While thus the slumbering INFANT lay,
 With eyes just open'd to the day,
 A dark revengeful coward brood,
 Laid a deep scheme to spill his blood.
 Soon far and near the tidings ran,
 All swore he ne'er should grow to man.
 Among the rest, though scarce alive,
 Old Sam crawl'd out and swarm'd his Hive,
 (Consisting of the stingless Hone§
 That Humble-Bee, that shrivel'd Drone,
 With all old Falstaff's|| trainband, come
 Inspir'd by patriotic Rum)
 While Jarvis rung the pan with greeting,
 To make them settle in Town-meeting.
 At York stout Nicholson, whose zeal,
 Burns greatly for the public weal,
 Collects the vagabond and traitor,
 With many a "dare Hibernian cratur."
 At Philadelphia Blair the great,
 That Irish guardian of the State,
 Rais'd his hard foot to give the blow,
 And cry'd "to hell the child must go."

§ A creature of the doubtful gender, called Honee, Honestus, or Ben Austin, Jun.

|| See Shakspeare's Henry IV.

Still further south the mongrel throng,
 Responsive bray'd the factious song.
 At Portsmouth too, poor Johnny's seed,
 Produc'd a short-liv'd blust'ring breed,
 Whose courage soon began to fail,
 When Gilman pointed to the jail.
 In Vermont, where the Reverend Niles,
 To his own state confines his wiles,
 And where the saintly Robinson
 Prays that the Will of Burr be done—
 The Green-woods politicians met,
 To hew the timber of the State;
 There printer Haswell, Col. Fay,
 The Treaty damn'd—and Mr. Jay;
 'Till PRINCE, ¶ Equality's dark son,
 Grew weary of their wit and fun,
 And, seizing Haswell by the cheek,
 He cried out "Brurrur let me peak.
 " You tear my libber from my maw,
 " Gor dam a man all ober jaw."

Alas! how vain are mortal dreams,
 How flit away the wisest schemes!
 Who would have thought this infant JAY,
 Could have found means to get away?

¶ This incident, as related, is stated to have occurred at Bennington at the time of discussing the merits of the Treaty. The conduct of Prince, upon this occasion, is a striking proof of that happy consciousness of the dignity of his nature, which ever distinguishes man, when emancipated from the shackles of restraint.

Yet, strange and wond'rous to relate,
 By some surprising spell of Fate,
 A Giant from the cradle rose,
 And frown'd indignant on his foes,
 With step tremendous stalk'd along,
 And trampled on the dastard throng.

As now in song the muse proceeds,
 Let tears bedew her sable weeds.—
 Here lies an Officer of State,
 Who met alas ! a *timely* Fate :
 A Fate which Jacobins regard,
 As their full measure of reward ;
 For here the deadly secret's told,
 Who 'tis that fingers foreign gold ;
 'That " patriots " stripp'd to state of nature,
 Bear strong resemblance to the traitor ;
 That each disorganizing scoffer,
 Will take a bribe if any offer.
 Come then ye democratic band,
 Who yearn t' enthral this favour'd land,
 To Edmund's dismal tomb draw near,
 And vent your lamentations here,
 In groans, as Rachel groan'd at Rama,
Hic cinis—sed—ubique fama. ¶

¶ His ashes here—but—every where his Fame. This is the Epitaph of the late celebrated King of Prussia ; but we hope his *manes* will not be offended that we apply it to a character equally GREAT in a different way.

Yes there are men who fiercely burn
 Your Constitution to o'erturn ;
 To blast the Sages of your choice,
 They wield the pen and ply the voice ;
 Nor long will Talents tempt th' affray,
 Where Virtue gains Contempt for pay ;
 But men of fell and factious prate
 Shall mount the faithless Car of State.

Where Ignorance sheds his sooty beam,
 And rays of Science rarely gleam,
 There, fed with lies from day to day,
 From venal presses in French pay,
 Fell Faction broods—and scents afar,
 Predestin'd fields of civil war.
 And will the men who till their farms,
 Who Freedom love—whom Freedom warms,
 Who live in plenty, peace and ease,
 Be vex'd by *living plagues* like these ?
 They will—have been—and still must be ;
 For Faction thrives where States are free,
 As plants of baleful form and nature,
 Thrive in fat soils, by plenteous water ;
 And thrive it must while there are fools,
 And knaves to shape them into tools.—
 Spread Knowledge then ; *this only Hope*,
 Can make each eye a *telescope*,
 Frame it by *microscopic* art,
 To scan the hypocritic heart ;

And can, at least, keep Faction under,
As butting rams are aw'd by thunder.

The French have beat all other elves,
And now are beating fast themselves;
In which we wish them to succeed,
Just as the Fates, long since, decreed;
But how that is no mortal ken
Can spy, no more than how and when
New suns shall wake the blaze of day,
Where Chaos holds Eternal sway.

From themes like these th' indignant Muse
Turns, and th' applausive strain pursues.

Prompt at thy Country's call to work,
Thy pathless way where *vipers lurk*,
Where darksome wastes before thee lay,
Unbless'd but by thy mental ray,
O HAMILTON!—that ray how clear,
How like the Sun's resplendent sphere,
When too intense for *clouds of flies*,
He makes his zenith in the skies.

Let "CALM OBSERVER" hear the Song,
Shrink from the day and bite his tongue;
Far, far above his base controul,
Self-balanc'd stands sage WOLCOTT's soul,
A Patriot firm—to toils inur'd,
Long for the public weal endur'd,

Who, when the pestilential burst,
Laid Philadelphia's Pride in dust,
Mov'd unassuming and sedate,
The various tardy wheels of State.

Now Muse survey this land of peace,
Of Virtue, Law, and Happiness.
The Clime how blest ! how rich a soil
Repay's the labourer's cheerful toil,
How safe *we* till the field for food,
While EUROPE tills the field of blood ;
Our sons how tranquil o'er the main,
But their's in hostile navies slain ;
Their Anarchists still prowl for prey,
But ours are held, like wolves, at bay ;
Their towns, while Emigrations drain,
Rise in our wilds and bloom again ;
The Isles rejoice to heap their stores,
In plenty on our smiling shores ;
Proud Albion, mistress of the waves,
With France and Spain, our Commerce craves ;
Wayne barricades the west frontiers,
And peace is made with grim Algiers.—
Here while the North deep snows infold
The Georgian orange beams in gold ;
And here the various climates rear,
Unblasted harvests through the year.

Bold FREEDOM feeds her Vestal Fires,
 And every heart and tongue inspires ;
 While, still in Courts, as once in Fields,
 Great WASHINGTON her Glory shields ;
 Long may his Sun unclouded shine,
 And set “ full orb’d.”

Hartford, January 1, 1796.

[This and the preceding New Year’s Verses were principally written by a late eminent physician in Connecticut, distinguished both for his literary talents and professional skill ; several of the passages in the Green-House were likewise furnished by him.]

THE
POLITICAL GREEN-HOUSE,

FOR THE YEAR 1798.

The Political Green-House, for the year 1798.

Hartford, January 1, 1799.

OFT has the NEW-YEAR's Muse essay'd,
To quit the annual rhyming trade,
Oft has she hop'd the period nigh,
When fools would cease, and knaves would die ;
But each succeeding year has tax'd her
With " more last words of Mr. Baxter ;"
And most of all, has Ninety-Eight,
Outstripp'd the years of former date.
And while a Jacobin remains,
While Frenchmen live and Faction reigns,
Her voice, array'd in awful rhyme,
Shall thunder down the steep of Time.

Scarce had the New-Year's wintry sun,
His short-liv'd daily course begun,
When lo ! a strange offensive brute,
Too wild to tame, too base to shoot,
A Lyon of Hibernian breed,
In Congress rear'd his shaggy head.
What speculations might be made,
Were men acquainted with the trade ?
In countries new, the market price
Will often take a wondrous rise,
And things to day are held for nought,
Which scarce to-morrow can be bought.

This beast, within a few short years,
 Was purchas'd with a yoke of steers ;
 But now, the wise Vermonters say,
 He's worth six hundred cents per day.
 When erst Britannia's hostile hosts,
 Ravag'd our long extended coasts,
 This Lyon, Falstaff-like, impell'd
 By "*instinct*," shunn'd the dangerous field.
 And yet, in him, our patriot props,
 Had center'd all their darling hopes,
 That he, by spirit, would obtain,
 What they had talk'd for long in vain.
 It chanc'd one memorable day,
 *Mongst gentlemen he happ'd to stray,
 Where, ignorant what to say, or do,
 His monkey tricks he 'gan to shew,
 When Griswold's stick of vigour full,
 Knock'd *gently* on his solid skull ;
 By courage, strength, and sleight forsaken,
 Not "*instinct*" now could save his bacon,
 But as he drew his "WOODEN-SWORD,"
 He roar'd and kick'd, and kick'd and roar'd.
 With less of Lyon, than of sheep,
 The beast retires to wash, and weep ;
 While Elmendorf and Havens join,
 To bathe his wounds with oil and wine.
 Long had the Jeffersonian band,
 Determin'd here to take their stand,

To us, their vile intrigues impart,
 And old Connecticut subvert.
 Firm on her rock, sublime she stood,
 And all their arts indignant view'd ;
 With smiles beheld them, fill'd with plot,
 Come sneaking round that precious spot,
 Where erst the Stelligeri Club,
 Held converse sweet with Peter Grubb,*
 And where, though lost their quondam Clerk,
 They still keep Records in the dark.
 Here then our Jacobins resort,
 For *business* some, and some for *Court*,
 Each *unsuspicious* of the rest,
 (No mischief rankling in his breast)
 But each, as order'd, took his station,
 And rattled up a Nomination.
 Mix'd up of various sorts, and kinds,
 Themselves ahead, a few for blinds,
 The rest, a coarse, outlandish Crew,
 Which scarce a single creature knew.
 As harbinger of sure success,
 'Twas next agreed to fill the press,
 And through the weekly prints, enlighten
 The people's stupid skulls by writing.
 Soon our "impartial paper" teemst†
 With deep laid plots, and cunning schemes :

* Peter Grubb. The supposed secretary of the Stelligeri, at their midnight caucuses.

† The American Mercury.

Don Quixotte,† knight of woeful face,
 Led on the Revolution race ;
 Then follow'd on a nameless tribe,
 Too poor to mention or describe,
 While Granger fill'd with weightier matters,
 Employ'd his time in gutting letters.
 This precious story soon took wind,
 Out turn'd the aged, deaf, and blind,
 All honest men from small to great,
 Combin'd their force to save the state,
 Tumbled each caitiff from his station,
 And purg'd the chequer'd Nomination.
 Poor Gideon, with astonish'd eye,
 Beheld the stroke of Fate draw nigh,
 And like Ahithophel the Sage,
 In deep despair, commix'd with rage,
 Saddled his ass, took leave of pelf,
 Wrote No. 4, and hang'd himself.

Long had our Ministers of Peace,
 The insults borne of Gallia's race.
 At length the envoys deign'd to tell us,
 They had to deal with scurvy fellows,
 With Autun, and the five-head Beast,
 And half the Alphabet at least.
 The budget, op'd in Congress, show'd
 The whole contrivance of the brood,
 And that their heads were bent on brewing
 Subjection, infamy, and ruin.

† The signature of a writer in the American Mercury.

While joy each Federal feature crown'd,
 And triumph glow'd the Hall around ;
 Each Jacobin began to stir,
 And sate, as though on chesnut burr.
 Up the long space from chin, to forehead,
 Sate every feature of the horrid ;
 Their moon-ey'd leaders stood like beacons,
 Or as a drove of Satan's Deacons,
 When from the burning lake, in ire,
 They sat their feet on solid fire,
 To find if war, or sly pollution,
 Could raise in Heaven a revolution.
 Pale melancholy mark'd their features,
 The most forlorn of human creatures ;
 While shame, deep-stamp'd as though with thunder,
 Reliev'd th' unmeaning stare of wonder.
 At length, from lethargy profound,
 Congress awoke, and star'd around :
 The major part, with heart and hand,
 Extend protection to the land,
 Dissolve our treaties, arm our hosts,
 And drive the robbers from our coasts.
 Next from the press the tidings ran,
 From state to state, from man to man,
 In Freedom's cause they all combine,
 And Georgia, and New-Hampshire join.
 The warlike spirit fills the presses,
 And teems the nation with addresses,

Answers, Resolves, and Toasts in throngs,
 Orations, Sermons, Prayers, and Songs.
 The spirit freed of righteous hate,
 Like wild-fire spreads from state to state,
 And made thy sons, Columbia, see
 The extreme of insult heap'd on thee—
 Made thee behold the just renown
 Of HIM, who wears thy laurell'd crown,
 And gave his heaven-directed pen,
 New themes in civic walks of men,
 Which, through the world shall waft thy fame,
 Beneath the banners of his name.

Eas'd now of much incumbent weight,
 Proceeds the business of the State.
 Rais'd by the sound of war's alarms,
 Our ardent youth all fly to arms,
 And from the work-shop, and the field,
 The active labourers seize the shield;
 While on the silver'd brow of age,
 Relumes the fire of martial rage.
 Our veteran Chiefs, whose honour'd scars,
 Are trophies still of former wars,
 Appointed move beneath their SHIELD,
 To reap the ripen'd martial field.
 And lo! From Vernon's sacred hill,
 Where peaceful spirits love to dwell—
 Where twice retir'd from war's alarms,
 Slept, and awoke, his conquering arms,

The HERO comes !—whose Laurels green;
 In bloom eternal shall be seen ;
 While Gallic Ivy fades away,
 Before the scorching eye of Day.
 He comes !—he comes ! to re-array
 Your hosts, ye heroes, for th' affray !
 Him for your head—collect from far
 The shield, the sword and plume of war ;
 Indignant earth rejoicing hears,
 Fell insult bristling up your spears,
 And joins her hosts to crush the foes
 Of virtue and her own repose.

Now see each jacobinic face,
 Redden'd with guilt, with fear, disgrace,
 While through the land, with keenest ire,
 Kindles the patriotic fire !
 See J***** with deep dismay,
 Shrink from the piercing eye of day,
 Lest from the tottering chair of state,
 The storm should hurl him to his fate !
 Great Sire of stories past belief !
 Historian of the Mingo Chief !
 Philosopher of Indian's hair !
 Inventor of a rocking chair !
 The Correspondent of Mazze' !
 And Banneker less black than he !
 With joy we find you rise from *coguing*
 With judge M'Kean, and "*foolish Logan*,"

And recling down the factious dance,
 Dispatch the Doctor off to France,
 To tell the Frenchmen, to their cost,
 They reckon'd here without their host.

See next, brave Massachusetts' Sires,
 Whose breasts still burn with Freedom's fires,
 Whose dauntless bosoms never yield,
 Nor shun the foe, nor quit the field;
 Where Independence took her stand,
 And shot her light'ning through the land,
 Again their true-born zeal display,
 Again to Freedom lead the way.
 To save our Country from disgrace,
 Her Councils shut from Aliens base,
 Bostonia's valiant sons combine,
 And call their sister states to join.
 The fire has caught, the flames arise,
 And spread throughout the northern skies.
 And shall our southern friends forbear
 In Freedom's glorious cause to share?
 When blest with sons of brightest name,
 Alive to all its growing fame,
 Shall they stoop downward to disgrace,
 And crouch beneath a foreign race?
 Forbid it pride—Each manly soul,
 Disdains the renegade's controul,
 Columbia's sons shall bear the sway,
 In southern, as in northern day.

Behold ! along yon western plains,
 Where wild Misrule with Mischief reigns,
 Behold that dark Intriguer steer
 A devious course, through Faction's sphere !
 Not yet matur'd to Freedom's sun,
 His seven short seasons† scarcely run,
 The brogue still hobbling on his tongue,
 His brows with rank rebellion hung,
 See him with brazen forehead stand,
 Among the fathers of the land,
 With daring voice her glory mar,
 And gash her face with many a scar.
 Ye heirs of Penn's undying name,
 Where is your spirit, where your shame !
 Rouse from your base degenerate state,
 And chace this hireling from his seat.

Once more, far-stretch'd from South to North,
 The Pestilence stalks dreadful forth,
 And arm'd with subtler venom frowns,
 To thin our marts and crowded towns ;
 He walks unseen the midnight way,
 And wasteth at the noon of day.
 In vain to check his fell career,
 Apollo‡ waves his shield and spear ;

† By the Constitution of the United States, no foreigner can be elected a Representative in Congress, until he has been seven years a citizen of the United States.

‡ Apollo the God of Physic.

Where'er the *yellow* Fiend draws nigh,
 He fills with death the tainted sky,
 The city wraps in midnight gloom,
 And marks whole myriads for the tomb.
 In vain from crowded towns they haste,
 His shafts unseen their flight arrest ;
 Man flies from man, as though pursued
 In vengeance of a brother's blood,
 But finds no refuge from the grave,
 Alas ! no altar blest to save.

When erst th' Almighty's vengeful ire
 Wrapp'd Sodom's guilty domes in fire,
 Lot from the scene of horror flew,
 And safe to friendly Zoar withdrew ;
 But here no place a shelter yields,
 No Zoar the friendless exile shields.
 No rules by which the wisest live,
 No aid that Med'cine knows to give,
 When Pestilence bursts dreadful forth,
 Can save the fated sons of Earth.
 Nor bright endowments of the mind,
 With learning fraught and taste refin'd,
 Nor pitying heart for others woe,
 Can turn aside the fatal blow ;
 Else had his shafts that wing'd the sky,
 Pass'd thee, O SMITH, uninjured by—
 Thy friends' delight, thy parents' stay,
 Fond hope of their declining day ;—

§ Doctor Elihu H. Smith of New-York.

Nor had those floods of sorrow, burst,
 Lamented COOPER, || o'er thy dust ;
 Nor mourning Science wept forlorn,
 O'er learn'd SCANDELLA's ¶ timeless urn.

|| Doctor ——— Cooper of Philadelphia.

¶ Doctor I. B. Scandella of Venice, who died in New-York during the prevalence of the Yellow-fever in the Autumn of 1798. The fate of these gentlemen, all of whom possessed distinguished talents. and bade fair to become ornaments to their profession, was attended with some peculiarly interesting circumstances.— During the Yellow-fever in Philadelphia, Doctor Cooper was seized with that malady ; a friend of his kindly attended him during his illness. Unfortunately. before he had recovered, that friend was taken sick ; strongly impressed with a sense of the obligations he was under, he could not be dissuaded from attending him. A relapse was the consequence, and his life became the sacrifice of the high sense of gratitude which he entertained.

From a congeniality of taste and a similarity in their literary pursuits, Doctor Smith had recently formed an intimacy with Doctor Scandella, who had been but a short time in this country. The latter while at New-York waiting for the sailing of the packet in which he had taken his passage for Europe, learned that a lady in Philadelphia, a foreigner, to whose daughter he was tenderly attached, was sick with the fever. He instantly hastened thither to aid and alleviate the distress of the family ; but his exertions were in vain, both the mother and the daughter died. Scandella, in a state of mind much easier to be conceived than described, returned to New-York. There, a stranger, coming from a place highly infectious, and apparently indisposed himself, he found no one who would consent to receive him. In this situation he wrote, stating his embarrassment, to Doctor Smith, who, with a

Learn then COLUMBIANS, ere too late,
 If not to cure, to ward the fate ;
 For when swart skies find filth beneath,
 They breed swift messengers of death.
 Let BELGIAN neatness mantle o'er
 The marts and towns around your shore ;
 And ere the Dog Star's sultry rays
 Dawn and decline with solar blaze,
 Stretch daily in warm baths your limbs,
 Or lave you o'er in tepid streams.
 Let no late revels break your rest,
 Nor passion rankle in the breast ;
 The strictest temperance of the board,
 And glass, can potent aid afford.

warmth of feeling which did honour to his heart, immediately invited him to his house. Scarcely was he established there, when he was taken with the fever. Doctor Smith was indefatigable in his attention to aid and solace his unfortunate friend, but his anxiety for his fate, and fatigue in attending to the duties of his profession, at a time when most of the physicians had quitted the city, combining with a pestilential atmosphere, soon rendered the attention he had paid to his friend, necessary to himself; he was taken sick, and his disorder from its commencement exhibited the most malignant symptoms. A friend with whom he lived, and on whom, after his sickness, the care of Doctor Scandella devolved, did every thing that friendship and active benevolence could suggest for their relief, but to no effect. Scandella died, and Smith soon after followed him to the grave.—*See Supplementary Notes.*

From ardent spirits most refrain,
 Dire sources of disease and pain.
 Ye heirs of wealth ! to rural seats
 Retire from summer's scorching heats,
 And let the virtuous sons of want,
 Throng gladd'ning round the sylvan haunt,
 On tented plains ; and often taste
 With you the simple plain repast.

Strange as it seems, this happy land,
 Nurses a Jacobinic band,
 Who, their united force employ,
 Its richest blessings to destroy,
 And, in the place of all that's good,
 To mark our fate with guilt and blood.
 But ere that mighty change is wrought,
 Pause for a moment from the thought ;
 Across the Atlantic wing your way,
 And Gallia's wretched land survey.
 There the foul breath of every crime,
 Contaminates th' extended clime.
 There crush'd, and trodden to the ground,
 In ten-fold chains the poor are bound,
 Their pittance stripp'd by ruffian hands,
 Their offspring forc'd to distant lands,
 To sickness, and to want a prey,
 And wars more fatal far than they.
 There the rich soil neglected lies,
 No harvest meets the wandering eyes,

Commerce reclines her drooping head,
 And Industry the land has fled.
 Where Justice rears her awful seat,
 The blockhead, and the villain meet,
 While Law astonish'd quits the place,
 And blushing Virtue hides her face.
 There a whole Nation sinks deprav'd,
 Corrupted, plunder'd, and enslav'd,
 Its dignity forever floun,
 Its manners lost, its honour gone ;
 High on the ruins of a throne,
 Behold the base-born tyrants frown,
 Rapacious, cruel, proud, and vain,
 Far spreads the mischief of their reign.
 Of each inherent right bereft,
 Not Freedom's name, nor semblance left,
 The dastard people kiss the rod,
 And bow beneath the tyrant's nod.

Hence, let the searching vision bend,
 And o'er the moral scene extend.
 There Vice unshackled holds her reign,
 And binds the nation in her chain.
 At WEISHAUP'T's midnight orgies nurs'd,
 Th' *Illuminated* band accurs'd,
 Spread mischief with destructive hand,
 Through every corner of the land.
 There Discord sows the seeds of strife,
 There Murder whets the bloody knife,

Foul Incest seeks the eye of day,
 And Theft, and Robbery mark their prey.
 Forth from her sacred Temples thrust,
 Her honours prostrate in the dust,
 Religion from the Nation flies,
 And wings her passage to the skies ;
 While Blasphemy usurps her seat,
 And Atheists triumph in her fate,
 Behold! this dark mysterious band,
 In myriads spreads through every land,
 Steal slily to the posts of state,
 And wield unseen the Nation's fate !
 Where Virtue builds her still retreats,
 Where learning holds her sacred seats,
 Behold! array'd in semblance fair,
 The fell Illuminatus there !

In scenes like these, let those who dare
E'en wish this peaceful land to share,
 Change their dark purpose ere too late,
 Or else prepare to meet their fate.

Behold! array'd on Gallia's coast,
 A ragged, death-devoted host,*
 Resolv'd at all events, to land
 On Albion's sea-surrounded strand.
 Already yields her naval force,
 And nought obstructs their daring course.
 While London's tempting plunder lies
 Unfolded to their greedy eyes.

* The swaggering " Army of England."

What though no ships their harbours grace,
Great rafts will well supply their place,
 They'll "*condescend* to cross the sea,
 And *set the slaves of England free*."

"Men," says the ancient proverb sound,
 "Born to be hang'd will ne'er be drown'd"—
 This is the source from whence must flow,
 The strong inducement Frenchmen show
 To quit their home, all dangers share,
 And tempt their fate no matter where.
 Oft has this silly scheme been laid,
 And oft the mighty effort made,
 And just as oft, the boasting race
 Have met disaster and disgrace.

As every victim of despair
 Has all to hope and nought to fear,
 With Napper Tandy for their guide,
 Again they tempt the dangerous tide,
 Among the Irish Bulls, to teach
 "The rights of man," and pow'rs of speech:
 Her standard swift Rebellion rais'd,
 And o'er the bogs her fury blaz'd;
 Teague his potatoe-field forsook,
 His harp and mattock Paddy took,
 The White-boy, deep in den conceal'd,
 Rush'd fearless to the bloody field,
 Determin'd, one and all, to dare
 In Faction's cause the storm of war.

Brave Albion frowns—their courage fails,
 In crowds they flock from camps to jails;
 Law's awful mandates intervene,
 And hemp, as usual, ends the scene.

Intent to sow the seeds of strife,
 To mar each bliss of human life,
 Spread wide Corruption's putrid flood,
 And bathe the nations round in blood,
 Extinguish Freedom's last remains,
 And rivet Slavery's galling chains;
 From *France*, behold! a savage band
 Invade Helvetia's free-born land;
 Where factions, jealousies, and hate,
 Those fell destroyers of a state,
 To French intrigues had op'd the way,
 Their force to weaken and betray.
 In vain her virtuous sons contend
 Their rights to save, their soil defend,
 Fell Faction's schemes their views oppose,
 And timid Caution aids the foes.
 Through threats, and artifices vile,
 Corruption base, or secret wile,
 Th' Helvetic troops, compell'd, remain
 Inactive on the marshall'd plain.
 Meanwhile, approach the hostile force,
 No arms oppos'd to check their course,
 Nor longer deign, with friendly show,
 To mask the treach'ry of the foe.

Impell'd by courage and despair,
Berne's gallant youth rush forth to war;
 But vain their courage, to oppose
 Th' o'erwhelming myriads of their foes,
 Yet nobly brave they scorn to yield,
 And but with death resign the field.
 Illustrious STEIGNER!* o'er thy grave
 Shall Virtue's freshest laurels wave,
 And Freedom long lament thy fate,
 With many a tear of deep regret!
 Thou gallant Swiss! the praise was thine,
 In council as in arms to shine;
 Though Faction base, and wav'ring Fear,
 Thy just monitions scorn'd to hear,
 Though vain thy efforts, to inspire
 The sordid soul with patriot fire;
 Yet o'er thy country's closing day,
 When Freedom shed its parting ray,
 With soul sublime, thou scorn'dst to wait
 A witness of her mournful fate,

* At the time when these lines were written, it was the generally received opinion that this venerable patriot had fallen in an engagement between the Bernese and the French. The account of his death was afterwards contradicted, and it appeared that though badly wounded in the battle, he had escaped with life.— This respectable magistrate died in 1799, during the period that Zurich was occupied by the Austrian and Russian troops, and his remains were accompanied to the grave by the principal officers of the army, and interred with military honours.

With desp'rate courage sought the war,
 And bar'd thy bosom to the spear.
 O! had thy counsels firm and good,
 Thy vet'ran counsels been pursu'd,
 Helvetia still had freedom known,
 Nor bent beneath the despot's frown;
 Nor seen her fertile fields laid waste,
 Her hamlets burn'd, her temples raz'd,
 Her cities levell'd in the dust,
 Her fair a prey to fiend-like lust,
 In heaps, the dying and the dead,
 Hoar Age and feeble Childhood spread,
 By tempests smote, whose pale remains
 Lie whitening o'er their native plains!

O then, COLUMBIA! from her fate
 A warning draw ere yet too late;
 For, from Destruction's lurid sky,
 The *Fiend* has mark'd thee with his eye,
In hope, already shakes thy chains,
 And revels o'er thy wasted plains.
 Howe'er his varying features show,
 If smiles or frowns impress his brow,
 Still fix'd, his views remain the same,
 Nor once he deviates from his aim.
 Then, from his smiles indignant turn,
 His proffer'd love with horror spurn,
 Beneath those smiles lurks deadly hate,
 That friendship but conducts to fate.

So, cloth'd in fair and treach'rous guise,
 Morocco's image* meets the eyes—
 Her face in soft allurements drest,
 She hides the dagger in her breast,
 And, while her arms the wretch surround,
 Her poniard gives the deadly wound.

Behold the Chief, whose mighty name
 With glory fills the trump of fame !
 Before whose genius, smote with dread,
 The veteran hosts of Austria fled,
 Th' imperial Eagle droop'd forlorn,
 His plumage soil'd, his pinions torn,
 And Conquest's self, 'mid fields of blood,
 Attendant on his footsteps trode ;
 To gain new palms on Afric's coast,
 Lead o'er the deep a chosen host.
 And lo ! at first, with fav'ring ray,
 Kind fortune lights him on his way ;
 Those ramparts, Europe's ancient pride,
 Which erst the Turkish power defy'd,
 By stratagem and force compell'd,
 To him the towers of Malta yield.
 Victorious, thence to Egypt's coast
 He leads his fell marauding host ;
 In vain the Turks oppose their force,
 To stop the fierce invader's course,

* An image of a beautiful woman, said to be kept by the Emperor of Morocco, for the purpose of punishing his refractory subjects. Such persons are ordered to embrace the image, at which moment, a dagger concealed in it, pierces them to the

Nor Alexandria's time-worn tow'rs,
 Nor Cairo long resist his pow'rs ;
 By desp'rate courage fierce impell'd
 The Mam'luk squadrons tempt the field ;
 But vain the bold, undaunted band
 In close and furious contest stand ;
 Against the column's solid force,
 In vain impel their scatter'd horse,
 And wake anew, by deeds of fame,
 The ancient glories of their name—
 Foil'd, slain, dispers'd, the routed train
 In wild confusion quit the plain.

But lo ! the ever-varying queen,
 Delusive Fortune, shifts the scene :
 To crush the towering pride of France,
 Behold brave NELSON firm advance !
 Beneath his rule, in close array,
 The Britons plough the wat'ry way ;
 To fam'd Rosetta bends his course,
 Where deem'd secure from hostile force,
 The fleet superior of the foe
 A lengthen'd line of battle show.
 Lo ! from the west, the setting ray
 Slopes the long shades of parting day !
 The fight begins ;—the cannon's roar
 In doubling echoes rends the shore ;
 Wide o'er the scene blue clouds arise,
 And curl in volumes to the skies,

heart. History informs us, that one of a similar construction, was
 applied by the tyrant Nabis to the same purpose.

While momentary flashes spread
 Their fleecy folds with fiery red.
 More desp'rate still the battle glows
 As night around its horrors throws.
 Long lines of fire enkindling sweep
 A blueish splendour o'er the deep,
 Then swells the dread displosive sound,
 While deeper darkness closes round.
 Yon sable volume, roll'd on high,
 With thicker gloom obscures the sky ;
 And lo ! emerging from its womb,
 What sudden flames the shade illumine !
 Evolving slow the clouds retire,
 Red glows the wide-extended fire,
 And rears sublime a column white,
 High as the eagle wings his flight,
 'Till veil'd 'mid clouds of pitchy hue,
 It shrinks diminish'd from the view ;
 Wide o'er the seas the splendours play,
 In radiance like the blaze of day ;
 With reflex beams the waves are bright,
 Bichierrian heights emerge in light,
 While o'er the distant hills and dales,
 Night's deepest gloom the landscape veils.
 At length, disparting, from the waves
 The giant ship concussive heaves ;
 Still wider spreads the glare of light,
 With momentary splendour bright,

Far heard, the wild, tremendous sound
 In dire explosion roars around—
 The lifted surges wide expand,
 And dash with reflux waves the strand ;
 The Nile receding seeks its head,
 And pale Rosetta shakes with dread—
 Huge burning beams are hurl'd on high,
 And masts and yards obscure the sky—
 Burnt, mangled, torn, and dy'd in blood,
 The Gallic sailors strew the flood,
 While the rent hulk, with groaning sound,
 Sinks plunging, whirl'd in eddies round.
 'Tis silence all:—the cannon's roar
 In deaf'ning thunder rings no more ;
 No light is seen to mark the gloom,
 Still as the stillness of the tomb.
 Such the dire gloom, in days of yore,
 That darken'd Egypt's fated shore,
 When Plagues pursued the Prophet's word,
 And terror pal'd her haughty lord.
 Not long the pause ; for lo! once more
 Resounds the loud terrific roar,
 Flash answering flash, alternate plays,
 And lightens ocean with its rays.
 But when the Morning's golden eye
 Beheld the dusky shadows fly,
 Wild Havoc frowning o'er the flood,
 His giant form exulting show'd ;

The Gallic navy foil'd and torn,
 With pale discomfiture forlorn,
 Wide scatter'd o'er Rosetta's bay,
 In prostrate ruin helpless lay ;
 Two shatter'd fly ; the rest remain
 To wear the valiant victor's chain ;
 While o'er the wreck-obstructed tide
 The British ships in triumph ride.
 All-anxious, from Abucar's height,
 The Gallic leaders view the fight,
 And desp'rate see their fleet compell'd
 To force inferior far to yield.
 So when, by night, o'er Memphis trod
 Th' avenging minister of God,
 At morn pale Egypt view'd with dread,
 Her first-born number'd with the dead.

Ambitious Chief ! in dust laid low,
 Behold the honours of thy brow,
 The laurels cull'd on Egypt's shore
 Shall wither ere the day be o'er ;
 Thy armies thinn'd, reduc'd thy force,
 Fell Ruin waits thy onward course,
 While of thy country's aid bereft,
 No safety but in flight is left,
 And victory's self but seals thy doom,*
 And brings thee nearer to the tomb.

* It will not, we imagine, be deemed requisite to apologize for the retention of the above lines ; since the events of the French

I see destruction wing her way,
 I see the eagles mark their prey,
 Where pent in Cairo's putrid wall,
 In heaps thy dying soldiers fall ;
 Or, mid the desert's burning waste,
 Smote by the Samiel's fiery blast ;
 Or press'd by fierce Arabian bands,
 With thirst they perish on the sands.
 While Bonaparte's dreaded name
 Shall shine a beacon's warning flame,
 To point to times of future date
 Unprincipled ambition's fate.

Revolution, and particularly the fortunes of this most extraordinary man, have been such as to set conjecture at defiance, and baffle all human foresight. That the prediction has in part been fulfilled cannot, however, be denied ; witness the repulse and slaughter at Acre, the toilsome and distressful march across the desert, which proved fatal to such numbers of the army, and lastly, the abandonment of that army by the flight of their commander, who, by this means alone, most probably, escaped death or capture. At any rate, if our prediction has not held true in its fullest sense, we have at least the satisfaction of having failed in respectable company. The author of the Pursuits of Literature has fallen into a similar mistake in the following line :

" And Pompey points to Buonaparte's tomb."

These instances among many others, may be adduced to prove, that like their predecessors of ancient days, the bards of modern time possess the spirit of vaticination, with only this *slight* difference, that, whereas, the former foretold what was to happen, the prophecies of the latter are seldom or never accomplished.

What fruits shall on this victory grow,
 All climes shall see, all ages know ;
 Earth's eastern realms that long have view'd
 Descending suns go down in blood,
 Now with the western world shall frame
 Loud Pæans, Nelson, to thy name.

Shield, still Britannia, shield from harm
 The Nations with thy naval arm ;
 And blighted Europe soon shall see
 Her freedom guaranteed by thee.

HARTFORD, JANUARY 28.

*Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Philadelphia, to his friend
 in this City.*

“ On Thursday when Mr. Griswold's bill was the subject of debate, the evil genius of Mr. Nicholas prompted him to quote “ THE POLITICAL GREEN-HOUSE.” He read part of it as an authority to prove, that Connecticut wished to produce a war, and not a peace, with France. Is it uncharitable to suppose, that he thought it a favourable opportunity for aiming a *severe* stroke at Connecticut? Unfortunately, however, for the Virginian wight, he mistook the sense of the poet, and stumbled on a mischievous place. He cited, as descriptive of the disposition of Connecticut, part of the passage which depicts the scene in Congress, on reading the “ Dispatches,” commencing with

“ Long had our Ministers of peace,

“ The insults borne of Gallia's race.”—

and read with much solemnity, until he had brought the Jacobins to *set on chesnut burrs*. The house and galleries tittered while he was reading, and at last broke out into pretty loud laughter, which continued until the Speaker had called *to order* several times.

Dana at length rose, and after speaking generally on the bill, closed his speech with a vindication of the members of Congress, and the people of Connecticut, and read again the passage which had been read by Nicholas, and the lines following, ending with

“ Could raise in heaven a revolution”—

and appealed to the house for the accuracy of the description.— As most of the members were present, when the dispatches were first read in the hall, there appeared a very general suffrage in favour of the Poet, and to the great confusion of the *good citizen*, a general laugh at his expense. Here follows the passage, which was *so aptly* quoted by citizen Nicholas :

“ Long had our Ministers of peace,
The insults borne of Gallia's race ;
At length the Envoys deign to tell us,
They had to deal with scurvy fellows—
With Autun, and the Five-head Beast,
And half the Alphabet at least.
The budget op'd in Congress, shew'd
The whole contrivance of the brood,
And that their heads were bent on brewing,
Subjection, infamy, and ruin.
While joy each Fed'ral feature crown'd,
And triumph glow'd the Hall around,
Each Jacobin began to stir,
And sate, as though on chesnut burr.”

The remainder was added by Mr. Dana.

“ Up the long space from chin to forehead,
Sate every feature of the horrid ;
Their moon-ey'd leaders stood like beacons,
Or as a drove of Satan's Deacons,
When from the burning lake in ire,
They sate their feet on solid fire,
To find if war, or sly pollution,
Could raise in heaven a revolution.”

Complimentary Address to the Hon. John Nicholas.

The following verses were written in consequence of Mr. Nicholas's having read a passage from the Green-House in proof of his assertions, that the state of Connecticut were desirous of a war with France.

HAIL worthy wight, Virginia's wond'rous son!
 For *candour* fam'd, for *calm* discussion known—
 Fain would the muse thy worth to sing essay,
 Fain in thy praise would tune the various lay;
 Would tell to distant lands thy deeds sublime,
 And register thy name to latest time :
 But, as the copious subject meets her eyes,
 She sees new Andes upon Andes rise—
 Yet, though despairing in her humble lays
 To reach the towering summit of thy praise,
 Still, by the call of gratitude impell'd,
 She tempts with timid step the dangerous field.

Hard is the task thy virtues to rehearse,
 And harder still to crowd them into verse ;
 But, lest confounded by the numerous throng,
 Let white rob'd Candour lead th' approving song—
 In candour's paths thy feet by instinct run,
 Alas ! for candour, who can equal John ?

Not Randolph when the “ *thousand dollars*” shone ;
 Not Johnny Langdon when his speech was done ;*
 Not Thompson Mason, when, with visage pale,
 He rescu’d Callender from Leesburg jail ;
 Not *** the spouter as, with graceful grin,
 He rais’d his hand extatic to his chin,
 To tell his transports, when, through *second sight*,
 His father burnt his barn for candle light
 To read the treaty, which by Franklin’s aid,
 A *twelvemonth after*,† with the French was made ;
 Not Gallatin, when march’d the patriot band,
 And crush’d Rebellion’s host in whiskey land ;
 In Freedom’s toils, from party spirit free,
 E’er dealt in candour, citizen, like thee.

But chief thy modesty demands our lays—
 Thy modesty, beyond compeer, or praise—

* This able statesman is said to have spoken once in the Senate for *five minutes*.

† A year or two since this patriotic Orator broke out into a violent rhapsody upon the pleasure which glistened in all eyes, on the reading of the Treaty made between the United States and France, in the late war ; which Treaty, he observed, was read by the light of the flames which consumed his father’s dwelling. It is, no doubt, true that the old gentleman’s house was burned ; but unless we are misinformed, it was a year or eighteen months previously to the signing of the Treaty. It is probable that Mr. L—— had adopted the sentiments of his friend Swanwick, in the famous debate upon wigs, that, *an Orator ought not to be confined too closely to truth*.

Which spreads its maiden blushes o'er thy face,
 And decks each gesture with a nameless grace,
 As, with a downcast eye and reddening cheek,
 We see thee rise, with diffidence, to speak.
 Oft, when the interests of our wavering state
 Have swell'd tumultuous into warm debate ;
 When every forward youth has rais'd his voice,
 And fill'd our Congress Hall with senseless noise ;
 When doubtless one sweet-ton'd persuasive speech
 Had put the question out of danger's reach,
 Our anxious eyes have seen, with wondering stare,
 The shame-fac'd spirit nail thee to thy chair.
 Yet, true it is, too oft this lamb-like guest,
 This charming inmate of the feeling breast,
 Impels the brave, the noble, and the wise,
 To shun the eager glance of wondering eyes.
 Too oft, by her induc'd, is genius led
 Midst solitude's deep shades to hide his head :
 And this, with real pain, great John ! we see
 Unfortunately verified in thee :
 For 'tis with deep regret, with grief we find
 That thou a re-election hast declin'd.
 In this, how much alike thy colleague, Giles,
 The late companion of thy patriot toils,
 In whom sweet Diffidence beheld, with pride,
 Herself in human form personified—
 He too, so bashful, like thyself, withdrew
 (In this most modest) from the public view.

Ah ! why does blushing Modesty desire
 From scenes of public notice to retire ?
 Why will she e'er compel the good and great
 Thus to relinquish privilege and state ?
 Ah ! yet, if not too late, thy plan forego ;
 Ah ! do not leave thy friends to bitterest woe—
 Think, too, what evils must the step pursue,
 O ! what will E.....e without thee do !
 How will that tender plant, 'mid tempests stand
 All unsupported by thy fostering hand !—
 Ah ! quit him not on danger's giddy brink,
 Oppress'd with diffidence he sure must sink ;
 No Giles, alas ! his untaught steps to stay,
 No Nicholas to guide him on his way—
 That hopeful plant, beneath too hot a sun,
 Will hang its head and wither e'er 'tis noon.

Oh ! if thy skill in reading can compare
 With that enlightened taste, that judgment rare,
 Which taught thy fine discriminative eye
 To choose so well, so happily apply,
 When strange astonishment each face o'erspread,
 As with selection nice the verse you read—
 What joy, what transport must have glow'd around
 In all who heard the soul-attractive sound !
 Methinks midst Congress-Hall I see thee stand,
 The Green-House blooming in thy genial hand,
 Thy form displaying dignity and grace,
 The smile of pleasure lighting up thy face.

Round whose red sides no waving tresses flow,
 Since Time, with razor keen, has shorn thy brow—
 Propitious Time ! resolv'd a face like thine,
 Without obstruction in full glow should shine,
 Nor have by locks obscur'd, or ringlets crost,
 'The sweet expression of one feature lost :
 While thy Stentorian voice, with silver sound,
 In tuneful echoes makes the Hall rebound ;
 With pleas'd surprise, to hear such accents sweet,
 The Muses listen from their sacred seat,
 Pan drops his lute, Apollo quits his lyre,
 All stop to hear, to wonder, and admire ;
 While she, whose voice of music thrills the soul,
 As still at morn she cries the smoking roll,
 In vain to reach thy tones mellifluous tries,
 And o'er her basket droops with downcast eyes ;
 And e'en the *Sweep*, of far superior skill,
 Feels jealousy his sable bosom thrill,
 Sick of his trade, he quits the sooty throng,
 Resigns his blanket, and gives up his song.
 Thou patron kind, through whose auspicious care,
 The GREEN-HOUSE shines renew'd, in charms more
 fair—

O ! still extend thy kind protecting hand,
 Still let its blooms beneath thy smile expand,
 Again in *Congress* read it, read once more,
 And only quote as aptly as before.

So shall th' admiring Muse consign thy name
 As first of *Quoters* to eternal fame.
 Vain, vain would be th' attempt, in prose or verse,
 At large thy various merits to rehearse ;
 How strong thy patriot feelings and how great
 Of Gallic principles thy virtuous hate,
 Of French exactions how thou loath'st to hear,
 And scarce to TRIBUTE lend'st a patient ear.—
 All these, and more, perchance, some future time,
 The Muse shall consecrate in deathless rhyme ;
 'Till then accept this humble mite of praise,
 Which grateful feeling to thy merit pays.

NEW-YEARS' VERSES,

FOR THE PRESENT CENTURY.

THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY,

A POEM.

TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY.

PRECISELY twelve o'clock, last night,
 The Eighteenth Century took its flight.
 Full many a calculating head,
 Has rack'd its brains, its ink has shed,
 To prove by metaphysics fine,
A hundred means but *ninety-nine* ;
 While at their wisdom others wonder'd,
 But took *one more* to make a hundred.
 Thus, by an unexampled riddle,
 The world's divided in the middle—
 The Century, waking from its bed,
 Finds half mankind a year a-head,
 Whilst t'other half, with lingering pace,
 Have scarcely started in the race.
 Strange ! at "*the Eighteenth Century's close*,
 When light in beams effulgent glows,"
 When bright "*Illumination's*" ray,
 Has chac'd the Darkness far away,
 Heads fill'd with mathematic lore,
 Dispute if *two and two make four*.
 Go on, ye scientific sages,
 Collect your light a few more ages,
 Perhaps as swells the vast amount,
 A century hence you'll *learn to count* ;

Whilst we, more usefully employ'd,
 Will traverse back the mighty void,
 With keen researching eye, discern
 Some lessons for the world to learn.
 Nor will we venture far to stray,
 Lest *in the dark* we lose our way ;
 A single year, perchance, or so,
 Is all the length we mean to go—
 A *bastard year*, which none will own,
 A *pauper* thrown upon the town,
 A *year*, that no where does belong,
 Shall be the subject of our song.

Last New-Year found our land in tears
 Absorb'd in grief, and fill'd with fears ;
 Our nation's strength, and pride, and stay,
 Her hope, her day-star fled away.
 Faction, with raptur'd eye, beheld
 Her foe forever quit the field ;
 And doom'd no more in dens to lurk,
 Began afresh her deadly work—
 And lo ! her angry meteor shines,
 The billows roll, the storm begins ;
 From state to state the Demon strides,
 And howling on the whirlwind rides.
 Each Democrat, with hand and heart,
 Equips himself to play his part ;
 Resolv'd, JOHN ADAMS should go home,
 When e'er "*the Ides of March*" should come ;

That humble, in his native state, he
 Might *otium* mix with *dignitate* ;
 Whilst, all our losses to repair,
 Mazzei's " SAMPSON " * takes his chair,
 Whose mighty Ass's jaw shall slay,
 Each Philistine that clogs his way,
 'Till at the last, as fortune veers,
 He pulls an *old house* round his ears.
 The Democrats *all* means prepare,
 From telling lies, to aping prayer ;¹
 (For Democrats can pray for evil,
 Their gods are Frenchmen and the Devil)
 While to the Union's utmost bounds
 The Jacobinic Tocsin sounds.
 Thieves, traitors, Irish renegadoes,
 Scape-gallowses, and desperadoes,
 All sorts of rogues stripp'd off the mask,
 And enter'd on the glorious task,
 Prepar'd to flounce with highest glee,
 In JEFFERSON'S " *tempestuous sea*."
 Each in prophetic view beheld
 The *Washingtonian* charm dispell'd ;
 No longer by enchantment bound,
 No longer sunk in awe profound,
 The horde from deepest silence broke,
 And thus in wildest transports spoke—

* See Jefferson's letter to Mazzei.

—“ The *Fed’ralists* are down at last,
 The *Monarchists* completely cast,
 The *Aristocrats* are stripp’d of pow’r,
 Storms o’er the *British faction* low’r.
 Soon *we Republicans* shall see,
 Columbia’s slaves from bondage free.
 Lord ! how the Fed’ralists will stare
 At JEFFERSON in ADAMS’ chair !
 What glorious times ! when great men wait,
 And *little ones* direct the state ;
 When *Tom*, and *Dick*, and *Harry*, rise
 Two feet above their common size ;
 When Reason quits the reins to Passion,
 And Revolutions are the fashion ;
 When Rulers must in turn obey,
 That ‘ *Every Dog may have his day* ;’
 And we, whom now the laws expose
 To pillories, or the halter’s noose,
 May then the seats of honour grace,
 And hang our Rulers in our place !”

The LEADERS soon complete their plan ;
 His task’s assign’d to every man—
 The orders given—Lo, far and wide,
 The Democratic couriers ride !
 In every state the mischief works,
 In every town some villain lurks ;
 And if too weak to guide the trade,
 His lies are furnish’d ready made.

'Twould stretch the limits of our song
To notice all the virtuous throng,
Thousands must pass—the noblest game
The honours of our annals claim.

Resolv'd her sister states to lead,
And, first or last, to be their head,
“The ANCIENT STATE” begins—and lo!
Plac'd at her helm one *J. Monroe*!—
Alas! the powers of language fail,
For such a head to name the tail!
Behold! in Tom's “tempestuous ocean,”
“The old dominion's” wayward motion!
Things follow there “the Rights of Man,”
(That is the topsy-turvy plan)
The people hold the sovereign sway,
Rulers are chosen to obey;
Their President and Congress folks,
Are only *Tom*, and *John-a-nokes*,
Their servants, by themselves appointed,
To shew *they're not the Lord's Anointed*.
Doctrines profound—display'd much better
In Randolph's “*Raggamuffin*” letter.†

† That Rulers are “*servants* of the people,” is one of the favourite doctrines of modern times. That many rulers are fitter for *servants*, than they are for masters, in every thing unless it may be *honesty*, will be granted. And hence we may learn the true source of much mischief in the world—It is putting those into power, who ought to be in *servitude*. “Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil,” says the proverb.

Charm'd with a democratic sway,
 Knaves flock amain the southern way,
 United Irishmen, and thieves,
 Virginia's open arms receives.
 In such a virtuous congregation,
 Some fruits must ripen for the nation—
 And lo ! in meretricious dress,
 Forth comes a strumpet call'd "THE PRESS"*—
 Whose haggard, unrequested charms,
 Rush into every blackguard's arms.
 Ye weak, deluded minds, beware !
 Nought but the outside here is fair !
 Then spurn the offers of her sway,
 And kick the loathsome hag away,
 Let Callender in jail remain,
 Ripe for the halter, and the chain ;
 His horizon contracts apace ;
 His "PROSPECT'S"† circumscrib'd by CHASE—

* "THE PRESS."—A newspaper established the last year in VIRGINIA, for the avowed purpose of forwarding Mr. *Jefferson's* election. The *paper* was to be disposed of *dog-cheap* ; and to those who would not buy it, and would read it, it was to be sent gratis. In many instances, it was sent to the wrong people. Whether it be yet alive, we do not know.

† "THE PROSPECT BEFORE US."—A book published by this vile Scotchman, who, let it be remembered, was convicted by a Virginia jury ! It is said that the Insurrection planned by the negroes at Richmond this fall, was occasioned by the hand-bills

Ne'er may it lengthen to his sight,
 'Till perch'd upon the ladder's height,
 While round, as far as eye can reach,
 The crowd admire his *dying speech*.

Proceed great state—thy arts renew,
 With double zeal thy course pursue,
 Call on thy sister states t' obey,
 And boldly grasp at sovereign sway—
 Then pause—remember ere too late,
 The tale of St. Domingo's fate,
 Though *Gabriel* dies, a host remain
 Oppress'd with slavery's galling chain,
 And soon or late the hour will come,
 Mark'd with Virginia's dreadful doom.

In Pennsylvania where M'KEAN
 Extends his mild and gentle reign,
 Where birds, of every name and feather,
 Flock, and at times *get drunk* together,
 TENCH COXE, from his interior draws
 His weekly *Tape-worm* in the cause—*

which this culprit uttered from his prison. His apology in the newspapers, was, that he published his hand-bills to forward Mr. Jefferson's election. This may be called launching on *the Black Sea of Liberty*.

* A dull long-winded series of political publications written by this turn-coat.

Just finishing the factious round,
 TENCH finds his vessel fast aground,
 A parted cable, shiver'd mast,
 Foul bottom, and a squally blast.
 Despair not TENCH—thy brother FRIES,
 Beneath the gallows heav'd his sighs,
Jack-Ketch stood ready with his cord,
 And only waited for the word;
 When lo ! by force of magic spell,
 Tattoos succeed the funeral knell ;
 In place of robes of sable hue,
 Gay regimentals rise to view,
 Instead of hangman's knot, appear
 Bright Epaulettes beneath each ear,
 And fairly slipping from the noose,
 A *Colonel* from *the halter* goes.
 Thou too, O *Tench* ! as times come round,
 Beneath the gallows *may'st* be found ;
 And should *M'Kean* then hold his place,
 Wilt doubtless meet with equal grace,
 And rise from Fate's successive knocks,
The famous, half-hang'd Colonel COXE.

Nor *Coxe* alone this state can boast—
 DALLAS commands a numerous host.
 As things their various courses push,
 Slight help is gain'd from Doctor Rush ;

PRIESTLEY† with pious fervour labours,
 Among his *dear Northumbrian neighbours* ;
 JUDGE BRACKENRIDGE,‡ great sire of laws !
 Turns *Jew* to aid the Christian cause.
 But chief DUANE amid the throng,
 Demands the notice of our song.
 When ROBIN-HOOD's illustrious name,
 When LITTLE-JOHN of equal fame,
 GEORGE BARRINGTON, and CAPT. KYD,
 In black oblivion's shade are hid,
 DUANE, more fam'd than all the gang,
 Like tavern-sign on high shall hang.

Now further eastward let us run,
 (Coiling our rope *against the sun*)
 To where New-York, with pride, displays
 Her turrets to the noon-tide blaze—
 Here, when all other measures fail,
 To turn the newly balanc'd scale,

† See *Priestley's* factious letters to the people of Northumberland County, (Penn.) in which he takes special care to address his readers by the endearing title of " My friends and neighbours."

‡ *Brackenridge* is one of M'Kean's Judges. He has lately set up a printing press at Pittsburgh, for the purpose of moulding the people of that state to the manners and morals of their Governor. Brackenridge's partner in the printing office, is one Israel, a Jew, to whose religion the Judge is said to be strongly disposed to become a proselyte, in hopes to have a double chance for safety, viz. both as Jew, and Gentile.

MANHATTAN'S BANK* pours in its stream,
 The Fed'ral party kick the beam—
 A Bank contriv'd on system new,
 A various purpose to pursue—
 A Bank, upon occasion's spur,
 'To discount notes for Colonel Burr—
 A *Bank of Water*, to supply
 The citizens when running dry—
 Pipes *under ground* the streams convey,
Supplies are copious, *conduits* play,
 "Line upon line" the people share,
 "A little here, a little there."
New-York, well water'd, brings forth fruit,
 Decay'd *old Trees* revive and shoot,
 Dire *Storms* ensue, so fame relates,
 Old *Broomes* sweep clean, and creak old *Gates*†
 What marvel, if with helps like these,
 The Livingstons should raise a breeze,
 If BURR should multiply his tools,
 Aided by dotards, knaves and fools,
 Or, if there now and then appears
 A poor *Elector stripp'd of ears*.‡

* The change in the politics of the state of New-York, is universally ascribed to the skilful operation and effect of the "*surplus capital*" of the Manhattan Bank.

† See the names of the members of the House of Representatives, in the Legislature of New-York, chosen by the city, last spring.

‡ One of the Electors for the state of New-York was some years ago convicted of forgery in Rhode-Island.

But let our wandering eye-sight roam,
 O'er scenes a little nearer home ;
 For though we claim a right to stray,
 Where'er the spirit points our way,
 Yet, surely, 'tis no more than fair,
 Our charity should finish there.
 But, who is able to relate
 The storms that shook this *stubborn state*,
 The projects vast, the deep intrigues,
 The printed hand-bills, solemn leagues ;
 KIRPLUCK and *Squab* worn out *with trying*,
 OLD LARRABE laid up *a drying*,
 " POTBELLY" too, so pure and mild,
 And eke " DELUSION's spurious child,
 Sedition's last and feeblest hope,
 All over mark'd—" *Keep this side up.*"*
 Though all the list cannot be brought in,
 Yet Sandy† must not be forgotten—
 Sandy, the delicate and chaste,
 With modesty so amply grac'd—
 No wonder that Sedition draws
 Such creatures to support her cause :
 Nor need we be surpris'd to find
 " The DISHITE"‡ to her side inclin'd—

* See a celebrated oration on Political Delusion, by ABRAHAM BISHOP, and " THREE LETTERS addressed to him."

† A river in Virginia.

‡ Dishite—a word evidently of oriental origin, signifying, from, or belonging to the land of Dishes ; in like manner as the in-

A forward, vain, and frothy youth,
 Too fond *of talk* to stick to truth—
 The cause his powers exactly suits,
 A second ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ,*

These *patriots* had their nightly meetings,
 Chose sub-committees, “held their sittings,”
 Rang’d round the state, “attended courts,”
 Gave orders, and “receiv’d reports;”†
 All on one generous purpose bent,
 All fill’d with patriot intent—

habitants of that portion of Canaan, a country emphatically called the “Land flowing with milk and honey,” which was most abundant in the latter article, were very appropriately designated by the appellation of *Hiveites*. The present term furnishes an instance of no less felicity, as Suffield, the birth-place of this distinguished character, has ever been celebrated for its great traffic in wooden dishes; respecting which, many humourous stories are related, strongly evincive of the genius and adroitness of its inhabitants in this species of traffic.

* *Anarcharsis Clotz* was a Prussian, who, upon the breaking out of the Revolution, went into France, and became a member of the National Convention. He used to call himself—“*The Orator of the Human race.*”

† See an anonymous letter printed in one of the New-London papers, last September. Mr. Clotz assumed the letter to himself, declared it a forgery, promised to search out its origin, and engaged that the public should *know the result*. As the public has heard no more about it, probably he dropped his plan, or else found it to be genuine.

This peaceful state with storms to shake,
 Our strength to wither, union break,
 “ *The strait-hair’d folks* from office hurl,
 Destruction’s purple flag unfurl,
 Raise knaves and blockheads into place,
 And brand our name with foul disgrace.

CONNECTICUT!—thou wond’rous STATE !
 Forever firm, forever GREAT !
 Oft faction here her tools employs,
 And oft we hear a mighty noise,
 That government is full of evil,
 The nation running to the devil—
 The blindest eyes begin to wink,
 The thickest skulls begin to think.
 The *little ones* are growing big,
 “ The tail has got on t’other pig ”—
 But when the hour of trial’s o’er,
 These short liv’d tempests cease to roar,
 Sedition’s vermin sneak from day,
 And all goes on *the good old way*—
 Still the *old Council* keep their seats,
 Still wisdom there with honour meets,
 Still *Granger* keeps his humble station,
 Just at the tail of nomination,
 Prepar’d as seasons come about,
 Once more to slip and tumble out.

Here, mid the vast, and wild uproar,
 Which rends the earth’s remotest shore,

This small, this blest, secluded STATE,
 Still meets unmov'd the blasts of fate—
 Here Justice still extends her sway,
 Here Virtue sheds her blissful ray,
 Churches our villages adorn,
 And Infidels are laugh'd to scorn.
 ALMIGHTY GOD, still let us lie,
 Safe as the apple of thine EYE,
 Still, still protect our happy land,
 Within the hollow of thine HAND !

But hark ! what noises rend the air !
 What acclamations make us stare !
 News from the regions of the south,
 Wide opes each democratic mouth ;
 For Faction's reign prepare the way,
 The democrats have gain'd the day !
 South-Carolina's votes are come !
 “ Sound the trumpet, beat the drum !
 Let every voice with triumph sing—
 JEFFERSON is chosen king !
 Ring every bell in every steeple,
 T' announce the “ Monarch of the People ! ”
 Stop—ere your civic feasts begin,
 Wait 'till the votes are all come in ;
 Perchance, amid this mighty stir,
 Your Monarch may be— Col. BURR !
 Who, if he mounts the sovereign seat,
 Like BONAPARTE will *make you sweat*.

Your Idol then must quaking dwell,
'Mid *Mammoth's* bones at *Monticelle*,
His country's barque from anchors free,
On "*Liberty's tempestuous sea* ;"
While all the Democrats will sing—
THE DEVIL TAKE THE PEOPLE'S KING."

SYMPTOMS OF THE MILLENNIUM,
IN THE YEAR 1801.

Symptoms of the Millennium, in 1801.

HARTFORD, JANUARY 7, 1802.

OFT has the period been foretold,
 By Prophets, and by Seers of old,
 When men, and beasts should all be blest
 With long, and universal rest—
 When fists no more 'gainst fists should rise,
 No bloody nose, nor blacken'd eyes,
 When gaols should into taverns turn,
 The gallows be cut up to burn,
 “*Oppress'd humanity*” no more,
 Should wander to *Botania's** shore—
 But birds of every note, and feather,
 And snakes, and toads should flock together,
 And bears, and wolves should learn to browse,
 And go to pasture with our cows—
 Then every child well brac'd with health,
 Well fed, well cloth'd, and fill'd with wealth,
 No sorrows in his bosom rankling,
 Shall die *as old as Doctor Franklin* ;†

* Vulgarly called Botany-Bay. Probably President Jefferson forgot this asylum for “*oppressed humanity*,” when he so pathetically sung (by proxy) his requiem over our Naturalization Law.

† “The ornament of human nature,” three or four years older than DEACON BISHOP. See Mr. J—n's reply to the remonstrance of the Merchants of New-Haven, on the appointment of DEACON BISHOP as collector.

And Satan, source of all our evils,
 "CHIEF CONSUL" of the other Devils,
 Shall, for his sins, and tricks, and strife,
To the State Prison be sent for life.

That this blest morn approacheth nigh,
 Behold the beams in yonder sky !
 The cock has crow'd ; from spray to spray,
 The songsters greet the God of Day ;
 The day-spring fires the east with red,
 And smiles on every mountain's head.
 But who the symptoms can relate,
 Which verify *the book of fate* ?
 Whose eagle-eye 'mid guilt, and crimes,
 Can mark the *Signs of coming Times* ?
 Not heedless all—through toil and pains,
 A little remnant yet remains—
 A DAVID AUSTIN still is found,
 Shouting with wild, ecstatic sound,
 That *Babel's haggard, painted Whore*,
 Shall dance "*the Dragon's-Tail*" no more ;
 That "*True and Faithful*" from the Cross,
 Rides *General Washington's old horse* ;
 That soon, *the Gentiles*, and *the Jews*,
 In his new Church will purchase pews,
 Th *Four-and-twenty Elders* come,
 Bright from their everlasting home,

Adorn'd with pearls, and golden crowns,
 To dress themselves in *Hum-hum* gowns,*
 A PARSON LELAND,† too, at ease,
 High mounted on a “*Mammoth-Cheese*,”
 From curds, and skippers lifts his sight,
 Like Moses on mount Pisgah's height,
 Through whey and rennet darts his eye,
 And sees new-milk beyond the sky,
 With exultation swings his hat,
 As flows the nectar to his vat,
 And while the mighty mass is pressing,
 Drops on his knee, and asks a blessing.

* See some of the works of this rational Divine, in which he proves, *clearly*, that the white horse which General Washington used to ride, the white horse which the Marquis La Fayette rode, and the white horse which Bonaparte rides, are the horses which were prefigured by that in the Apocalypse, on which was seated HIM whose name was FAITHFUL and TRUE. In the same book is particularly described the dance of the Whore of Babylon. It is storied of this extraordinary man, that having discovered that the Millennium would begin at New-Haven, and knowing that the Jews were fond of trading, he built a long row of stores for them and the Gentiles; and that he procured four-and-twenty long white hum-hum garments to be made for the four-and-twenty Elders.

† The elegant author of a “*Blow at the Root*,” and a “*Stroke at the Branch*,” of all order and government; and also the Guardian Genius of Curds and Whey, at Cheshire, Massachusetts.

I too, perchance, before we part,
 May act with skill the prophet's art,
 Point out events which clearly show,
 The world is getting rid of woe,
 And when a few more years have run,
 Mankind will tread knee-deep in fun.
 Nor shall our proofs be drawn from far,
 From former years, "*before the war*,"
 Lest Infidels, from mere vexation,
 Should plead the act of limitation.

Scarce had the world with tearful eye,
 Bade the OLD CENTURY "good bye,"
 When lo! there rose a mighty stir,
 'Twixt JEFFERSON and COL. BURR.
 A direful contest then ensued,
 Which *some* suppos'd would end in blood.
 At length a *Lyon** grim and bold
 For desperate warfare fam'd of old,
 Declar'd himself Behemoth's friend,
 And brought the combat to an end,
 Bade dire hostility to cease,
 And hush'd "*Republicans*" to peace—
 Then join'd the Presidential flocks,
 And ate the herbage like an ox ;

* It must be a very gratifying reflection to the native inhabitants of the United States, that the important point—*who should be their President*—was settled by the power of *Matthew Lyon*.

And still around the pasture strays,
Among his master's beasts to graze.

Quick from the midst of strife and storm,
Starts up the Presidential form,
Like Daniel from the Lion's Den,
Unhurt stalks forth "*the first of Men*,"
With cautious step, and measur'd stride,
(Perambulator* at his side)
Unblush'd his cheek, no fear nor quaking,
Though *humbled at the undertaking*,
And climbs with bold unhallow'd feet,
GREAT WASHINGTON's exalted seat—

* * * * *

But stop this course, this strain forbear,
There's no Millennial symptom here—

* * * * *

But hark ! what soft and dulcet note,
Pours from his philanthropic throat ?
" Behold I come, prepar'd to heal
All bruises in the Commonweal,

* It is said that a certain great man has invented a piece of machinery called a *Perambulator*, which, when hung to his thigh, will tell him—*how many steps he has taken* in any of his perambulations.—What a useful thing this must be. Certainly such a genius must make a good President. This discovery, at least as far as appearances go, is equivalent to contriving for mankind a *third leg* ; which is equal to a *fifth wheel to a coach*.

Sweet Harmony again restore,
 Blest Intercourse shall bleed no more.
 We're brothers of the self-same breed,
 A Demo-*Janglo*-Federal seed.
 Soon shall this land from sorrow rest,
 "And all the sons of want be blest."
Vox populi through ether rings
 And brings to pass surprising things ;
 An *Irish-howl* our land pervades,
 And overpow'rs our statesmen's heads,
 Bursts through the doors of Honour's shop,
 Steals all her cash, and locks it up.
 Soon "*Labour's mouth*" its jaws shall ope,
 And feed on Metaphor and Trope,
 Soon a *cheap government* shall see
 An end, to our felicity."

Scarce do the honied accents cease,
 Ere the whole land is drown'd in peace,
 Conciliation fiercely burns,
 And Harmony in droves returns,
 Concord like yellow-fever rages,
 And sweeps all sizes, ranks and ages.
 Goodrich and Chester lead the bands,
 And at their heels go Fish, and Sands.
 While to do honour to the nation,
 Gelston and Osgood take their station ;
 To pay for Abra'm Bishop's speaking,
 An office lights upon the *Deacon*,

Though plough'd with wrinkles, stamp'd with age,
 And tott'ring off life's rugged stage,
 Like fabled fool he bends his back,
 And takes a Jack-Ass for his pack.

Now reigns the philanthropic spirit,
 And men are guag'd alone by merit ;
 Regardless where they found their birth,
 Here, or some foreign spot of earth.
 For what art kingdoms, states, or nations ?
 Does Geography confine our stations ?
 And are not men, where'er they're found,
 'The tenants of great Nature's ground,
 All brothers of the human race,
 Uninfluenc'd by time, or space ?
 These arguments resistless prove,
 That no man should his country love
 Exclusively—the world is common,
 The property of *Man* and *Woman*.
 And hence we find that our affairs,
 Our laws, our interests, and our cares,
 Our Constitution—all, are whole
 Beneath a foreigner's controul—
 That renegades a numerous bevy,
 From England, Ireland, and Geneva,
 A pure disinterested race,
 From motives kind of love, and grace,
 To govern us will condescend,
 And lead us to a prosperous end.

If the MILLENNIUM were not near,
 Would *Duane** bask and batten here ?
 Would *Dallas*, insect of an hour,
 Roll round in splendour, wealth and power ?
 Would *Jackson's*† “ seeds” so early sown,
 Have to *such* pods of “ greatness” grown ?
 Or *Gallatin* have found a seat,
 Just *where* our cash, and credit meet ?

Lo ! now an era new begins,
 Each star with new-born lustre, shines—
 Old *Clinton* from his dotard den,
 Once more crawls out to govern men.

Rhode-Island too, with virtuous zeal,
 Has puk'd and purg'd the Commonweal,
 White-wash'd old *Fenner's* smoky coat,
 Prov'd him “ *Not Guilty*” by a vote,
 By numbers borne Judge Dorrance down,
 And warn'd *thanksgiving* out of town.

* Duane, an Irish “ fugitive and vagabond,” holds a birth under the present administration, which is computed to be worth TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR. Could not some native citizen, some officer of our Revolutionary War, have been found, oppressed by poverty, to whom such a chance to reap a little of that harvest which he helped to sow, would have been received with thankfulness ?

† General Jackson, an Irishman, has lately been Governor of Georgia ; and is now a Senator in Congress. His speeches *after mid-day*, are said to be fairly represented by that which he lately made in Savannah.

And see the "WORCESTER FARMER"* draws
 His goose-quill in his master's cause !
 Deals out his literary bastings,
 To turn the vote 'gainst Mr. Hastings,
 Sets up a wind-mill of his own,
 And grinds out nonsense for the town,
 Becomes Attorney for all classes,
 Like Balaam talks with men and asses,
 Holds dialogues with trees and sheep,
 And wades with stone-walls to the deep.

The spirit too has wander'd here,
Connecticut has had her share.
 At Wallingford it first broke out,
 And show'd itself in noise and rout ;
 Men grew voracious, ate like swine,
 Drank freely *different sorts of wine*,
 O'ercharg'd, and snor'd till break of day,
 Then quitted, *but forgot to pay*,
 Following the Prophet's sage advice,
 To buy their milk without a price.
 Yet here "*the People's friends*" exist,
 See *Hyde* and *Wilcox's* Protest !
Wolcott and *Potter* coalesce,
 The moral field to *dung and dress* ;

* Called in the *National Aegis*, a *Junius*. This reminds us of the Dutchman's picture, which no one could tell the design of, until he wrote at the bottom—"THIS IS A BEAR."

Though *Gid.* no more in taverns teaches,
 Yet *Gemmill* prays, and *Griswold* preaches,
 And *Babcock* promises *this year*,
 Truth in the Mercury shall appear.

And lo ! what accents rend the air,
 And make the wondering thousands stare !
 Each post, and packet, mail, express,
 Bears home a copy of th' *Address*.
 Soft to our ears its warblings reach,
 A new "*inauguration speech*."
 " See through the earth war's tumults cease !
 Blest be the power that gives us peace !
 To him let gratitude be show'd,
 Be he or *Bonaparte* or *God* !
 But, while you feel the general joy,
 Let other themes your minds employ."
 " THE ENTERPRIZE" in combat fair,
 Has beat a Tripoline Corsair,
 Kill'd half his men, his vessel taken,
 Plunder'd his guns—but *sav'd his bacon*."
 " The Indians too, so fame relates,
 Begin to throng around these states,
 Their numbers rapidly increase,
 An earnest strong of future peace ;
 Therefore with joy we ought to yearn,
 O'er every popoose that is born.
 And here a stimulus we find,
 To propagate the human kind ;

Then let us all with heart and hand,
 Fulfil, at least, this one command ;
 And let “ *our energies*” obey,
 What Indians and the bible say.”

O happy people ! happy land !
 What can thy bright career withstand ;
 When “ *Labour’s mouth*” is cramm’d with bread,
 When nought is *tail*, and all is *head*,
 When taxes all are swept away,
 And “ *LIVING CHEAP*” ’s the only play—
 What stupid mortal’s head can doubt,
 The Devil’s time is almost out,
 That Gog, and Magog must retreat,
 And own their troops are fairly beat,
 And that our country soon will find,
 A FRENCH MILLENNIUM TO HER MIND.

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES,
FOR THE YEAR 1803.

Sketches of the Times.

HARTFORD, JANUARY, 1804.

WHAT vast advantages we find
 Result from Poets to mankind ?
 Borne on their sure recording page,
 Fame sounds her trump from age to age ;
 And though Destruction's besoms sweep
 Whole nations to Oblivion's deep—
 Though heroes, patriots, sages die,
 And in the grave unnotic'd lie—
 Yet Poesy, with magic pen,
 Relumes the fading fame of men,
 In deathless numbers sings their story,
 And rears their pyramid of glory.
 Without the aid of Homer's song,
 Where would have been the Grecian throng ;
 Who would Achilles' name have known,
 Or who old Priam's god-like son ?
 Who bore his venerable Sire,
 Safe through the midst of Ilium's fire,
 On Latium's shores that flag unfurl'd,
 Which wav'd in triumph o'er the world,
 Ask Mantua's Bard— —

And shall the great of modern days,
 Fail of the meed of future praise ?

Shall not remotest ages see
 The lights of EIGHTEEN HUNDRED THREE ?
 Shall Jefferson, grown old and spleeny,
 In dudgeon quit his "*red Arena*,"
 From fame "*occluded*," dark and dreary,
 Plunge headlong into death's "*vast prairie*" ?
 Shall Johnny Randolph cease to bloom ?
 Shall Paine *reel* silent to the tomb ?
 Shall Gallatin unheeded stray
 Adown Time's dark and cheerless way,
 Without one friendly tongue to tell,
 Who "*stopp'd of government de veel*" ?
 Or Farmer Lincoln drag his name,
 Through "*oppugnation*" up to fame ?
 Shall nought of Granger be rehears'd,
 But, that the *bag of wind* is burst ?
 Shall Fate's "*Recorder*" only say—
 "*Cheetham and Dun were hang'd to day*" ?—
 Justice forbid—Their names shall ring,
 Till the last Poets cease to sing ;
 And though old Homer's spirit's fled,
 Though Virgil's number'd with the dead ;
 Some genius, fir'd for humbler lays,
 Shall register their claim to praise,
 To unborn Homers transmit down,
 Their *memoranda* of renown.

But, as the weather grows severe,
 We'll just survey the country here,

Pick up the patriots few that stray,
 And drag their merits into day,
 Mark how the *Rights of Man* are further'd,
 Then spend the winter at the Southward.

And here, in erring reason's spite,
 'Mid storms of truth, and floods of light,
 Unmov'd by threats, unaw'd by fears,
 CONNECTICUT her front uprears.
 On Democratic frontiers plac'd,
 By spirits base and foul disgrac'd,
 Annoy'd with Jacobinic engines,
 And doom'd to Governmental vengeance,
 Strait on her course she firmly steers,
 Nor gibes, nor tacks, nor scuds, nor veers,
 Not the whole force they all can yield,
 Can drive her vet'rans from the field.
 The same pure, patriotic fires,
 Which warm'd the bosoms of their Sires,
 That generous, that effulgent flame,
 Which glow'd in Winthrop's deathless name,
 Unsullied through their bosoms runs,
 Inspires and animates their sons.

Last spring, the atmosphere was hazy,
 The tempest lower'd, the path was mazy ;
 All hearts prognosticated evil,
 And all seem'd running to the devil.
 But luckily, the means were taken,
 And just in time to save our bacon,

The Democrats for conquest striving,
 The trumpet sounded for Thanksgiving.
 By Libertines and Deacons sign'd,
 The summons call'd on deaf and blind,
 On knaves and blockheads, old and young,
 Of every colour, craft, and tongue,
 Through mud and mire, *in March* to meet,
 And draggle round New-Haven street,
 Recount each Democratic duty,
 Show General Hart in all his beauty,
 " *Lead up*" their sweethearts and their spouses,
 To dalliance sweet in "*private houses*,"
 Get drunk by day—and snug by night,
 Chaunt forth "MOLL CAREY"*—" *Tune Delight*,
 When lo!—to circumvent the matter,
 Poor Abra'm dropp'd his circ'lar letter!!!
 Like wildfire round the story flew,
 And the whole plot disclos'd to view.
 And though Tim Dexter's hopeful son,
 Kept sentry o'er the morning gun,
 And as the "ragged throng" pass'd by,
 Shot "*Memorandums*" through the sky;
 Though Judd and Kirby came prepar'd,
 To reap *the Democrat's reward*,
 Though General Hart, when all was still,
 Bravely retir'd to make his will,

* A song written for the occasion of the Democratic Thanksgiving at New-Haven.

Though Paine got drunk, and was not there,
 And David Austin made a pray'r,
 And rang'd by Powell, grave and sage,
 Twelve of the sleekest grac'd a stage—
 Yet all in vain——The farce was o'er,
 And Democrats give thanks no more ;
 Resolv'd henceforward to grow wise,
 And trust their cause to fraud and lies,
 Abandon every childish caper,
 And rest their hopes on Babcock's paper.

Poor souls—before this stubborn State,
 To Democrats resigns its fate,
 Your growth of timber must be shifted,
 Your character from filth be lifted.
 Will Freeman virtuous, just, and brave,
 Of tempers firm, and manners grave,
 To Freedom born, by Plenty fed,
 By TRUMBULL and by ELLSWORTH led,
 Bow down their necks to Slavery's bands,
 And trust themselves in Kirby's hands ?
 Shall Abraham Bishop guard their morals ?
 And Wolcott settle all their quarrels ?
 But let us leave New-Haven racket,
 And go to New-York in the packet ;
 Where we shall find the Clinton band,
 Of morals pure, of manners bland,
 With swords, and staves, and whip and spur,
 Rush forth to war with *Col. Burr*.

So have I seen, with fiery rage,
 A Hawk and Snake, in fight engage,
 For such a combat nothing loth,
 Nor'd care if Satan had them both.

Poor Pennsylvania sweats amain,
 Beneath the rod of Tom M'Kean.
 This rich, this proud, degraded state,
 Is hastening onward to its fate.
 Here foreign rogues of every tongue,
 Like Pharaoh's frogs by thousands throng ;
 On posts of honour fix their eyes,
 O'erpower the good by fraud and lies,
 Drive Justice from her sacred seat,
 Tread Law and Order under feet ;
 By falsehood fire the rabble rude,
 And loose the dogs of war and blood.
 No kingdom underneath the sun,
 No state, nor nation but our own,
 E'er spread such tempting lures, or gave
 Such rich rewards to every knave.

And yet, each grumbling tory dares
 Arraign the "*gestion of affairs*"—
 When were they manag'd half so well,
 In point of prudence, or of skill ?
 Our President, as each one knows, is
 As strong as Sampson, meek as Moses,
 As Solon good, as chaste as ice,
 (Black Sal is all a heap of lies)

Not quite so brave as old Suwarrow,
 But loaded with the people's sorrow ;
 And spite of all old Jones can say,
 Knows how to borrow, *and to pay*.
 Beneath his kind and fostering hand,
 What blessings overwhelm the land.
 Our debt is paid with so much vigour,
 'Tis grown about a quarter bigger ;
 Sal'ries which were so high before,
 Have hoisted up a quarter more ;
 The taxes too are done away,
 And Labour's mouth has nought to pay ;
 Loaf sugar free from duty passes,
 And Jersey people drink molasses.
 What stupid Fed'ralist shall dare,
 Wolcott with Gallatin compare ?
 Roll'd on his tongue, our language mends,
 He holds finance at finger's ends ;
 And while his former Whiskey neighbours,
 Reap the rich harvest of his labours,
 Pour down dog-cheap th' enlivening rill,
 All hot, and luscious from the still ;
 Yet still our patriot merchants pay,
 And save our Treasury from decay.
 This is the true Virginia plan,
 Built on *the equal rights of man*—
 " *That Commerce should the burthens bear,*
 " *And Labour's mouth be free as air*"—

For where does Commerce spread her sails,
 Where brave the storms, or court the gales ?
 Along Virginia's sullen shore,
 Scarce floats a barque, or strikes an oar,
 No hardy seaman mounts the mast,
 Nor whistles at th' approaching blast.
 But Eastward turn the searching eye—
 What fairy scenes before us lie ?—
 There Commerce spreads unnumber'd sails,
 There braves the storms, and courts the gales,
 Vast fleets old Ocean's bosom ride,
 And wealth flows in with every tide.
 Hence springs that firm resistless pow'r,
 Which meets unmov'd the threat'ning hour,
 That spirit which no fears controul,
 That fire which warms the freeborn soul.

Nor stands the Genevese alone—
 A chosen club surround the throne.
 The Farmer can his goose-quill draw,
 On politics as well as law ;
 Dearborne performs his duty well,
 Except when call'd upon to spell ;
 And when depriv'd of every shift
 Paine takes a sling, and gives a lift.
 For though, when sober, Tom is dull,
 Stupid, and filthy as a gull,
 Yet give him brandy, and the elf,
 Will talk all night *about himself* ;

And whilst his patron stands amaz'd,
 Waiting to hear himself be-prais'd,
 The drunken sot does nought but cry,
 And sing, and write, of Mr. I.
 Such skill have Granger's projects shew'd,
 O'er those which Habersham pursued,
 So nicely does his compass traverse,
 In shifting men for "*faithful service*,"
 That ere two years have run their race,
 By travelling *nights* as well as days,
 The Income's risen through *Hobbles* dirty,
 From *Eighty Thousand*, down to *Thirty*.
 Our councils too are well conducted,
 Resolves well drawn, laws well constructed ;
 Claibornes and Cloptons take the lead,
 And Triggs, and Nincompoops succeed,
 Dawson presides in high debate,
 And Randolph's Minister of State.
 What though sometimes the club gets puzzled,
 By Griswold's Fed'ral cunning muzzled,
 And the affrighted, speechless throng,
 Close first the doors, and then the tongue,
 Though Nancy Dawson lisps surmises,
 And little David's choler rises,
 And CENTUM VIR* on knees devout,
 Begs Septon's aid to bear them out,

* Centum Vir.—Sometime since, that prodigy of learning,
 Dr. Mitchell, wrote a letter, in Latin, to the king of Naples, beg-

Yet Dana brings them to a stand,
 And bids their silent jaws expand,
 The doors uncloze, their hinges creak,
 And the dumb Legislature speak.
 Our philosophic Chief prepares
 "Essays tow'rds statements of affairs ;"
 Wakes once a year from fancy's dreams,
 And hatches a whole brood of schemes—
 Behold ! secure from leaks, and worms,
 From tides, from shipwreck, and from storms,
 From privateers, and dashing waves,
 Rocks, whirlpoo's, and old Ocean's caves,
 Safe in a hovel, high and dry,
 Flat on their sides our ships shall lie.
 No corsair there shall dare intrude,
 No pirate show his visage rude,
 Not e'en Goose-creek† shall dare to lave,
 Their Lordly timbers with its wave.

ging his Majesty to make him a present of a book. This letter the Doctor subscribed with his name, and added the words, 'CENTUM VIR.' One of his friends asked him the meaning of the title ; the Doctor said it meant, that he was a member of Congress. This was before the late census, when the House of Representatives consisted of 105 members. How the Doctor should sign himself now there are more than 130, must be settled by himself.

† Goose-creek was the vulgar name of the stream, which in the scheme for a Dry-Dock, was exalted by the President into the TIBER.

Thus arm'd, what pow'r shall dare invade
 Our harbours, or annoy our trade ?
 While proud Potowmac rolls her flood
 Unruffled o'er her native mud,
 The Dry-Dock cannon's awful roar,
 Shall guard Penobscot's distant shore.
 Nay, ships henceforth, shall plough the strand,
 And ride secure from land to land ;
 While arm'd *en flute*, shall Granger's mail,
 On turnpike roads hoist every sail,
 Through wilds unknown, undaunted steer,
 Give every Indian tribe a cheer,
 Pass Mississippi's new toll-bridge,
 And anchor on the Salt mount's ridge.
 How slow the human mind proceeds
 In that bright path, where Science leads !
 How sluggishly up Reason's steeps,
 Dull Common Sense phlegmatic creeps !
 Eustis this useful plan derided,
 (Great men will sometimes be divided)
 E'en that great reasoner, Friar Bacon,
 Said—" No Sir,"—when the vote was taken.
 Thus was this brilliant theory lost,
 And thus philosophy was crost—
 Dry-Docks are jeer'd at as a whim,
 And vessels now must sink or swim,
 Men risk their necks 'mongst rocks and caves,
 And now and then find wat'ry graves.

But let us trace this mighty mind,
 Form'd to amaze, and bless mankind—
 See him 'commence Land-Speculator,
 And buy up half the realm of nature,
 Towns, cities, Indians, Spaniards, '*prairies*,'
 Salt-petre vats, and buff'loe dairies,
 Harvests all ripen'd for the sickle,
 And salt enough the world to pickle—
 Salt, which in rain and shine has stood,
 From Adam's fall through Noah's flood,
 And yet enough remains behind,
 To cure the pork of all mankind.
 Here too we find a soil so deep,
 Wool grows on stumps as well as sheep;
 And shrubs and trees, if e'er they grew,
 Have lost their foothold, and slump'd through;
 And men dare not, so soft's the road,
 Without their snow-shoes walk abroad.
 At random here the Mammoth browses,
 As large as common meeting-houses;
 Snakes reach the size of saw-mill logs,
 And rats and mice as large as dogs;
 Musketoes weigh as much as crows
 And man to such a giant grows,
 So long, so wide, that at a meal,
 He'll eat a loin of Mammoth veal.

O'er this Canaan blest presides
 The man, who all our interests guides—

Judge, Sheriff, President, and King,
 Lawyer, Bum-Bailiff, every thing.
 Beneath his philosophic sway,
 A pure republic springs to day,
 Free from Aristocratic pests,—
 Soldiers, and Citizens, and Priests—
 Here all pursue their strong desires,
 Sires know no sons, and sons no sires,
 Wives follow nature's high behest,
 Try half a dozen, and choose the best,
 And boys and girls, in wanton droves,
 Indulge in unforbidden loves.

Nor only in this distant sky,
 Does light break in upon the eye ;
 The SPIRIT dire of *Reformation*,
 Has rear'd her standard in the Nation—
 What, though “ *the Lilliputian ties*,”
 Snap one by one before their eyes,
 What, though the public wealth is squander'd,
 The great and good by villains slander'd,
 The hoary patriot robb'd of bread,
 Pale Justice from the nation fled,
 Though foreign outlaws blast our name,
 Though vengeance hunts our native fame,
 Base falsehoods sneak, and slanders crawl,
 And shakes the Union to its fall—
 Still, still unmov'd the people stand,
 And see fell Ruin mark the land—

See Freedom's Edifice decay,
 Its lofty pillars torn away,
 By Gothic hands its splendours soil'd,
 Its dome defac'd, its turrets spoil'd.

The "*Sovereign People*" who compose ?
 The friends of freedom, or its foes ?
 Those are they who in dread array,
 Dauntless met Britain in the affray—
 Who (when War's ensigns, wide unfurl'd,
 Spread tumult through the western world)
 Seiz'd the rude musket, sword, and shield,
 And throng'd by thousands to the field ;
 That little remnant which remains
 From Bunker's heights, and York-Town's plains—
 A glorious few, whose forms still bear,
 The fearless front, the victor's scar—
 Bright trophies in hard conflict won,
 When led by Fame's IMMORTAL SON ?
 Or are the owners of the soil,
 Proud of the spot on which they toil,
 Attach'd by habit, and by birth,
 To freedom, government, and worth—
 Are these the men whose voice is heard,
 Whose wishes, or whose will rever'd ?
 Far other powers these States obey,
 A different sovereign holds the sway—
 A foreign, outcast, needy brood,
 Blighted with crimes, and ripe for blood—

Those renegado gallows trains,
 Which Ireland from her dungeons drains,
 And pours, with an unceasing hand,
 Like Egypt's plagues upon our land.
 Who steal our letters, rob our stores,
 Who lurk with firebrands round our doors,
 Who plunder records of the State,
 The virtuous blast, belie the great ?
 A foreign, outcast, needy brood,
 Blighted with crimes, and ripe for blood.
 These are the miserable tools,
 By which the proud Virginia rules.
 In myriads, lo ! the miscreants come,
 In search of freedom, and of rum,
 Scarce do their footsteps reach the strand,
 Scarce do they press the fated land,
 Ere their whole souls with freedom burn,
 And convicts into patriots turn :
 On posts their greedy optics fix,
 Fir'd with the spark of *Seventy-six*,
 Call Adams, Jay, and Ellsworth tories,
 Rob Washington of all his glories,
 Claim for their own our Revolution,
 And fondly brood the Constitution.

Where are New-England's hardy sons ?
 How slow their ancient spirit runs ?
 Can they stand cold and tamely by,
 And see in dust their country lie ?

To Independence they were bred,
 For Freedom oft they fought, and bled.
 And shall the prize be basely lost,
 Which so much blood, and treasure cost ?
 Forbid it shame—Then ere too late,
 Ward off the dark impending fate.
 That Party which now holds the helm,
 Will ruin, or will rule the realm.
 Go backward, all their footsteps trace,
 Mark every winding of their race,
 Their measures to one purpose tend,
 All to one favourite object bend.
 Arm'd at all points, they scour the field—
 Our Union ties already yield,
 Our Constitution's strength is gone,
 Its pride, its Justice overthrown.
 Lo ! now the servile Band engage,
 With party fire, and madd'ning rage,
 To force our freeborn souls t' obey,
 And bow beneath a despot's sway,
 To fix their Man, through noise and strife,
 Our KING OR PRESIDENT FOR LIFE !
 In one vast vortex sink the fates
 And freedom of the Northern States,
 Place in Virginia's hands the reins,
 And bind our Sovereignty in chains.
 What palsy numbs the Public hand !
 What madness overspreads the land !

To Gallia turn the searching eye,
 See millions there in bondage lie,
 In adamantine fetters bound,
 Oppress'd, and trodden to the ground.
 See Switzerland in ruin spread,
 See Holland number'd with the dead,
 Half Europe kiss the iron rod,
 And tremble at a Russian's nod.
 Here let us pore on Freedom's tomb,
 Here read our own approaching doom—
 That doom from Anarchy which springs,
 More dreadful than the worst of kings—
 And from example, learn to save
 The birthright which our FATHERS gave—
 LAWS equal, mild, and just, and pure,
 FREEDOM from anarchy secure,
 FIRESIDES where heavenly bliss has flow'd,
 And ALTARS consecrate to GOD.

PROSPECT OF HAPPINESS

FOR THE JEWS.

PROSPECT OF HAPPINESS FOR THE JEWS.

THE following extracts are from a Poem entitled *The Prospect of Happiness for the Jews*, which was written in the summer of 1791 by the authors of the *Echo* and printed in the *American Mercury*. It was a mere *Jeu d'Esprit*, suggested by an event which at that time excited some attention, and would probably never have been rescued from the dust of a newspaper file, had not the late imperial decree of Napoleon for convoking a delegation of that dispersed people, with the professed intention of re-establishing them in their ancient country, have recalled it to mind and convinced the authors that their effusions, like the leaves of the sybil were pregnant with fate, and may equal in inspiration the prophecies of those celebrated characters, Christopher Love, Richard Brothers, or David Austin.

REJOICE ! ye wanderers of the earth, rejoice !
 Ye Hebrew tribes exalt your grateful voice !
 Where'er dispers'd o'er earth's wide realms ye stray !
 From Lapland's frozen night, to Congo's torrid day !
 Whatever shape by fortune doom'd to wear,
 The humble pedlar, or rich usurer,
 Attend the call, the joyous summons wait,
 And hail the omen of your bright'ning fate !
 Lo ! the glad day by sacred promise given
 Glows from afar, and lights the western heav'n,
 The glorious day, to Amos' raptur'd son
 By heav'n's own hand in clearest vision shown ;

When by his native streams the Seer survey'd
 Fate's mystic volume to his view display'd,
 And thus o'er wond'ring Judah pour'd along
 His strains prophetic in sublimest song.

Ye chosen few of Jacob's favour'd race,
 Bright heirs of fame, and heav'n's peculiar grace!
 For you the fates superior bliss design,
 And beams of glory shed o'er David's line.
 I see pourtray'd 'mid shades of mystic night
 Your future fame in characters of light.
 Though, for long years, the earth condemn'd to roam,
 Your name reproachful to the world become,
 A hissing vile, a bye-word of disgrace,
 Fair nature's blot, and stain of human race ;
 Yet when revolving time shall wake to birth
 New scenes and empires o'er the spacious earth,
 Your lot shall change, the world your sway confess,
 And gladd'ning nations hail the reign of peace.
 Then shall the lion leave the gloomy wood,
 His rage forgot, and quell'd his thirst of blood,
 O'er flowery meads with sportive heifers stray,
 And join the lambkin in his wanton play ;
 Beneath one shade the wolf and kid shall rest,
 One tree contain the dove's and falcon's nest ;
 The doe in friendship with the leopard graze,
 And on on his spotted beauties fearless gaze ;
 To marriage bed the cat and dog shall move,
 And former hatred lose in joys of love.

The little child with fearless hand shall grasp
 The fire-ey'd cockatrice and frigid asp ;
 The mink and musquash social compacts make,
 And one firm tie unite the frog and snake,*
 The fox and goose hymeneal transports share,
 And fraud and folly mark the future heir ;
 The painted tribes in fields of horror bred,
 By vengeance prompted and by murder led,

* It is pleasing, as it affords a striking proof of the near advent of the Millennium, to remark the completion of this part of the prediction, in the late important discovery of the wonderful friendship subsisting between the snake and horned frog, who with the celebrated Prairie Dog are joint tenants of the same habitation ; and there is little cause to doubt that all the other animals mentioned are in a state of rapid social progression. With respect to the savages, we are enabled to affirm from high authority that the prophecy respecting them is accomplished in spirit, if not in "very deed." That most *enlightened* statesman, Governor Wright, of Maryland in his late letter to the Legislature of that State, notifying his acceptance of that office, observes, that he has most cordially cooperated with the present virtuous administration in the measures which it has pursued ; and among other things recapitulated, in the attention that has been paid to our native brethren the savage tribes, in instructing them in agriculture, and manufactures, and in inducing them "to convert their scalping knives into pruning hooks, and their tomahawks into implements of husbandry, and both by precept and example teaching them to prefer the pacific olive to the bloody laurel." He who cannot perceive in all these concurring circumstances the arrival of the long expected age of gold, must surely have his intellectual vision obscured with an impenetrable film.

Grown mild, shall own the gentle arts of peace,
 Bid slaughter stay its hand and discord cease,
 And, long disus'd, their rusty tomahawks
 Shall beat and polish into knives and forks,
 Whilst erst that steel with brains of chieftains gor'd
 Shall carve the sirloin at the festal board.

—————Lo ! from revolving years
 The first glad day-spring of that morn appears,
 The clouds disperse so long o'er Israel spread,
 And bright Success uplifts her radiant head :
 Led by the hand of *Gain* the Goddess comes,
 Sublime she moves, and waves her golden plumes,
 With potent voice, in words transporting cries,
 From your low state ye heirs of promise rise ;
 No longer doom'd o'er various realms to roam,
 No clime your country and no soil your home,
 No longer doom'd the general hate to meet,
 Be scorn'd by Gentiles, and compell'd to cheat ;
 Be deem'd the refuse of the world no more,
 By laws unguarded and oppress'd by power,
 Outcasts from man, of every virtue foes,
 By heav'n in mercy, not from merit chose.—
 Far diff'rent scenes ensuing days unfold,
 A life of rapture and an age of gold :
 No more condemn'd your wealthy sons shall rise
 The first of men, the favour'd of the skies.

All hail ! illum'd with glory's splendid ray,
 Ye harbingers of joy's approaching day !
 In you the bliss, by ancient Seers foretold,
 Those various scenes of promis'd good unfold ;
 In you th' extremes of warring nature join'd
 Form a sweet solace for the social mind.

* * * * *

* * * * *

And lo ! from op'ning skies, with look serene,
 Mild Peace descends, and glads the bright'ning scene,
 Bliss smiles on all, the Hours in transport move,
 And ev'ry Hebrew heart is tun'd to joy and love.

Rejoice ! ye wand'ers of the earth, rejoice !
 Ye tribes of Israel raise your grateful voice !
 Where'er dispers'd o'er earth's wide realms ye stray,
 From Lapland's frozen night, to Congo's torrid day.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

Begging with clouted shoes from door to door.—Page 7.

THE reputed author of the text to this Echo, as well as the following, both under the signature of S. P. Marten, is no less a personage than the son-in-law of the late Tim. Dexter of Newburyport, of speculating memory, the author of Political Delusion, alias the present Collector for the District of New-Haven. The above lines allude to a singular circumstance in the life of this celebrated character. Not long after the re-establishment of peace between Great-Britain and America Mr. B——p, as is stated, smitten with a strong desire to see foreign lands and foreign fashions secretly quitted his paternal roof with a small sum of money, and took passage on board of a ship bound to a port in Europe, with a view to visit the principal places in that part of the world. On his arrival he resolved to make the grand tour on foot, which he accordingly performed, having traversed great part of France and Italy in that manner, subsisting principally on the charitable donations of the hospitable. On his return to his native place, he presented the shoes in which he had performed this wonderful journey, as having had the honour of pressing classic ground, to the late President of Yale College, Dr. Stiles, a gentleman noted for his curiosity and love of antiquity; they were received and deposited with care in the College Museum. But alas! such was the want of taste, such the barbarism of one of the Tutors of that seminary, that after having occupied for some time this post of honour, to the no small admiration of the curious, they were by him rudely and without any regard to their classic dignity tossed out of the window, to “rot unheeded mid vulgar dust.”

Skunks, toads, and rattle snakes and "Prairie Dogs."—Page 8.

THIS wonderful quadruped, a non-descript, as it would seem, is supposed by certain unbelievers to be nothing more than a ground hog, or woodchuck ; indeed some who pretend to have seen it affirm that it is the same, with merely a variation in size, being somewhat smaller, and that it perfectly resembles that animal both in form and colour, in its food and habits. But without attempting to decide this question, it may be proper to notice one very singular trait of character which it is said to possess and which has nothing in common with the woodchuck, or any other animal that we are acquainted with, which is, that instead of consorting with one or more of its own species, it has a strange predilection for the society of a certain snake and frog, which, by the way, is an instance of a still more singular association. These three co-partners inhabit the same burrow, they give each other warning on the approach of danger, and appear to be inseparable friends. As for some years it has been our opinion that the Millennium had actually commenced, we entertain not the smallest doubt of the authenticity of this account ; and although the learned Mr. Dobbs, in his Letters on the Prophecies, seems to be fully persuaded that the Millennium is to commence in Ireland, we think that he is evidently mistaken, and that instead of the shores of the Shannon or the Liffy, those of the Missouri are destined to witness the commencement of this blissful era. Many very learned and weighty reasons might be adduced in support of this theory ; but this single fact, the snake and the frog living in such harmony together, is amply sufficient, and worth more than volumes of the most ingenious reasonings. Impressed with this conviction, we cannot therefore sufficiently applaud the prescience of our wise administration in obtaining possession, at any price, of a country marked with so auspicious a destiny.

You'll find it, Sirs, among the laws sky blue.—Page 53.

BLUE-LAWS, an appellation given to the Statutes of the Colony of New-Haven, prior to its union with that of Connecticut ; a code of absurd and rigorous laws framed in the true spirit of puritanic fanaticism. Were we disposed to swell this volume with notes, we could select a number of these singular ordinances, and instances of severe and oppressive penalties having been incurred on the slightest and most whimsical occasions. The process against the witches at Salem, and the persecution of the quakers, would likewise furnish an ample store of materials ; but for this we shall refer the reader to the History of Connecticut, Mather's Magnalia, and other records of those times.

Note to Page 54.

The following is extracted from Peters's History of Connecticut.

“ THE town of Windham is situated on Willimantic river. Strangers are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the number of frogs, in the brooks and ponds. There are about thirty different voices among them, some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them ; but one night in July 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Willimantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road, and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours passing through the town unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened : some expected to find an army of French and Indians ; others feared an earthquake and dissolution of na-

ture. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds, with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children : when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, *Wight, Elderkin, Dyer, Tete*. This last they thought meant treaty ; and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general ; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear ; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army, was an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water."

With all due respect for the talents of the reverend author, we cannot but think that his account of this incident displays much less felicity of description than usually marks his writings.—Perhaps the affinity of the story to truth, by restraining the flights of his fancy, may have rendered his description in this part less vivid, than while his inventive genius, unshackled by restraint, was free to expatiate in the flowery regions of fiction. We must however except from this remark the passage relative to the numbers of the croaking army, and the space of ground occupied by them as being in the author's best manner. But he has strangely omitted a ludicrous circumstance, perfectly familiar to the inhabitants of Connecticut. As these formidable enemies approached, one division of them repeatedly and vociferously demanded "Col. Dyer," while another as loudly and imperiously required "Elderkin too ;" of course, as may well be imagined, these gentlemen, two distinguished law characters, were particularly alarmed and thrown into the greatest consternation.

Good Master Greenleaf thou whose press still teems.—Page 103

AS a specimen of the poem written on occasion of citizen Genet's projected journey through the Eastern States, the following descriptive lines are taken, which are from the pen of a gentleman of refined literary taste, who, had he cultivated his talents for poetry, would have held a distinguished rank among the favourites of the Muse.

“ These heroes when the Plenipo
 Advanc'd with all his train ;
 Went quickly forth their zeal to show,
 And his applause obtain.

Approaching first, with cap in hand,
 In courtly guise so clever,
 Blithe Toby, as before he'd plann'd,
 Cried, “ Genet live forever !”

But while Genet with pleasure heard
 Bold Toby's salutation,
 A spectre strange to him appear'd,
 Which caus'd much speculation.

Straight from his steed he seem'd to rise
 So stiff, so tall and slim,
 A wig's snug border touch'd his eyes,
 And stretch'd was ev'ry limb.

His right hand, with majestic grace,
 A cane enormous grasp'd,
 With stiff-topp'd glove, in strict embrace,
 His left the bridle clasp'd.

Beneath the shadow of his hat
 A visage pale and thin,
 Which long had bade adieu to fat,
 Appear'd with horrid grin.

*" what time from Cambria's strand
 Adventurous Madoc sought this unknown land."*—Page 171.

SINCE printing the above, we have fortunately met with a publication relative to the Welch Indians, which we esteem of the greatest importance to elucidate the subject. We shall make no apology for inserting it at length, convinced that the public will feel equally interested with ourselves in this very important question.

To the Editor of the Kentucky Palladium.

Frankfort, 12th December, 1804.

SIR,

No circumstance relating to the history of the western country, probably, has excited, at different times, more general attention and anxious curiosity, than the opinion that a nation of white men, speaking the Welch language, reside high up the Missouri. By some the idea is treated as nothing but the suggestion of bold imposture and easy credulity :—whilst others regard it as a fact fully authenticated by Indian testimony and the report of various travellers worthy of credit. The fact is accounted for, they say, by recurring to a passage in the history of Great-Britain, which relates that several years before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, a certain Welch prince embarked with a large party of emigrants—that after some time a vessel or two came back with the account that they had discovered a country far to the westward, and that they set sail again with a

fresh reinforcement and never returned any more. The country which these adventurers discovered, it has been supposed, was the continent of North-America, and it has been conjectured, that they landed on this continent some where in the gulph of Mexico, and from thence proceeded northwards till they got out of the reach of the hostile natives, and seated themselves in the upper country of Missouri. Many accounts accordingly have been published within the last thirty years of persons who in consequence either of accident or the ardour of curiosity have made themselves acquainted with a nation of men on the Missouri, possessing the complexion of Europeans, and the language of Welchmen. Could the fact be well established, it would afford, perhaps, the most satisfactory solution of the difficulty occasioned by a view of the various ancient fortifications with which the Ohio country abounds, of any that has ever been offered. Those fortifications were never made by the Indians. The Indian art of war presents nothing of the kind. The probability too is that the persons who constructed them were *at that time* acquainted with the use of iron: the situation of those fortifications, which are uniformly in the most fertile land of the country, indicates that those who made them, were an agricultural people, and the remarkable care and skill with which they were executed, afford traits of the genius of a people, who relied more on their military skill than on their numbers. The growth of the trees upon them, is very compatible with the idea that it is not more than 300 years ago that they were abandoned.

These hints, however, are thrown out rather to excite inquiry, than by way of advancing any decided opinion on the subject. Having never met with any of the persons who had seen these white Americans, nor even received their testimony near the source, I have always entertained considerable doubts about the fact. Last evening however, Mr. John Childs, of Jessamine county, a gentleman with whom I have been long acquainted,

and who is well known to be a man of veracity, communicated a relation to me, which at all events, appears to merit serious attention. After he had related it in conversation, I requested him to repeat it, and committed it to writing. It has certainly some internal marks of authenticity. The country which is described was altogether unknown in Virginia, when the relation was given, and was probably very little known to the Shawanese Indians; yet the account of it agrees very remarkably with later discoveries. On the other hand, the story of the large animal, though by no means incredible, has something of the air of fable; and it does not satisfactorily appear how the long period which the party were absent was spent—though Indians are however, so much accustomed to loiter away their time, that many weeks and even months, may probably have been spent in indolent repose.

Without detaining you any more with preliminary remarks, I will proceed to the narration, as I received it from Mr. Childs.

Maurice Griffith, a native of Wales, which country he left when he was about 16 years of age, was taken prisoner by a party of Shawanese Indians, about 40 years ago, near Vosse's fort, on the head of Roanoke river, in Virginia, and carried to the Shawanese nation. Having staid there about two years and a half, he found that five young men of the tribe, had a desire of attempting to explore the sources of the Missouri. He prevailed upon them to admit him as one of the party. They set out with six good rifles, and with six pounds of powder a piece, of which they were of course very careful. On reaching the mouth of the Missouri they were struck with the extraordinary appearance occasioned by the intermixture of the Missouri, and the clear, transparent stream of the Mississippi. They staid two or three days amusing themselves with the view of this novel sight: they then determined on the course which they should pursue, which happened to be so nearly in the course of the river, that they

frequently came within sight of it as they proceeded on their journey. After travelling about thirty days through pretty farming wood land, they came into fine open *prairies*, on which nothing grew but long, luxuriant grass. There was a succession of these, varying in size, some being eight or ten miles across, but one of them so long, that it occupied three days to travel through it. In passing through this large *prairie* they were much distressed for water and provisions, for they seldom saw either beast or bird, and though there was an abundance of salt springs, fresh water was very scarce. In one of these *prairies*, the salt springs ran into small ponds, in which, as the weather was hot, the water had sunk and left the edges of the ponds so covered with salt, that they fully supplied themselves with that article, and might easily have collected bushels of it. As they were travelling through the *prairies*, they had likewise the good fortune to kill an animal which was nine or ten feet high, and of a bulk proportioned to its height. They had seen two of the same species before, and they saw four of them afterwards. They were swift footed, and they had neither tusks nor horns. After having passed through the long *prairie*, they made it a rule never to enter on one which they could not see across, till they had supplied themselves with a sufficiency of jerked venison, to last several days. After having travelled a considerable time through the *prairies*, they came to very extensive lead mines, where they smelted the ore and furnished themselves with what lead they wanted. They afterwards came to two copper mines, one of which was three miles through, and in several places they met with rocks of copper ore as large as houses.

When about fifteen days journey from the second copper mine, they came in sight of white mountains, which though it was in the heat of summer, appeared to them to be covered with snow. The sight naturally excited considerable astonishment, but on their approaching the mountains, they discovered, that instead of

snow, they were covered with immense bodies of white sand. They had, in the mean time, passed through about ten nations of Indians, from whom they received very friendly treatment. It was the practice of the party to exercise the office of spokesman in rotation ; and when the language of any nation through which they passed was unknown to them, it was the duty of the spokesman, a duty in which the others never interfered, to convey their meaning by appropriate signs.

The labour of travelling through the deep sands of the mountains, was excessive, but at length they relieved themselves of this difficulty by following the course of a shallow river, the bottom of which being level, they made their way to the top of the mountains, with tolerable convenience.

After passing the mountains they entered a fine fertile tract of land, which having travelled through for several days, they accidentally met with three white men in the Indian dress. Griffith immediately understood their language, as it was pure Welsh, though they occasionally made use of a few words with which he was not acquainted. However, as it happened to be the turn of one of his Shawanese companions to act as spokesman, or interpreter, he preserved a profound silence, and never gave them any intimation that he understood the language of their new companions.

After proceeding with them four or five days journey, they came to the village of these white men, where they found that the whole nation were of the same colour, having all the European complexion. The three men took them through their village for about the space of fifteen miles, when they came to the council house, at which an assembly of the king and chief men of the nation was immediately held. The council lasted three days, and as the strangers were not supposed to be acquainted with their language, they were suffered to be present at their deliberations. The great question before the council was what

conduct should be observed towards the strangers.—From their fire-arms, their knives and their tomahawks, it was concluded they were a warlike people—it was conceived that they were sent to look out for a country for their nation, that if they were suffered to return, they might expect a body of powerful invaders, but that if these six men were put to death, nothing would be known of their country, and they would still enjoy their possessions in security. It was finally determined that they should be put to death. Griffith then thought it was time for him to speak. He addressed the council in the Welsh language. He informed them that they had not been sent by any nation : that as they were actuated merely by private curiosity, they had no hostile intentions : that it was their wish to trace the Missouri to its source, and that they should return to their country satisfied with the discoveries they had made, without any wish to disturb the repose of their new acquaintances. An instant astonishment glowed in the countenances not only of the council but of his Shawanese companions, who clearly saw that he was understood by the people of the country. Full confidence was at once given to his declarations : the king advanced, and gave him his hand. They abandoned the design of putting him and his companions to death, and from that moment treated them with the utmost friendship. Griffith and the Shawanese continued eight months in the nation : but were deterred from prosecuting their researches up the Missouri, by the advice of the people of the country, who informed him that they had gone a twelve months journey up the river but found it as large there as in their own country. As to the history of this people, he could learn nothing satisfactory. The only account they could give was that their forefathers had come up the river from a very distant country. They had no books, no records, no writings. They intermixed with no other people by marriage ; there was not a dark skinned man in the nation. Their numbers were very considerable. There

was a continued range of settlements on the river for fifty miles, and there were, within this space, three large water courses which fell into the Missouri, on the banks of each of which, likewise, they were settled. He supposed that there must be 50,000 men in the nation, capable of bearing arms. Their cloathing was skins well dressed. Their houses were made of upright posts and the bark of trees. The only implements they had to cut them with were stone tomahawks. They had no iron, their arms were bows and arrows. They had some silver, which had been hammered with stones into coarse ornaments, but it did not appear to be pure. They had neither horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, nor any domestic or tame animals. They lived by hunting. He said nothing about their religion.

Griffith and his companions had some large iron tomahawks with them. With these they cut down a tree and prepared a canoe to return home in:—but their tomahawks were so great a curiosity, and the people of the country were so eager to handle them, that their canoe was completed with very little labour. When this work was accomplished, they proposed to leave their new friends, Griffith, however, having promised to visit them again. They descended the river with considerable speed, but amidst frequent dangers from the rapidity of the current, particularly when passing through the white mountains. When they reached the Shawanese nation, they had been absent about two years and a half. Griffith supposed that when they travelled, they went at the rate of about fifteen miles a day.—He staid but a few months with the Indians after their return, as a favourable opportunity offered itself to reach his friends in Virginia. He came with a hunting party of Indians to the head waters of Coal river, which runs into New river not far above the falls.—There he left the Shawanese, and easily reached the settlements on Roanoke.—Mr. Childs knew him before he was taken prisoner, and saw him a few days after his return, when he

narrated to him the preceding circumstances. Griffith was universally regarded as a steady, honest man, and a man of strict veracity. Mr. Childs has always placed the utmost confidence in his accounts of himself and his travels, and has no more doubt of the truth of his relation, than if he had seen the whole himself. Whether Griffith be still alive or not he does not know.

Whether his idea be correct or not, we shall probably have a better opportunity of judging on the return of captains Lewis and Clark—who, though they may not penetrate as far as Griffith alleged that he had done, will probably learn enough of the country to enable us to determine whether the account given by Griffith be fiction or truth.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

HARRY TOULMIN.

Though those whom valiant Brady sent to pot.—Page 35.

SINCE the preceding notes were printed, accidentally recurring to Hole's remarks on the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, a work containing much curious research and information, we have met with a singular account of the derivation of the vulgar saying "gone to pot," which, as it may serve to amuse our readers, we have thought proper to throw into the form of a note to the above line. Mr. Hole observes that, notwithstanding its being apparently indigenous, it was imported to England from the extremity of the globe, the metropolis of Tartary: "We are told that a tailor of Samarcand, who lived near the gate which led to the burial ground, whenever a corpse was carried by, threw a little stone into an earthen pot fixed to his cupboard, to calculate the number of deaths in a certain space of time. At length the tailor himself died; and a passenger, observing his shop to be shut up, inquired of a neighbour after him and was answered: "The tailor is *gone to pot* as well as the rest."

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